





Clare A. Noble, Santa Barbara  
Lieutenant-commander of Naval Academy  
George A. Kammerer, San Francisco  
Lieutenant of Naval Militia  
Lucien Beer, Bakersfield, as captain  
of Co. G, Sixth Regiment of Infantry  
Col. At the third day's meeting  
Frank L. Reynolds, Los Angeles



# HERN'S REBORN.

Customs Officials Return to Prison at New York to the Police.

NEW YORK, May 3.—The officials have returned to Prison at New York to the Police. The officials have returned to Prison at New York to the Police. The officials have returned to Prison at New York to the Police.

# COAST RECORD

## CHRIS EVANS SEEKS PAROLE.

**Noted Train Robber a Model Prisoner.**

**Former Victims May Be Against Leniency.**

**Bear Chases Vancouver Woman—Lelong Leaves Sensational Note.**

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES: SACRAMENTO, May 3.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Chris Evans, the noted train robber, has been granted parole by the State Prison at Folsom.

For seven years he has been a model prisoner, putting in most of his time as a laborer in the prison. He is 36 years old, and has a good record. He is a native of California, and has been in the prison since 1894. He is a well-known figure in the prison, and is popular among the other prisoners.

**LELONG PLANNED SUICIDE.** LEFT NOTE BLAMING OTHERS. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. SACRAMENTO, May 3.—The suicide of E. M. Lelong, secretary of the State Board of Horticulture, in Capitol Park at an early hour this morning, bore every evidence of having been carefully planned. Mr. Lelong went to his home at Twenty-fifth and N streets at an early hour last evening, and without removing his clothing, reclined on a couch. Late at night he got up and walked out without his wife's knowledge and presumably went direct to his office in the State Capitol, where, on an official letterhead, he indicated a note to the local doctors of Elks and Knights of Pythias, asking if they were charitable to bury him and care for his wife a little, and concluding with the remark that for the act he was about to commit he was not to blame, but that others were.

Mr. Lelong had been suffering from melancholia for several weeks, and it is believed that while in this mood he went away to the hospital to take his last child, which, in a farewell message, he had brought about his death.

**BEAR HUNT IN CITY.** BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES: VANCOUVER, May 3.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] A bear was seen in the city of Vancouver, British Columbia, today. The bear was seen in the city of Vancouver, British Columbia, today. The bear was seen in the city of Vancouver, British Columbia, today.

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**MIX-UP AT A MILL.** PARTNERS START FIGHT. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. OAKLAND, May 3.—Bernard McManus and T. W. Gartner, the partners of the large planing mill at North and Clay streets, engaged in a fight at the mill this morning. The fight was a result of a mix-up at the mill. The fight was a result of a mix-up at the mill. The fight was a result of a mix-up at the mill.

**LIST OF COMMISSIONS.** SIGNED BY GOV. GAGE. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. SACRAMENTO, May 3.—The following commissions have been issued by Adj. Gen. Semmens, and have received the official signature of Gov. Gage: Frank A. Vail, San Francisco, as lieutenant-colonel and aide de camp on the staff of the commander-in-chief. Randolph H. Miner, Los Angeles, as major and aide de camp on the staff of the commander-in-chief. I. W. Morgan Draper, Sausalito, as lieutenant-colonel and engineer officer on division staff.

**FAVOR VIEW HOTEL.** FAVOR VIEW HOTEL, FAVOR VIEW HOTEL, FAVOR VIEW HOTEL, FAVOR VIEW HOTEL, FAVOR VIEW HOTEL, FAVOR VIEW HOTEL, FAVOR VIEW HOTEL, FAVOR VIEW HOTEL, FAVOR VIEW HOTEL, FAVOR VIEW HOTEL.

# A FEW FACTS

**About the New Catarrh Cure.** The new Catarrh Cure is a new departure in so-called catarrh cures, because it actually cures, and is not simply a temporary relief. The new Catarrh Cure is not a salve, ointment, powder, nor liquid, but a pleasant tasting tablet containing the best specifics for catarrh in a concentrated, convenient form.

**ROAD TO BULLY HILL.** ELECTRIC LINE PROJECTED. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. REDDING, May 3.—It is stated that a party of capitalists representing the Fair and Crocker estates and others to close touch with the Southern Pacific Company, which is said to favor the enterprise, have secured rights of way for the construction of an electric railroad from the Sacramento River, near the Bully Hill mine, a distance of twelve miles, and will have their surveying crew upon the ground within a few days. The work will be prosecuted with all the rapidity possible, and within ninety days contracts will be let for the construction of the road. It is to be a standard-gauge road and to connect with the Southern Pacific Railroad at or near Klamath, and have its terminus at the smelter of Capt. Delamar at Bully Hill.

**Train Runs Chinese Down.** SANTA CRUZ, May 3.—Two Chinese, Ah Ah and Sam, were run down by a freight train today as they were crossing the railroad bridge near the mouth of the San Lorenzo River. Jung dropped between the ties on the sand, twenty-five feet below and was severely bruised. Ah Ah was struck by the cowcatcher and so badly injured that he died soon after.

**Despondent Man Missing.** RIGGS, May 3.—J. P. Hansen, who attempted suicide some time ago by cutting the arteries of his wrist, has been away from his home since April 27 and no trace of him can be found. As he had been very despondent for some time it is the opinion of his friends that he has committed suicide. When last seen he was going toward the Feather River.

**Look on Dies of Wounds.** SAN FRANCISCO, May 3.—Look On, the Chinese who was killed by highlanders on March 14, died today as the result of his wounds. His murderers have not been arrested.

**COUNTRY YET UNSEEN.** More Than a Million Square Miles of Canadian Territory as Yet Unexplored. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. WASHINGTON, May 3.—The director of the geological survey in Canada, in his report, makes the amazing statement that practically the entire country of one-third of the Dominion, so states United States Consul Seyfert at Stratford in a report to the State Department.

**HOW PROMISES TO LIVE.** MRS. ROTH'S SAD EXPERIENCES. BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES: TACOMA, May 3.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] A desperate attempt at suicide was made Tuesday by Mrs. Roth, wife of a farmer living near Wilcox, Whitman county. Mrs. Roth cut her throat in three places with a razor, and then leaped into a well fourteen feet deep, in which there were two feet of water, alighting on her head. She was rescued from the well and a physician summoned.

**SEAL CATCHES SMALL.** NINE SCHOONERS RETURN. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. VICTORIA (B. C.) May 3.—The following sealing schooners have arrived here and report the following catches, the lowest for some years: Allie I. 120; Victoria 275; Orie troubles 120; Florence Smith 325; Favorite 120; Vile 325; Libbie 117; Anika 76, and R. I. Morse 68.

**FRUIT CROP IMPROVES.** DAMAGE WAS OVERESTIMATED. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. SAN JOSE, May 3.—Reports from fruit growers throughout the county show that the damage to prunes, apricots, peaches and cherries by the frost will not be so extensive as was first reported. In several sections, where it was thought the prune crop would be almost totally destroyed, there promises to be a fair yield. Apricots are showing up better since the rain, and while the crop will be short of an average, it will not be the exceedingly small one that was anticipated.

**Suicide with Dynamite.** TACOMA, May 3.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The body of a young suicide was found in the woods of the city limits of Fair Haven this afternoon. He had accomplished his death by placing a stick of dynamite on his chest and exploding it. A great hole was torn through the upper portion of the diaphragm. He left not the least trace of his identity.

**BRIEF COAST DISPATCHES.** Caboose Rolled Down Bank. SACRAMENTO, May 3.—Yesterday afternoon a broken truck on a freight train, carrying a derailment near the

# NOTICE

Notice the style and hang of this suit.

The best made, best fitting clothes in town. The assortment of men's suits includes not only fancy worsteds, chevots and cassimeres of stylish patterns, but plain blue and black serges and black Thibets, new Oxford grays, black, clay and unfinished worsteds, and every garment made to our order—a showing worthy the largest clothing house on this coast. Come inspect it.

Suits \$10.00, \$12.00, \$13.50, \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$22.50, \$25.00 and \$30.00.

**MULLEN & BLUETT CLOTHING CO.,** N. W. Cor. First and Spring Sts.

# BLOOD OF ENGLISH MINERS COOLS OFF.

NOT UNANIMOUS FOR A STRIKE AGAINST COAL TAX. Scores of Meetings of Employers and Men to Discuss the Import-Organization of Pacific Steamship Masters. SHovel and Spade Combine.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. LONDON, May 3.—[By Atlantic Cable.] There were scores of meetings today in the coal districts, and there elected the following directors: John D. Spreckels, R. P. Schwerin, C. M. Goodall, W. F. Connor and E. K. Diamond. The directors will meet today and elect a president, vice-president, treasurer, secretary and Executive Committee.

**SHIP MASTERS ORGANIZE.** TO MEET LABOR UNIONISTS. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. SAN FRANCISCO, May 3.—The newly-formed Steamship Masters' Association, representing every important line running to the port, has elected the following directors: John D. Spreckels, R. P. Schwerin, C. M. Goodall, W. F. Connor and E. K. Diamond. The directors will meet today and elect a president, vice-president, treasurer, secretary and Executive Committee.

**SHOVELS AND SPADES.** CLOSE COMBINE PROPOSED. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. NEW YORK, May 3.—The Journal of Commerce says plans are now under discussion for a consolidation of the leading manufacturers of shovels and spades. There has been a very compact association in this trade for a long time, but now an actual merger of interests is proposed. The new company, if formed, may be known as the Ames Shovel and Tool Company.

**BUCKETSHOP SUIT.** Kansas City Firm Makes Answer to Allegations of the Chicago Board of Trade.

**GAS FOR MEXICO CITY.** AMERICAN CAPITAL TO BUILD. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. NEW YORK, May 3.—The Journal of Commerce says the Mexico City Light, Heat and Power Company, Limited, which was incorporated some time ago with \$5,000,000 American capital with the purpose of acquiring franchises with a view to the supplying of gas for lighting purposes in the City of Mexico, has had the time originally set for the construction of the plant postponed to June 1, 1901.

**OBITUARY.** David Porter Rosenmiller. LANCETOWN (Pa.) May 3.—David Porter Rosenmiller, formerly Mayor of this city, died today of tetanus, the result of a cancer. Mr. Rosenmiller was a native of Pennsylvania, and was executive officer of the sleep-of-war Exeter, which blew up the Confederate ram Arkansas. Mr. Rosenmiller was a relative of Admiral Porter.

**FATAL STEP.** While the man on guard was warning several persons not to approach the wire, Kallach came up behind him. His foot touched the deadly thing, and with

# DEATH AND LOSS AT MIDNIGHT FIRE.

A LIVE wire caused the loss of a human life and almost killed two horses of the fire department at a fire which totally destroyed the Western Iron Works, No. 115 Bruno street, at 12:30 o'clock this morning. The victim of the accident, if such he can be called, is P. H. Kallach, who was supposed to have roomed recently at No. 111 West First street. What his business was or whether he had a family is not known. His name was learned only after he had been carried to the Receiving Hospital dead, and his clothing searched. No one on the scene knew him.

He was placed in a cab and taken to the Receiving Hospital. As soon as he was placed on the operating table it was seen that he was dead. The police found marks on his arms which indicated that he had been a dog sled. There was no mark showing where the wire had touched him. It is probable that his heart was so weak from the use of morphine that the shock would have killed him even had he not received the full force of the current.

**RICE MURDER TRIAL.** Patrick, Short and Meyers. Plead of Not Guilty to Charge of Murder and Forgery. BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. NEW YORK, May 3.—Albert T. Pack, David L. Short and Morris Meyers were arraigned before Recorder Got today to plead to indictments for forgery and Patrick to an indictment for the murder of the late Texas millionaire, William M. Rice. The defendant pleaded not guilty pending the argument of demurrers against the indictments. The demurrers will be argued next week.

**A TONIC AND NERVE FOOD**

**Horsford's Acid Phosphate**

Taken when you can't eat, sleep or think, restores the appetite, gives restful sleep and imparts new life and energy to the exhausted and debilitated system.

THE GENUINE BEARS THE NAME "HORSFORD'S" ON LABEL.

# Women's Belts at 9c

All Styles worth up to 75c. The best Saturday Specials we have yet had. We will sell all the beautiful new belts left from our big Belt Sale at 9c. During this week there was a stampede of buyers to get them at 9c, 19c and 29c. Nearly all those we had marked 9c are sold, and the remaining belts are from the 19c and 28c lots. The actual value of these belts ranges from 35c to 75c; they include patent leather, carved leather, velvet, silk, gold braided, and in fact all the pretty styles that women of taste most desire. Over 1500 belts were sold the first day, and the buying today will be even livelier. In order to give our patrons a fair chance, only one belt can be allowed each customer. The idea of buying a handsome spring belt, worth 75c and made by the best factory in the world for 9c, seems like an utter impossibility. But unless it was the biggest and best kind of a bargain, you wouldn't find it at Hale's.

**Hale's** GOOD GOODS 101-109 North-Spring Street.

**THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS**

M. Pasteur, of France, invented a process for killing all possible germs in a product, and we use it. After each bottle of Schlitz beer is filled and sealed it is sterilized. This is an extreme precaution. The beer is brewed in extreme cleanliness, cooled in filtered air, then filtered. It seems impossible for a taint of impurity to get to it. Yet we sterilize every bottle. We, who know brewing, know the value of purity. We add vastly to the necessary cost of our beer to assure it. You drink it get the healthful results of our precaution. Your physician knows; ask him.

Phone James 1118, Sherwood & Sherwood, 212 N. Main St., Los Angeles.

**Every Bottle Sterilized**

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# Specials

It is always quite  
more of interest by  
store can give.

## Women

Women's Hose, 12c.  
The best quality of hose,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Hats for \$1.00.  
The best quality of hats,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Shoes for \$1.00.  
The best quality of shoes,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Underwear for \$1.00.  
The best quality of underwear,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Accessories for \$1.00.  
The best quality of accessories,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Children's Wear for \$1.00.  
The best quality of children's wear,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Men's Wear for \$1.00.  
The best quality of men's wear,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Household Goods for \$1.00.  
The best quality of household goods,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Books for \$1.00.  
The best quality of books,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Stationery for \$1.00.  
The best quality of stationery,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Toiletries for \$1.00.  
The best quality of toiletries,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Gifts for \$1.00.  
The best quality of gifts,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Flowers for \$1.00.  
The best quality of flowers,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Food for \$1.00.  
The best quality of food,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Drugs for \$1.00.  
The best quality of drugs,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Medical Supplies for \$1.00.  
The best quality of medical supplies,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Optical Goods for \$1.00.  
The best quality of optical goods,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Electrical Goods for \$1.00.  
The best quality of electrical goods,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Machinery for \$1.00.  
The best quality of machinery,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Automobiles for \$1.00.  
The best quality of automobiles,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Trains for \$1.00.  
The best quality of trains,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Airplanes for \$1.00.  
The best quality of airplanes,  
made in this city, at  
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Ships for \$1.00.  
The best quality of ships,  
made in this city, at  
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Submarines for \$1.00.  
The best quality of submarines,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Spacecraft for \$1.00.  
The best quality of spacecraft,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Rockets for \$1.00.  
The best quality of rockets,  
made in this city, at  
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Missiles for \$1.00.  
The best quality of missiles,  
made in this city, at  
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Warships for \$1.00.  
The best quality of warships,  
made in this city, at  
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Battleships for \$1.00.  
The best quality of battleships,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Cruisers for \$1.00.  
The best quality of cruisers,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Destroyers for \$1.00.  
The best quality of destroyers,  
made in this city, at  
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Submersibles for \$1.00.  
The best quality of submersibles,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Naval Airships for \$1.00.  
The best quality of naval airships,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Naval Torpedoes for \$1.00.  
The best quality of naval torpedoes,  
made in this city, at  
this price.

Naval Mines for \$1.00.  
The best quality of naval mines,  
made in this city, at  
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Naval Artillery for \$1.00.  
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Naval Engineering for \$1.00.  
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Naval Medicine for \$1.00.  
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Naval Law for \$1.00.  
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Naval History for \$1.00.  
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Naval Geography for \$1.00.  
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Naval Meteorology for \$1.00.  
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Naval Zoology for \$1.00.  
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Naval Botany for \$1.00.  
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Naval Astronomy for \$1.00.  
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Naval Mathematics for \$1.00.  
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Naval Music for \$1.00.  
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made in this city, at  
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Naval Art for \$1.00.  
The best quality of naval art,  
made in this city, at  
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Naval Literature for \$1.00.  
The best quality of naval literature,  
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Naval Science for \$1.00.  
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Naval Technology for \$1.00.  
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Naval Geography for \$1.00.  
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## LATEST DEVILMENT IN LOCAL POKERDOM.

HENRY BROWN, a partner of "Poker" Davis, is reported to be one of the most successful poker players in Los Angeles. Brown's winnings in the year 1900 netted him \$6000. Yet Brown sometimes meets his match in the poker room of this city, and that is what befell him Thursday afternoon. "Poker" Davis was implicated in the fall and himself dropped a comfortable sum at the game at which he is supposed to excel.

Brown lost \$700, of which amount he yielded up \$400 at the point of a gun, but being but a slight indication of the "winners" of the game in which he was engaged.

The game and gun play both occurred in the Arizona Club room, at No. 113 South Main street, where the proprietor, Robert Dunn, freely admits that equally severe altercations happen daily. "Poker" Davis of hance found quit the game several hundred short, just before the trouble arose.

The game was for high stakes. It started Wednesday evening, when Henry Brown, "Poker" Davis, "Texas" Jeffries, "Arizona" Berry and a local gambler named Miller, sat down at a table in the clubroom. About \$2000 was represented on the table before the men, whose fortunes wavered throughout the night. Toward midnight, the drinks taken as braces began to tell on the men, and "Poker" Davis and Miller dropped out. Brown, Jeffries and Berry continued to play, gambling heavily, while the money was being piled up before the Texas.

Brown's ire was aroused, and when the game was over, he offered a pocket of \$500 if he should quit before that time. Jeffries was equally generous in words, but no money was put up by either man. And this omission caused a gun battle.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, on Brown's deal, Brown got a double-ace flush. He raised the ante to \$1000, and the other three, raised back. Brown dropped out, and the draw \$500 in the pot. Brown drew his flush and bet his hand hard, but Jeffries, who had drawn three sevens and a pair of jacks, raised back. Brown became frightened, and tried to withdraw, but he was bet of several hundred, which he refused to pay.

On the showdown Jeffries started to make a bluff, but Brown remarked that he would play with a man of Brown's caliber.

Before Jeffries had raised all the coin, Brown made a grab and succeeded in "copping out" \$60, saying that Jeffries had raised the ante. The game before 6 o'clock, as per agreement, Jeffries protested, and Brown drew a card from the pot to defend himself against Jeffries' attempt to wrest the money from him.

At this stage of the game, Miller, who is related to Jeffries, quietly pulled a formidable 45-caliber revolver and threatened to shoot Brown if he did not stop. The game was over, and the clubroom was filled with the sound of gunfire.

Jeffries and Miller divided the money won on the table before the wrathful and snarling Brown and the proprietor of the joint, ordered Brown to also hand them back the \$400 which he had won. Miller's gun was the per-mediator which caused Brown to acquiesce.

Late and Brown, who have for some time had their own way with strangers, had been caught gambling by the proprietors of the Texas and Arizona. Brown was fined \$1700 between them.

When the proprietor of the club was asked regarding the affair, he stated that it was a mere nothing. "These drunken quarrels are of daily occurrence," he said. "I have seen a quarrel equally serious, I comply with the law in every way, and all I can do is to keep a drunken man out of the house when he shows fight. This I do."

MOURNERS ARE NUMEROUS. A recent wedding for her children has been quarantined in the wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts of Los Angeles who weep for the husbands, sons, brothers and lovers who infect the Los Angeles poker joints which flourish in defiance of law under the guise of "the game."

There are about seventy-five of these joints in the city, where men and boys play for their money, and the proprietors, who are a curse and an evil which it is impossible under the law as presently constituted, to eradicate.

Men from the mining camps and the eastern and surest prey, as poker is the prevailing pastime in the mining camps, and the men who come to town from the mines usually bring the earnings or clean-ups of months with them, with the expectation of being relieved of the savings earned by months of toil and privation, by means of the seductive poker chips.

"From now on the miners will be coming in for the summer, and they usually have lots of money and are a legitimate meat," said one joint-keeper who was interviewed on the subject.

PATRONS OF THE JOINTS. The joint-keepers say their best patrons are the men who have small incomes. They play poker in the hope of increasing their stipends, but the majority are poorer in the end. The tourist class do not patronize the poker joints to any extent, as they are not inviting to men of wealth. Workmen from out of town are frequently roped into the joints and relieved of the meager supply of cash they may have brought with them.

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Men from the mining camps and the eastern and surest prey, as poker is the prevailing pastime in the mining camps, and the men who come to town from the mines usually bring the earnings or clean-ups of months with them, with the expectation of being relieved of the savings earned by months of toil and privation, by means of the seductive poker chips.

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## INTELLIGENT INTERVIEW ON OLD MEXICO.

JULIUS R. BLACK ON A VISIT TO LOS ANGELES.

Talks Comprehensive of the Sister Republic's Business and Political Outlook—She Has Passed the Pack-mule Stage and is Building Railroads.

Julius R. Black, who for some time has been a resident of Mexico, is in this city visiting friends. He yesterday called entertainingly to a Times reporter of affairs in general in the sister republic.

"Mexico is rapidly recovering from the financial break of 1899," said Mr. Black, "but the year will be long remembered in business circles. The causes which gave rise to the unfavorable conditions of the year, have been frequently and variously detailed, but the actual fact of the matter is, that a number of widely-differing causes culminated at a critical point, have had more to do with it than the operation of any one thing."

When the serious aspect of the situation first became apparent, Minister Limantour, in conference with representatives of the country, advised, among other measures, advancing the legal-established bank rate of interest. This was agreed upon, and carried into effect, the rate going up to 10 and 12, where it had stood before; the policy of the measure came into bitter dispute, and its effectiveness was denied by no one, but the efforts then made to adopt the original standard.

"While a number of small concerns closed doors during this period, which has been maintained a longer existence under more favorable circumstances, only one failure of prominence appeared to have been directly due to the crisis, and that was the failure of the old private banking house of Martinez y Compañia, of the city of Guadalupe, which was the State of Jalisco, one of the former commercial centers of the republic of Mexico."

"The establishment of the bank was established over seventy years ago, and was one of the most successful of the country. It was a universal hereditary business, and was the result of the long and honorable career of the family, which enjoyed a wide popularity. Among the items of the estate bank of Jalisco, which was published at the time, with regard to this failure, was one to the effect that the bank had drawn on the Banco de Jalisco for \$800,000 on deposit to the order of the bank, and the draft being returned unpaid, the bank was forced to liquidate its affairs."

"The great railway problem of today is to reach Pacific tide water. The government wants it for rapid military communication with the west coast, and it is equally anxious to find a more reliable and rapid means of marketing the products of their haciendas than pack mules."

"On the north it now appears that the International has absorbed the Montevideo and Mexican Gulf thus giving it a tide-water outlet at Tampico, on the Gulf, with a port of entry at Eagle Point, on the American frontier. Tampico is also the objective point of the Hidalgo Railway, famous in Mexico as the line which is to be built by private Mexican capital and managed by Mexican heads of departments. Foreign investment has been secured for the construction of this line, and the government is anxious to find a more reliable and rapid means of marketing the products of their haciendas than pack mules."

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A splendid grade of walking gloves; comfortable and stylish; plique sewn; gusseted; has the finish and fit of a \$1.50 glove; special for this sale 85c.

## Broadway Kid Glove 85c.

Made of real French kid; soft and elastic; perfect fitting; comes in all the latest shades; over seam; a stylish serviceable glove that is worth fully a half more; specially priced for this sale at 85c.

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Made of extra fine kid. Over seam. Fancy embroidered backs, three clasps, all colors, all sizes; one of our best values; specially priced for this sale at \$1.00.

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The "Nordica" and imported French kid gloves. Plique stitched, gusseted, two clasps. Equal to any \$2.00 glove on the market; special for this sale, \$1.55.

## 59c Gauntlet Gloves 49c.

Women's Gauntlet gloves of extra heavy lambskin. One clasp, fancy stitched backs; worth 59c; special for this sale 49c.

## \$20 Pattern Hats \$10

Some of the handsomest pattern hats that have been shown in Los Angeles this season. We have a large stock of them, and they are priced at \$20.00. We have them in all the latest styles, and they are worth fully \$20.00. Special for this sale at \$10.00.

## Trimmed Hats \$2.50.

A splendid line of Trimmed Hats of lay straw, pearl edge band, trimmed with chiffon, high or low crests, faced with tulle, etc. A very stylish effect. Colors, black and white. In the lot, specially priced for today at \$2.50.

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BOND, between 2 and 4 p.m.







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## THE PUBLIC SERVICE

## THE OFFICES AND COURTS.

## SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

At the session of the Board of Public Works yesterday the application of the People's Lighting Company was discussed and taken under further consideration.

An agreement was reached in the controversy over the street lines on the sidewalk between the Board of Public Works and the contractor.

William T. Smith, the local assessor, as held to answer by Justice James yesterday on a charge of embezzlement made by the California Bank. He is to be examined on two charges of falsifying money under false pretenses.

At the City Hall.

AS FRANCHISES AGAIN BEFORE COMMITTEE.

INSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS URGED ON THE COUNCIL.

Attorney Jones intimates that the Duke's horse in the contest is filling in the interest of some local gas company.

At the meeting of the Board of Public Works yesterday afternoon the application of the People's Lighting Company for a franchise to erect poles and conduits was considered.

John T. Brown, who has been in the city for some time, appeared on behalf of the company.

Attorney Jones argued that it is the duty of the Council to protect the public interest in the franchise.

He said that the franchise is a public right and that the Council should not grant it without proper consideration.

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(the town of Etna in Siskiyou county, and reads as follows:

"In any city where there are no public works owned and controlled by the municipality for supplying the same with water or artificial light, any individual, or company duly incorporated for the purpose under and by the authority of the laws of this State shall, under direction of the Superintendent of Streets or other officer in control thereof, and under such general regulations as the municipality may prescribe for the same, have the privilege of using the public streets and thoroughfares thereof, and of laying down pipes and conduits therein, and connections therewith, so far as may be necessary for introducing into, and supplying, such city or inhabitants, either with gas light or other illuminating light, or with fresh water for domestic and all other purposes, upon the condition that the municipality government shall have the right to regulate the charges therefor."

No one was present yesterday to represent the franchise application for persons living in Omaha and at the conclusion of some further discussion the board took the entire matter under advisement.

In this connection the amounts paid for the last two lighting franchises sold will be of interest. The franchise now held by the Edison Company was granted to L. F. Scott in July, 1895. For this, the municipality paid \$10,000.

The franchise for the San Gabriel Company was granted to L. D. C. Gray in May, 1897. The municipality paid \$10,000 for this franchise.

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with the bank for that length of time in depositing bullion and drawing out 30 per cent. of its value in money.

On the morning of April 3 Smith went to the bank with a receipt calling for bullion in nine packages, alleged to be worth \$455.47, which packages Smith took away and returned in bars melted down to fewer numbers and larger size.

At the afternoon Smith returned a wrapped bar to the bank to be shipped to the Selby Smelting and Lead Company of San Francisco, which bar was worth \$127.15. In the package were five bars of bullion each of a value marked by Smith. The value of the first bar exhibited was \$200; the second, \$200; the third, \$200; the fourth, \$200; the fifth, \$200. At this time Smith made no statement and was allowed 90 per cent. on account as against his bullion deposits.

On the following day, witness testified that Smith took a promissory note to the bank for \$200, which was given to him by Smith. The note was for \$200, which was given to him by Smith.

At this point Mr. Mosin was withdrawn to allow Mr. G. Du Py, chief assayer of the Selby Smelting and Lead Company of San Francisco, to testify for the defense.

Mr. Du Py testified that he had melted the bar valued by Smith at \$200, and that the value of the bar was \$200. He testified that he had melted the bar valued by Smith at \$200, and that the value of the bar was \$200.

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other cases will be heard on the 16th inst.

**COURTHOUSE NOTES.**  
**BREVITIES MISCELLANEOUS.**  
**LAWYER INSANE.** Samuel A. Garrett, Esq., of No. 2652 Vermont avenue, was examined as to his sanity yesterday, by Dr. William Dodge and Dr. E. N. Mathis and upon their recommendation committed by Judge Shaw to the State Hospital at Napa.

**PERRY WILL.** O. P. Taylor has petitioned for the probate of the will of Fannie T. Perry, who died on April 15, leaving an estate valued at \$2575. Deceased owned a lodging house at No. 443 Gladys avenue. He left two daughters, Pearl Perry and Mrs. Myrtle Witter.

**NEW DIVORCE.** Julie Boehm is suing Carl Boehm for a divorce.

**BONDED INDEBTEDNESS.** The Sierra Madre Water Company filed a certificate with the County Clerk yesterday of a bonded indebtedness of \$30,000.

**FLOOD MINORS.** Henrietta Flood asks to be appointed guardian of her two minor children, Anna and Thomas Flood, who are entitled to a part of the \$1000 estate of their deceased father, Thomas F. Flood.

**NEW WATER COMPANY.** The Imperial Water Company, No. 6, incorporated yesterday with a capital stock of \$250,000, divided into 10 shares, which amount \$250 has been subscribed.

**Los Angeles.** The company's principal place of business, although it is organized to secure a supply of water for irrigation, domestic and other purposes, from the Sociedad de Irrigacion y Terrenos de la Baja California, to lands lying in San Diego county. The directors are A. H. Heber, C. R. Rockwood, Rusk Harris, R. McPherson and E. A. Boore, all of Los Angeles.

**VISITING JUDGE.** Superior Judge Bullard of Orange county exchanged benches with Judge York yesterday.

**BULL DIVORCE.** Florence A. Bull was granted a divorce from Arthur Bull by Judge Allen yesterday on the ground of failure to provide.

**TWAS OVERHEARD.** A demurrer in the divorce suit brought by Mrs. J. H. Conant against William Conant was overruled in Department Three yesterday by Judge Allen.

**THE INFERIOR COURTS.**  
**BROWN HAD IDEAS ON FIESTA DECORATIONS.**

**UNHAPPY ATTEMPT TO SHOW THE WORKMEN HOW.**

Workmen said Dreadful Things to Him, the Policeman Arrested Him and the Police Court Put Him on the Chain Gang.

W. H. Brown got himself arrested yesterday morning on a charge of disturbing the peace. He was taken to the police court and put on the chain gang.

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## GAME LOST BY ERRORS.

**'Frisco Downs Looelos  
Easily.**

**King Kelly Has a Very  
Bad Day.**

**Billy Walsh Wins from Kid  
Long—New Man on  
Second Today.**

They couldn't play enough to keep warm. These Looelos braves who braved the pastures of Washington Gardens, and in consequence they lost yesterday to the giants from 'Frisco by a score of 4 to 2. The victors had the luck yesterday, just to even up matters, for their work was about as rotten as that of the Looelos. Ten errors and nine hits is about the record of the bunch, and that doesn't make much of a record. Even then with proper support Hale would have won his game. It was punk fielding, especially on the part of King Kelly, who caused the drop. Walsh milled him up and had the big fellows guessing. In the seventh he retired the side on three pitched balls.

The feature of the game was again the brilliant work of Denver, Charlie at short. He cut off scores time and again by his fast and steady work, and in the third made a hair-raising catch of a ball from Holland's bat that not one man in a hundred would have even touched. The catch and quick recovery caught the 1000 spectators to their feet, and the cheering cowboy had to be rescued before they would quit. He saved the game for the giants. In the ninth, when Charlie Kelly drove a hard high one clear to center field, which was the only one of the very best sort of judgment of the 'Frisco center garden got away and squeezed it.

Brockhoff was lost to the Looelos in the first inning, when a throw from Kelly tore the flesh from a finger, and he was obliged to retire in favor of Denver. His hitting and base work was excellent throughout the game, as Kelly's "eagle brain and massive arm" had an off day. Hale lost his head in the second, and how many times it was impossible to tell. Two bases were stolen on him while he was holding the ball, but they did not count in the result.

Hildebrandt drew a base for a starter, and Schwartz drew out to Swindell, who drove an easy one to Kelly, who was at short. Kelly hit the ball, but it was so short that he could only make second on the king's error of Bowman's hot one.

The king was forced on second on Swindell's infield hit, Kelly advancing from where he registered on Swindell's error of Bowman's hot one.

In the ninth, with the score 4 to 1 in favor of the Looelos, Kelly drove a single, which was the only one of the very best sort of judgment of the 'Frisco center garden got away and squeezed it.

For the victors a bad throw of Kelly's Patet hit his base in the second, and Graham didn't do a thing, but a straight one just right, and the left out to Swindell.

After two men were out in the ninth, Hildebrandt got a safe single to left, and Kelly followed him up in the air by stealing second.

It was on him while he stood with ball in his hand, but Holland made a third out to Hildebrandt. Again the king milled. Two men out, and Kelly gave Hildebrandt his

base. He stole second and came in on a single by Schwartz to center.

The full score follows:

| LOS ANGELES     | A  | R | E | R | H | O | A | E |
|-----------------|----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Brockhoff, 1b   | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Hutchinson, 2b  | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Swindell, 3b    | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Denyer, c       | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Kelly, 1b       | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Swindell, 2b    | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Hildebrandt, 3b | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Swindell, 1b    | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Hale, p         | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Total           | 24 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |

**LOS ANGELES**

| A               | R  | E | R | H | O | A | E |
|-----------------|----|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hildebrandt, 1b | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Swindell, 2b    | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Kelly, 3b       | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Denyer, c       | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Hutchinson, 1b  | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Swindell, 2b    | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Hildebrandt, 3b | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Swindell, 1b    | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Hale, p         | 4  | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Total           | 24 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |

**SCORE BY INNINGS.**

| Los Angeles | San Francisco |
|-------------|---------------|
| 1           | 0             |
| 2           | 0             |
| 3           | 0             |
| 4           | 0             |
| 5           | 0             |
| 6           | 0             |
| 7           | 0             |
| 8           | 0             |
| 9           | 0             |
| Total       | 0             |

**LEAGUE STANDING.**

| Team          | Won | Lost | Per Cent |
|---------------|-----|------|----------|
| San Francisco | 12  | 9    | .571     |
| Los Angeles   | 11  | 9    | .550     |
| Oakland       | 11  | 9    | .550     |
| Sacramento    | 7   | 13   | .350     |

**TURN THE TABLES.**

**OAKLAND DOWN IN SENATORS.**

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M. SAN FRANCISCO, May 3.—Oakland won from Sacramento today by a score of 4 to 2. The game was enlivened by several brilliant plays, and a wordy war between the umpire and Oakland's captain resulted in the latter's going off the grounds. The game ended with a triple play by Franks, Arrelanes and Streib.

**LEAGUE STANDING.**

| Team          | Won | Lost | Per Cent |
|---------------|-----|------|----------|
| San Francisco | 12  | 9    | .571     |
| Los Angeles   | 11  | 9    | .550     |
| Oakland       | 11  | 9    | .550     |
| Sacramento    | 7   | 13   | .350     |

**TURN THE TABLES.**

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**LEAGUE STANDING.**

| Team          | Won | Lost | Per Cent |
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round, when the police stopped the fight. Kid Long was all but out, and Capt. Hensley did quite the proper thing. The scrap was a good one from an entertainment point of view, and the boys put up one of the gamiest fights seen in this city for a long time. The arrangements were perfect, and there was not a slip during the evening. Walsh simply outclassed Long, and that was all there was to it. The Kid is quite a clever boy, but he can't hit. He has a very bad habit of going down

on the slightest provocation, and he hit the floor so many times last night that the crowd got tired counting. Several times Walsh had his man going, and held off simply because he didn't want to put him out. Or at least it looked that way.

Walsh is one of the fairest fighters who ever stepped into the ring. He has many advantages of which he might have taken advantage and been within the rules, but he always held off. His defense work was superb, and when he assumed the aggressive it was seen that he has some terrible punches. He is a very sturdy little man, and has the action of a first-class man.

For the first half-dozen rounds Walsh endeavored to get the Kid to lead, but Long was careful and kept himself well guarded. He landed on Walsh a number of times, but never with any particular effect. It was in the fifth round that Walsh changed his tactics, and began to go to his man. He floored him half a dozen times with hard rights and lefts to the face, but could never get in a knockout. This was kept up throughout the fight. The Kid going down as many as half a dozen times in several rounds, and taking the limit. In the tenth it looked all over for the Kid. He was floored twice, and was very groggy, but Walsh landed on the ropes and let him take his time in getting up. In the fourteenth Walsh put the Kid down twice with hard rights to the face, the last one putting the Kid

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## The Times' Current Topics Club.

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### WHAT THE GOVERNMENT DOES FOR THE PEOPLE.

#### MINT SERVICE OF UNITED STATES.

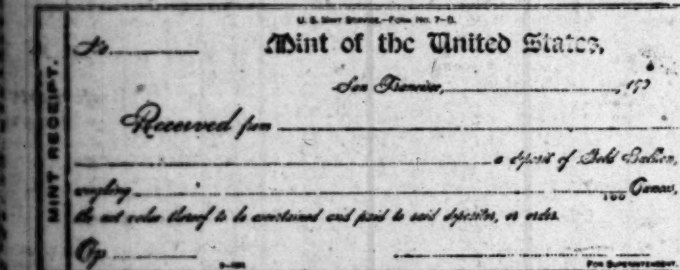
(By George E. Roberts, Director of the Mint.)

THE United States has now three mints in operation, located at Philadelphia, New Orleans and San Francisco. In addition to these it maintains assay offices at New York, St. Louis, Denver, Helena, Carson, Idaho, Seattle and Charlotte, N. C. The institutions at Carson and Charlotte were formerly mints, but owing to a decline in the importance of the mining districts tributary to them they were reduced to assay offices. On the other hand, the Denver office will soon become a mint, Congress having appropriated \$200,000 for a building and \$100,000 for its equipment for coinage operations.

An assay office is practically an outside agency for a mint. It receives bullion, assays and pays the coinage value, less any charges that may be levied for the service, and ships it to one of the mints. The equipment and organization of a mint is extensive, and it is cheaper to concentrate coinage operations in a few institutions than to multiply mints. An assay office receives practically the same service to the mining industry that is rendered by a mint. The New York assay office receives bullion upon precisely the same terms as a mint, but the others make a special charge of 1/2 per cent. in addition to mint charges.

#### REGULATIONS REGARDING COINAGE.

Bullion that is of standard fineness and requires no treatment to fit it for coinage, is received and coined without charge. If it contains base or other metal which must be removed, a refining charge is made, and if it is above the standard an alloy charge is made.



The law provides that these charges shall not exceed the cost of the service. From 1793 to 1853, coinage was free from all mints; from 1853 to 1873 the charge was 1/2 per cent.; the act of 1873 reduced the charge to 1/4 per cent. on gold and 1/2 per cent. on silver. In 1873, as a measure to promote the redemption of specie payments, the coinage of gold was made free.

#### EXCHANGE OF COIN FOR BULLION.

When an owner of gold bullion presents it at a mint or assay office it is weighed in his presence and a receipt given in the following form:

This receipt does not state the value of the deposit; that must be ascertained by assay, and the depositor is held to return at a given time, the day, or within a few days, and receive payment. The theory of free coinage originally was that the government would receive a depositor's bullion and return the identical bullion in the form of coin, as the old-time grist mill returned the flour made from his own grain, and it is simpler and more convenient to have a saving of time to the depositor for the government to advance the coinage value as soon as the bullion has been assayed. The law authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to keep a supply of coin in each mint for this purpose, "when the state of the Treasury will admit."

Bullion is received at a mint by the weight clerk, who represents the superintendent of the institution, and the weighing is witnessed by the registrar of deposits, who represents the administrative office at Washington. From the weight clerk's vault the bullion goes to the deposit melting room, where it is melted as a precaution against a silver bar. From the new bar two clips are taken at opposite ends and sent to the assayer. If they agree in results the bar is paid for on that basis.

#### PREPARING THE METAL FOR COINAGE.

This bar now passes from the custody of the superintendent of the mint to that of the melder and refiner. He melts for it, and gives a heavy bond to the government, although in this, as in all such positions, the bond is insignificant compared with the trust reposed in him. The melder and refiner of the Philadelphia mint has \$100,000 or \$150,000 in his custody. Under his direction the metal is given the treatment required to fit it for coinage, and is manufactured into ingots suitable for the rolling of the coins. This done, it is delivered by him back to the superintendent, and is continuously weighed and assayed. The melder now has the metal in the shape of ingots of the fineness of coin and manufactures it into coin. It first passes through several sets of rolls. Then under a punch, which punches out the individual pieces. Each of the latter is weighed separately to see that it is within the limit of tolerance; then it goes through the milling machine, which gives it the raised edge; then it is rolled in a retort, or furnace, and heated to a cherry red. When taken from the pieces are dipped in a mild solution of sulphuric acid to clean and soften them before going to the press for coinage.

#### KEEPING TRACK OF THE PRECIOUS METAL.

Then the pieces go to the coining press. The coiner delivers the money to the superintendent and takes his receipt. The latter turns it out to the Treasury, or pays it out for more bullion. At least once every year there is a complete shutdown and settlement, in which each of the three departments has a hand. The superintendent, with his assistants, who must accompany them, leave the building for several days. The mint is then left in the hands of the day.

Out of each delivery from coiner to superintendent the latter is required to issue indiscriminately in the presence of the assayer a certain number of pieces, which are sealed and put in a box that is double locked and can only be opened by the action of both. Once every year the President appoints a body known as the annual assay commission, composed of prominent citizens, to examine and test these reserved coins and report on them. This is a check upon

the work of the year, and an assurance to the President and through him to the country that the coin being kept at standard. At the same time the reservation for the assay commission is made other coins are withdrawn and sent to the director of the mint at Washington and assayed at once.

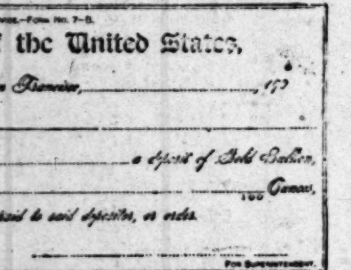
#### TAKING CARE OF THE FRACTIONS.

When a depositor is paid for his bullion he signs a voucher which is forwarded to the office of the director of the mint at Washington, with the original receipt and all the particulars of the transaction. Every calculation is verified there, and the accounts are passed over quarterly to the comptroller of the finances. Bullion deposits the figures are carried out to the quarter-thousandth, and the fractions thrown to the government.

The fractions that thus inure, although insignificant on each deposit, are in the aggregate an important item, frequently affecting the wastage of the year. There is a legitimate and honest loss in the process of handling the metals over and over, as must be done in mint operations. The law provides that an allowance may be made therefor. But for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1900, although the mints handed in more than \$150,000,000 of bullion, turning it over repeatedly, the government came out ahead in the year's operations to the extent of \$800,000. This gain was due in part to the fractions thrown to the government, as stated above.

#### STANDARD OF WEIGHT FOR COINS.

The standard of weight in the mint service is a brass Troy pound, procured in London in 1857 by Albert Gallatin, then Secretary of the Treasury. It is kept in the Philadelphia mint, and is used only as the standard to which the weights in use are adjusted. A double eagle is a half grain, or one part in ten hundred and thirty-two.



and in practice the mint never makes a delivery of coins below standard, although within the limit of tolerance, without the same time delivering an equal amount of the standard. The standard unit of value is the gold dollar, which contains 25.2 grains of fine gold, and with the alloy weighs 25.8 grains. The standard of fineness in all gold and silver coins of the United States is 900 parts in 1000. The alloy is of copper and is used to harden the coin and save it from abrasion.

#### GOLD AND SILVER COINS NOW MINTED.

The gold coins now provided for by law are the double eagle, or \$20 piece, eagle, or \$10 piece, half-eagle, or \$5 piece, and the quarter-eagle, or \$2.50 piece. The \$1 piece has been discontinued as a result of the commercial use. Most of our gold coinage has been in double eagles, the total output of gold from the foundation of the mint down to June 30, 1900, having been \$2,147,088,123, of which \$1,538,828,060 was in double eagles.

The silver coins now minted are the dollar, half-dollar, quarter-dollar and dime. The latter is in the form of a dime, and is the most common of all. It is simpler and more convenient to have a saving of time to the depositor for the government to advance the coinage value as soon as the bullion has been assayed. The law authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to keep a supply of coin in each mint for this purpose, "when the state of the Treasury will admit."

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minor coins, \$2,248,017.31. The manufacture of the minor coins involved the striking of 101,503,758 pieces, and of subsidiary coins, \$7,114,279 pieces. It may be safely said that the above figures surpass any record before made by any government. The total number of pieces struck last year by the royal mint in London and all its colonial branches was 144,823,124, and this was unprecedented in the history of English coinage operations. The total number of pieces struck by the mints of the United States last year was 184,873,703.

*W. H. Roberts*  
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#### THE TIMES' DAILY STORY

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

BY GEORGE F. SEYMOUR.

(Published under special arrangement with the E. S. McClure Co., New York.)

LATE in the spring of 1864, on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, which had been taken possession of by the military authorities, I was doing "spare" work—which meant that sometimes I would run a shifter on the road, and sometimes I would take an extra train out over the road.

We didn't have very much in the way of rolling stock at that time, as the "Johnnies" had run most of it away when they evacuated Nashville, and we were particularly short of good coaches. One day I was sent out with an extra train and told to pull it down to Chattanooga with the shifter. This was in the day of the "Johnnies," but it was very old, and had been patched and doctored up for use in the yard, and perhaps the best thing for a guard, and orders had been given for everything to keep out of our way.

Several changes had been made on the road since I had been out, but the only one having anything to do with this story was with regard to a siding near two-thirds of the way down. This was a spur some thousand feet or so in length, running into a gravel pit, and the siding ran for some distance over a trestle. Some of the rails had been taken up and used to lengthen out another spur track farther down the road. The switch stand had been removed and the switch spiked fast.

We stopped at a water tank just this side of Stevenson. Here the lieutenant in charge said he had a wounded soldier, and he didn't know what to do with him. We would have to take him to Chattanooga with us. So he was carried into the car, and laid on the rear of the train, and laid on the floor.

It was now well along toward evening, and growing dark very rapidly, more so than usual, as a thunderstorm was coming up. Before long it was pouring, and the rain was making working tolerably good. About three-quarters of an hour after passing Stevenson the engine gave the signal to stop. Never before or since did it send such a thrill through me. Here I was, in the middle of a long run, and the engine had stopped. I looked out of the window and saw a double eagle.

The silver coins now minted are the dollar, half-dollar, quarter-dollar and dime. The latter is in the form of a dime, and is the most common of all. It is simpler and more convenient to have a saving of time to the depositor for the government to advance the coinage value as soon as the bullion has been assayed. The law authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to keep a supply of coin in each mint for this purpose, "when the state of the Treasury will admit."

Bullion is received at a mint by the weight clerk, who represents the superintendent of the institution, and the weighing is witnessed by the registrar of deposits, who represents the administrative office at Washington. From the weight clerk's vault the bullion goes to the deposit melting room, where it is melted as a precaution against a silver bar. From the new bar two clips are taken at opposite ends and sent to the assayer. If they agree in results the bar is paid for on that basis.

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#### PREPARING THE METAL FOR COINAGE.

This bar now passes from the custody of the superintendent of the mint to that of the melder and refiner. He melts for it, and gives a heavy bond to the government, although in this, as in all such positions, the bond is insignificant compared with the trust reposed in him. The melder and refiner of the Philadelphia mint has \$100,000 or \$150,000 in his custody. Under his direction the metal is given the treatment required to fit it for coinage, and is manufactured into ingots suitable for the rolling of the coins. This done, it is delivered by him back to the superintendent, and is continuously weighed and assayed. The melder now has the metal in the shape of ingots of the fineness of coin and manufactures it into coin. It first passes through several sets of rolls. Then under a punch, which punches out the individual pieces. Each of the latter is weighed separately to see that it is within the limit of tolerance; then it goes through the milling machine, which gives it the raised edge; then it is rolled in a retort, or furnace, and heated to a cherry red. When taken from the pieces are dipped in a mild solution of sulphuric acid to clean and soften them before going to the press for coinage.

#### KEEPING TRACK OF THE PRECIOUS METAL.

Then the pieces go to the coining press. The coiner delivers the money to the superintendent and takes his receipt. The latter turns it out to the Treasury, or pays it out for more bullion. At least once every year there is a complete shutdown and settlement, in which each of the three departments has a hand. The superintendent, with his assistants, who must accompany them, leave the building for several days. The mint is then left in the hands of the day.

Out of each delivery from coiner to superintendent the latter is required to issue indiscriminately in the presence of the assayer a certain number of pieces, which are sealed and put in a box that is double locked and can only be opened by the action of both. Once every year the President appoints a body known as the annual assay commission, composed of prominent citizens, to examine and test these reserved coins and report on them. This is a check upon

I saw in a moment that the wounded man had told the truth, for the switch track and there I saw a group of men, crouching at the foot of the embankment. At the sight, all my calms took flight. I forgot all about the danger we were in. Drawing my revolver, I emptied it into the midst of the group, and had the satisfaction of seeing two of the scoundrels tumble over. Then I threw the lever forward and pulled the throttle wide open, for now I was anxious to have the thing over with, and the end, whatever it might be, reached at once.

The train jumped ahead, and we were almost on the switch, when I saw a bolt of lightning coming directly toward us. I say I saw it. I did see it, and that is all I know. The concussion that followed made the old engine rattle in every joint, and almost killed me from the cab.

Then, a moment later, the reclamation of my position returned to me. I saw that the engine had passed over the switch, and I was in the clear. The entire train was across, and then I knew by some means which I could not explain, that an unusually sharp flash from those devils had laid for us. A moment before we had reached it, I had seen a flash of lightning, and I knew that it was a lightning bolt. I saw that the engine had passed over the switch, and I was in the clear.

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## IN THE COMING IDES OF JUNE

### THE RETURNS OF THE SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST WILL BE MADE.

And, Early in July, Contestants Will Know the Results of Their Six Months of Strenuous Effort—Then the Distribution.

In the subjoined notices the merits of a number of Times premiums come in for discussion.

#### An Anchor to Leeward.

The man who holds a policy in a responsible life or accident insurance company has a protection against any change of wind or current that may come along. In short, it is what nautical people describe as "an anchor to leeward." The Times offers two policies in the Fidelity Mutual Aid Association as prizes in Class Two and Class Three, respectively. E. W. Schmidt, general agent, No. 510 South Main street.

A Tale Bicycles. The fur box from the Broadway Department Store offered as a prize in our Class Five is one of the neatest and handiest things that a lady can wear.

#### Snug and Stylish.

The fur box from the Broadway Department Store offered as a prize in our Class Five is one of the neatest and handiest things that a lady can wear.

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#### The Yale Prize.

A Yale bicycle, which is known the world over as one of the best and most popular wheels going, is one of the prizes in our Class Five. It is valued at \$50. Those who are specially interested in this prize may inspect it at the establishment of E. H. Rippey, No. 403 South Broadway, or E. H. Crippen, 423 South Main street.

#### For Remembrance Sake.

Everybody should have photographs. Everybody should distribute them. Among his or her friends for remembrance sake. The Schumacher prizes—four in number—are especially serviceable in this respect. See price list.

#### Upon Reflection.

You will find that there is no more elegant and useful fixture in the house furnishings than a fine mirror. The Times meets a popular demand in offering an oval frame French plate mirror from the establishment of H. Rappe, No. 508 South Main street, as a prize in its Class One.

#### The Williamson Bros.' Prize.

The Standard Grand sewing machine justifies its name. It is a standard machine and a grand machine, both. The Standard Grand offered by the Williamson Bros. as a premium is valued at \$75 and it is listed in the General Class.

#### The Desk and Chair Prize.

A mahogany desk and chair to match, valued at \$60, comes from the Los Angeles Furniture Company as a prize in our General Class. They constitute a writing equipment that ought to be acceptable in the most elegant home. Who takes this prize.

#### Up-to-date People.

Ride chainless bicycles. Time is too precious to fool it away cleaning sprockets and chains and rubbing on plumbago. The chainless is a short cut to freedom from all these little worries. A Columbia chainless is among The Times prizes. W. H. White-Columbia Cycles, No. 604 South Broadway.

#### The Munsie Prize.

This is a King Poco camera one of those charming little instruments that makes everybody want to be an amateur photographer. This prize is valued at \$50 and it is one of the sweepstakes prizes in the General Class.

## The Leading Competitors and Their Standing May 3

|                                     |        |
|-------------------------------------|--------|
| Mrs. Della C. Crabill, Los Angeles  | 13,784 |
| Mrs. Mae H. Keppel, Los Angeles     | 11,770 |
| Marguerite Cardell, Los Angeles     | 8,673  |
| Lena Moss Terrell, Los Angeles      | 8,490  |
| Ella May Girard, Redlands           | 5,102  |
| Mrs. J. W. Bridge, Los Angeles      | 5,001  |
| Mrs. Helen J. Hough, Los Angeles    | 4,152  |
| C. W. Robinson, Los Angeles         | 3,852  |
| Miss E. Schley, Los Angeles         | 3,696  |
| Mrs. E. Cryer, Oxnard               | 2,957  |
| Grace Schmidt, Los Angeles          | 2,872  |
| Miss Belle Morrison, Florence, Cal. | 2,447  |
| Mrs. P. E. March, Pasadena          | 2,093  |
| Mrs. E. Cryer, Santa Ana            | 1,692  |
| Mrs. A. A. Senard, Los Angeles      | 1,644  |
| Miss Edna Snow, Soldiers' Home      | 1,621  |
| C. Le Roy Robbins, Los Angeles      | 1,563  |
| Charles P. Mallory, Orange, Cal.    | 1,440  |
| Clare Cardell, Santa Ana            | 1,366  |
| Miss Belle Morrison, Santa Monica   | 1,361  |
| Hazel Franklin, Los Angeles         | 1,328  |
| Miss A. R. San Bernardino           | 1,111  |
| Mrs. G. W. Lee, Covina              | 1,068  |
| Mrs. R. Collingwood, Pasadena       | 964    |
| Mrs. R. Collingwood, Long Beach     | 717    |
| Mrs. N. S. Ailing, Pasadena         | 512    |
| C. W. Robinson, Corona              | 459    |
| John Terrell, Los Angeles           | 429    |
| Mrs. R. Collingwood, Los Angeles    | 422    |
| Sherman Bainbridge, Los Angeles     | 394    |
| Mrs. W. W. Imbler, Pomona           | 383    |
| Mrs. N. S. Ailing, Lamanda Park     | 328    |
| Harold Williams, Pomona             | 328    |
| Andrew Kerr, Los Angeles            | 178    |
| August Bartol, Los Angeles          | 160    |
| C. Le Roy Robbins, Santa Monica     | 152    |
| Mrs. H. O. Fowble, Los Angeles      | 152    |
| Billy Wood, Azusa                   | 138    |
| Nellie Osburn, Los Angeles          | 111    |

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## THE CITY IN BRIEF.

## AT THE THEATERS.

**THE ADVENTURE OF LADY UPGRA.**  
GRIFFITH—Vaudeville.

## NEWS AND BUSINESS.

## Slight Tremors.

Several slight shocks of earthquake were felt here yesterday afternoon and last night. Most people failed to notice them.

## Health of Mr. Waters.

Hon. R. J. Waters, who was overcome on the street this week by a fainting attack, is improved and will be able to return to his business duties by the first of next week.

## The Chutes.

This afternoon at the "Chutes" there will be a special children's matinee, at which time all the little ones will be admitted free. A jolly program has been prepared, please and entertain the little ones.

## In Khaki Uniforms.

Local companies of the Seventh Regiment, M.C.C., have been measured for khaki uniforms, with which the militia will be equipped for the June encampment at Santa Cruz. The finished uniforms are expected to arrive about June 1. The camp will open on the 14th.

## Charged with Burglary.

Robert Hart, a negro, was arrested last night on a charge of burglary at the residence of Mr. J. H. Jones. The prisoner is accused of breaking into a house in that city and stealing clothing and jewelry valued at about \$50. He will be taken to Los Angeles for examination today.

## Accused for Battery.

John Richter, whose domestic troubles have brought him before the public more than once, was arrested yesterday on a charge of battery. He was taken to the police station after he had been found by a patrolman in a drunken condition. He is now staying with friends to prevent his injuring her.

## Dangerous Hole.

The heavy rain Wednesday morning caused such a flood of water to pour out of the hill district near Elysian Park that a hole ten feet deep and six feet square at the corner of the sidewalk near Solano and Buena Vista streets. The police planked the hole over temporarily and the street department will be asked to fill it today.

## May Meet.

Paul Trainer, a thirteen-year-old boy, whose home is in Pasadena, was taken to the Receiving Hospital last night for treatment for a badly fractured knee and leg. He was found in a wheel near Fifth and Spring streets when another wheelman collided with him, dismounting him and causing him to fall to the street. He was later sent home.

## California Leads at Buffalo.

The Chamber of Commerce is in receipt of a letter from Mrs. Frank Higgins, who is with Secretary Vickers at Buffalo, written two days before the opening of the exposition. She says that the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and the California Board of Trade occupy one end of the Horticultural Building, California thus having a greater display than any other state.

## Historical Watch.

John K. Witherspoon of Garvanza moved to The Times yesterday a watch of continental interest. It belonged to his great-grandfather, Dr. John Witherspoon, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The watch was made up, recording the time of the completion of the north-shaking roster. The original John K. Witherspoon was twice president of the California Chamber of Commerce and a guinea gold case, very soft, and the "gears" though seldom wound up, serves for the President.

A freshly-painted refrigerator box bearing this legend: "For the President, from Rivers Bros. Los Angeles," was put aboard a Southern Pacific train this morning bound for El Paso. It was shipped in response to a telegram order and will be put aboard the President's special train at El Paso. The box contains forty-five quarts of the choicest, reddest strawberries that were ever picked in Los Angeles county and cannot fail to please the nation's Chief Magistrate. With this box went choice card-pictures for the ladies of the President's party.

The explosion of a forty-gallon tank of kerosene at the site of a small restaurant at No. 515 East First street caused a dangerous fire yesterday, which was only extinguished after two hours of the hardest work by the fire department. What caused the explosion is not known, but when the fire was first discovered several small buildings in the vicinity of the place were in flames. The restaurant was a small one-story building, which was also burning. The wider building, known next to the restaurant, was also burning. The fire was also seen in flames. All these buildings were not totally destroyed, but they were badly damaged by fire and water. Most of the contents were saved. The loss is estimated by Chief Strohm as about \$300.

**Los Angeles Transfer Co.**  
Will check baggage at your residence to any point. Office, 125 S. Spring. Tel. M. 48, or 520.  
**Bresce Bros. Co., Undertakers.**  
Lady assistant attends ladies and children. Broadway and Sixth street. Tel. main 32.  
**W. H. Sutch, Undertaker.**  
Lady assistant, 618 S. Spring. Tel. M. 101.  
**Los Angeles Flower Store.**  
Flowers for funerals. 417 S. Spring. Jno. 301.  
**Lipton's Teas.**  
Richard & Westbrook, 130 W. Fifth. M. 64.  
**Northrup's, 303 S. Spring.**  
Ingratins. 10c roll; handkerchiefs, 12c per roll.

## BREVITIES.

"The Shadow We Cast" will be the subject of Dr. George Thomas Downing, at Christ Episcopal Church, corner street, corner Pico (Thirteenth street), tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock. 7:30 p.m. musical service and sermon. "Two Men and What Became of Them." At evening service all seats free.

Mormon Conference. Conference convenes Sunday, May 5, at 2:45 p.m. Spring street. Services at 10 a.m., 2:30 p.m. and 7:45 p.m. The Gospel of Christ will be ably discussed. Welcome. No collection.

When moving, save all odds and ends of clothing and furniture for Good Samaritan department of Belvidere Institutional Church for distribution among the needy. Tel. John 28 and again will call.

For time or arrival and departure of Santa Fe trains, see "Time Card" in today's Times.

Have just received a number of well-known hats. You are invited to

call and see them. Miss A. Clarke, Maison Nouvelle, 222 West Third street, between Spring and Broadway.

The subject of the sermon by Rev. J. S. Thomson at the Independent Church of Christ (Simpson Auditorium) on Sunday morning will be "The Meaning of Loving Christ."

First Congregational Church, Dr. Day, senior pastor, speaks on Sunday morning. No evening service on account of union meeting in Hazard's Pavilion.

Hon. Officer Jan Krige will lecture at the Pasadena Auditorium tonight and in Spurgeon Hall, Santa Ana, Monday evening.

Finest cabinet photos reduced to \$1 and \$1.75 per doz. Sunbeam, 226 S. Main.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Western Union Telegraph office for Mrs. J. M. Reuck, Francis J. McKeen, Mrs. J. C. McElrath and Mrs. Henrietta M. Cox, care Mrs. Speedy.

**AN OPEN BOOK.**

Miss Isom of Mississippi Claims She Was Deceived in an Oil Lease by a Man Named Book.

In the United States Circuit Court yesterday, Miss S. McGhee Isom, a resident of Mississippi, filed a complaint against the Rex Crude Oil Company of Los Angeles to recover possession of a certain city lot located on Victor Heights, and which she claims was leased in March, 1898, for a period of three years, to one W. P. Book, who represented that he wished to erect tenement houses thereon. Miss Isom alleges that after receiving the annual rental of \$100 a year, for two years, she discovered that immediately after the execution of the lease to Book, he had put down an oil well, and was pumping out quantities of petroleum from the property, and she thereupon refused to accept any more of the rental. The court then gave judgment for the plaintiff, and Miss Isom shall be compelled to execute a further lease for five years, at \$100 a year, according to the option she gave to Book three years ago, but in which she claims she was deceived, because she supposed the only value in her property was its use for a building site, while she believes that Book knew its value on account of the existence of oil thereon. She also asks for an accounting of all the oil pumped, and that she be allowed a just proportion of the profits.

**NORMAL-SCHOOL CHANGE.**

High School Education a Requirement for Entrance After Next February—Gymnasium Bids Hung Up.

At a meeting of the trustees of the Los Angeles State Normal School held in the office of H. P. Varley yesterday, it was decided to boost the school a few rounds up the educational ladder, to raise the standard. Beginning with the class that enters next February, the requirements for admission will be a high-school education or its equivalent. This will elevate the school to the grade of a purely technical institution of the character of a law college or a school of medicine. It will then be of the standard of the State University, as regards requirements for entrance.

The effect will be to reduce the size of the entering class about 40 percent. About 10 percent of the pupils who come to the Normal School now have had a high-school education. This change is not undertaken with a view of affording more room, but for the single object of raising the standard.

Such a change was discussed at the last meeting of the joint board of normal trustees, but was not adopted. It will be brought up again next April if the system is found to be a success in this city.

Bids were opened yesterday for a new gymnasium. They were not of a satisfactory character, and will not be given out for publication until next Wednesday.

**MARRIAGE LICENSES.**

The following marriage licenses were issued yesterday from the office of the County Clerk:

Bernard C. Hansen, aged 29, a native of Wisconsin, and Hannah B. Peterson, aged 24, a native of Michigan; both residents of Los Angeles.

Alfred J. Le Sage, aged 35, a native of Illinois, and a resident of Los Angeles, and Fredine M. Marotte, aged 23, a native of Illinois and a resident of Kanakake, Ill.

Jose R. Lugo, aged 35, a native of Venezuela, and Celina Curial, aged 24, a native of Mexico; both residents of Los Angeles.

**BIRTH RECORD.**

HARRELL—To Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Harrell, No. 51 Stevenson avenue, May 2, twin daughters.

**DEATH RECORD.**

HAMMETT—In Monrovia, Thursday, May 2, 1901, Mrs. Mary J. Hammett, aged 70 years. Buried at the residence of her son-in-law, Palmer T. Reed, Monrovia, Saturday, May 3, at 11 a.m.

MARSH—In Los Angeles, Saturday, April 27, 1901, John Marshall, beloved husband of Eliza Jane Marsh, aged 61 years. (St. Louis, Mo., papers please copy.)

**Los Angeles Transfer Co.**  
Will check baggage at your residence to any point. Office, 125 S. Spring. Tel. M. 48, or 520.

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Lady assistant attends ladies and children. Broadway and Sixth street. Tel. main 32.

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Flowers for funerals. 417 S. Spring. Jno. 301.

**Lipton's Teas.**  
Richard & Westbrook, 130 W. Fifth. M. 64.

**Northrup's, 303 S. Spring.**  
Ingratins. 10c roll; handkerchiefs, 12c per roll.

**Drugs for Household Use.**

Such as you use every day in the home. Cardinal points about these are, they are fresh, pure and best quality. No trashy, drygoods store articles.

Glycerine, per oz., 8c.  
Epsom Salts, per lb., 10c.  
Moth Balls, per lb., 10c.  
Pure Borax, per lb., 10c.  
Pure Ammonia, per pt., 10c.  
Benzine, per pint, 10c.  
Tincture Iodine, per oz., 10c.  
Wood Alcohol, per pint, 25c.  
Witch Hazel, per pint, 25c.

**Boswell & Noyes Drug Co.**  
Reliable Prescription Druggists.  
THIRD AND BROADWAY.

## Bring your Watch here Broken Watches

And Jewelry of all sorts, no matter what the trouble may be.

## Can be Fixed

By our expert repairers for less money and better than any place in town.

Plain Rings Soldered.....25c  
Watches Cleaned.....75c  
New Main Spring.....50c  
New Case Spring.....50c

Geneva Watch and Optical Co.  
20 SOUTH BROADWAY.



## FIESTA.

A "RAE DESSERT"  
Wine: Jelly.

If you want something particularly dainty for dessert while the visitors are here, serve Wine Jelly, made from a special quality of.....

Sherry for Jelly—75c and \$1 per gal.

**Magnin & Co.**  
251 South Broadway

## White Dresses

For the Tally-Ho girls of the Floral Parade, Magnin's are simply perfect. They could not be prettier, neater or more charming if made by the most careful mother, nor could the selection of materials be better or more appropriate. The largest assortment of styles and the lowest prices to be found anywhere in the city.

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## Eton The new collarless

Jackets made from the East. Golf quality of all wool black chevrot and lined with silk serge. They are finished with pearl buttons and are tailor stitched. They fit perfectly and are the swiftest garments in town for...

**\$5.00**

**Red Etons** The very latest things from the East. Golf quality of all wool black chevrot and lined with silk serge. They are finished with pearl buttons and are tailor stitched. They fit perfectly and are the swiftest garments in town for...

**\$10**

**Special Veiling** This is a very low price but the veiling is worth 25c and 35c a yard. 500 yards of Tuxedo veilings with chenille spots. All the new meshes in black, white and navy.

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**Women's Oxfords** For Saturday we offer a line of black vic kid Oxfords in sizes 2 to 6 and widths D and E. Splendid shoes at.....

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**Toilet Soap** James S. Kirk's genuine Juvenile toilet soap which sells regularly at 40c a box. Regular full sized cakes, 3 in box for.....

**25c**

**Fine Kirk's finest** handkerchiefs extracts of various odors. These goods are of superior quality and are equal to many imported perfumes at three times the price. Our special price is, per ounce.....

**25c**

**Perfumes** The special offerings of dress skirts of which we have told you are still in effect. Grand opportunities are offered for those in need of dress skirts.

**\$5.00**

**Black pebble chevrot dress skirts** made with a dip dounce and trimmed with satin band; valued at \$7.50 at.....

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WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

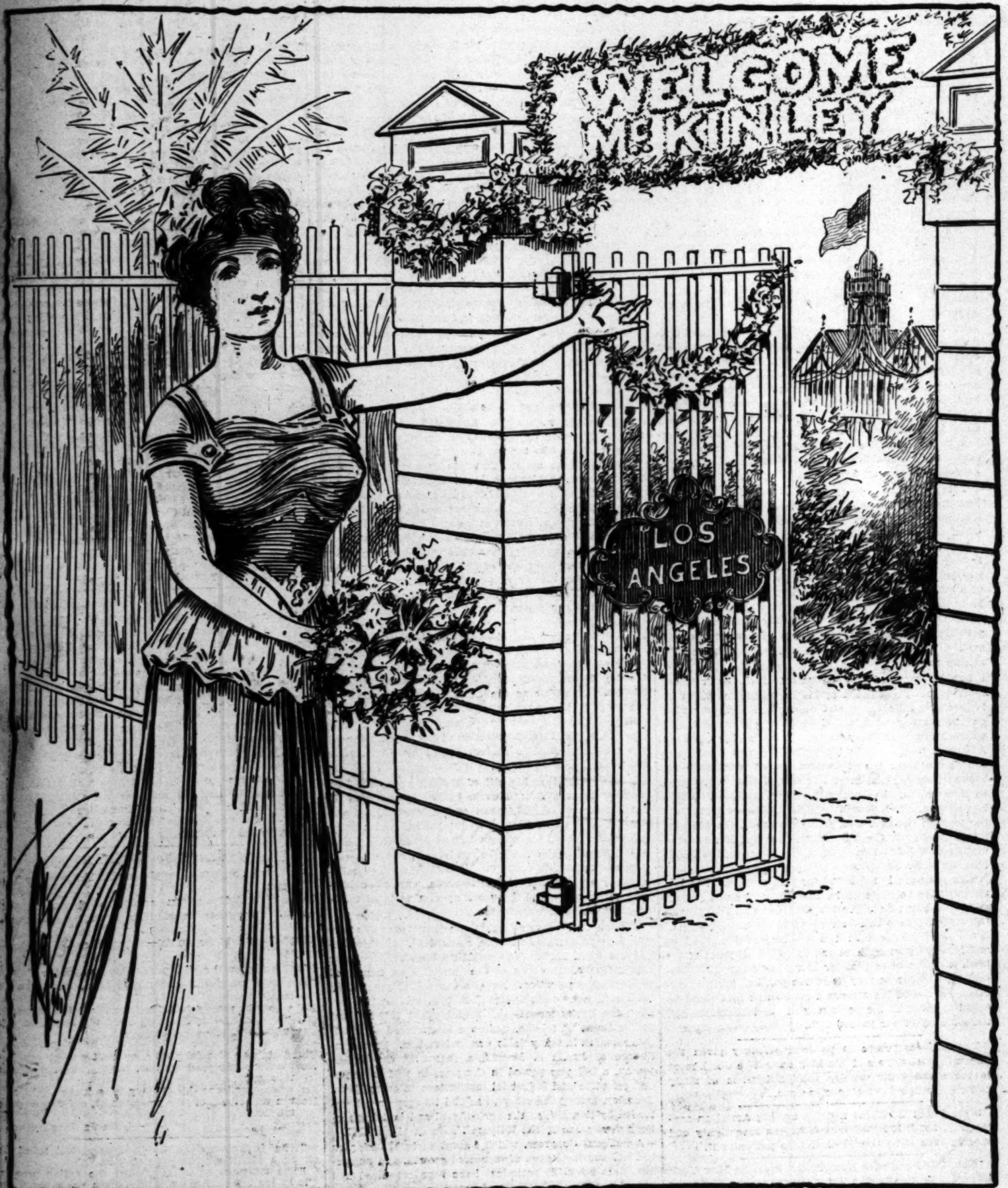
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## Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

## AN INAUGURAL IMPRESSION.

IN THE National Magazine for April was published an interesting article, by Joe Mitchell Chapple, on the inauguration of President McKinley. The impressions which the ceremonies made upon a member of one of the European embassies, as noted by Mr. Chapple, are of especial interest. He quotes this diplomat as saying: "This shows why the United States is a world power. It is the spirit of those in line and those outside the lines that counts more than mere military maneuvers and the automatic discipline of a great army of fighting machines. And Washington is the only city in the country where you could have such a purely American demonstration, for here even the foreigner is amalgamated."

"When the thousands of spectators cheered the President as he passed," says Mr. Chapple, "it was more than enthusiasm—it was even more than a sincere outburst of affection for the man who will pass down into history as one of our greatest Presidents; it was love and loyalty to the institutions which he represents that pealed forth as one voice. No partisanship can at such times repress the unrestrained appreciation of the American people for a President whom they believe to be sincere in his consecration to true American ideals, however much they may differ from him in policies."

This is the true conception of the significance of the inaugural ceremonies. It is a true estimate of the esteem and respect in which the American people hold their Chief Executive.

It is altogether true that Mr. McKinley will pass into history as one of our greatest Presidents. He has in a marked degree, as an individual, the love and admiration of a vast majority of the American people. As a man he is fully entitled to the meed of unqualified greatness. He is great in the splendid simplicity of his manhood; great in statesmanship; great in patriotism; great as a soldier, as a citizen, and as the Chief Executive of a mighty nation.

But the tokens of love and esteem which the President received on the occasion of his inauguration, which he is receiving all along the route, as he speeds westward on the journey upon which he is now embarked, and which he receives every day of his official life from the American people—these tokens of love and esteem are not so much for the President as an individual—although they partake most liberally of that character—as they are for the President as the President. While he occupies that high and important office he represents the dignity, the sovereignty, the greatness, the achievement, the hopes, the aspirations, the liberties, and the destiny of the American people. In honoring the President we honor ourselves.

This platform is too broad for partisanship. The latter can have no place in the tributes of love and respect which we pay to our President. "Love and loyalty to the institutions which he represents" is the keynote of it all. And the fact that it is so—the fact that this love and loyalty "peal forth as one voice" in all parts of the land, in token of respect for him who is our Chief Executive, whether he may be of one political party or another—is one of the strongest assurances that could be asked or given of the perpetuity of our institutions and the stability of our government.

The private course in political economy given the Cuban Commissioners at Washington will be worth more to them and their country than a lifetime of study under effete Spanish methods in Cuba.

Sixto Lopez is talking about accepting American sovereignty, but it is hoped that American sovereignty will be even if he should decline to patronize it.

Well can save New York," says the New York Evidently the Journal credits the Governor next to omnipotence.

## SCIENTIFIC VITALIZATION.

THE week is a rare one which does not announce something new in the realm of discovery or invention. At the beginning of the century it required about six weeks to get a message from Europe. Now it takes six seconds. Electricity has come to the aid of steam, and each unites in telling the wonder tales of science.

Today the world is interested in hearing that during this month M. Curie, the chemist, separated a new gas from radium and that it is intensely phosphorescent, and will glow for months in the dark.

In the mean time, M. Tommasina, by some new application of the coherer, is able to detect electrical storms at great distance, and for this purpose has devised an instrument which he calls the electro-radio-telephone. The experimenter states that during the time that the discharges of the distant storm were registered, he heard a corresponding series of sounds in the telephone and had the illusion of being present in the storm and listening to its phases, although it were so distant as to leave no trace on the horizon. In one case he observed a storm twelve hours before it passed over Intra, Italy, where he had placed his apparatus. There is great hope expressed that the "electro-radio-telephone" may prove of incalculable benefit to mariners in warning them of danger.

From Mount Whitney in the Sierra Nevada comes the message from Prof. Langley that at an altitude of 12,000 feet, by the use of the bolometer, he was able to direct his investigations to an extended solar spectrum, which is to the left of the red ends of the colored spectrum, and about ten times the length of the colored spectrum. By the delicacy and power of his instrument he found suddenly and unexpectedly a new spectrum of great extent, wholly unknown to science, which he believes to be the principal seat of the changes which affect climate and vegetation. He has since mapped out 700 lines in the new spectrum and with them as a basis it is hoped that the earth is coming to a knowledge hitherto hidden. Charts drawn at the Smithsonian Institution indicated the spectrum's progressive changes through spring, summer, autumn and winter, but Prof. Langley believes that predictions may be made as to the future changes of the coming seasons and their effects on the crops which may be similar to those made by the weather bureau and prove far-reaching in their influence.

If the time has come when the Roentgen ray may show the integrity of the heart of the corn and the wheat and the fruit kernel, and prediction determine the prospects of seed time and harvest, there seems new assurance that the storehouse of nature will not fail the increased populations of the earth.

The rapidity with which forecasts may be circulated may be imagined by the study of one of the swift telegraph systems like that of Pollak and Virog. The Engineering News asserts that this system will transmit 16,000 words per minute in the Morse characters, and can be operated at the speed of 3000 messages an hour.

From these random illustrations one gains an impression of the potent forces which will sway the life and growth of the future. In considering Prof. Langley's experiment, one can but look with new reverence on the possibilities of the peaks of the California mountains. What endless variety of phenomena may be revealed from those altitudes? It has seemed too vast a conception for finite mind to determine the genesis of their colossal formation. When one considers them from the point of God's stepping-stones, to read His laws in the heavens, the sublimity of the thought is immeasurable.

The growth of scientific interest is largely due in this country to the influence of James Smithson, who bequeathed his estate to the United States to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge. Smithson's collection of books and minerals was the first scientific cabinet owned by this government.

It is thought that his gift of \$3,000,000 was due to a book by Isaac Weld, "Travels in North America," in which this man, in 1807, described Washington, and predicted that it would become an intellectual and a political center. Smithson was an Oxford graduate, a fellow of the Royal Society. He had neither friends nor correspondents in this country. He may have been influenced by a prospectus of Joel Barlowe, who, when Minister to France, urged the necessity of a national scientific institution at Washington.

The late Mr. Goode said that the first waves of scientific thought came to America about 1840. In this decade the coast survey was established under Alexander Dallas Bache. A study of the Gulf Stream fauna led to deep-sea exploration. Naval astronomical expeditions were sent out. Gen. Fremont in 1848 was sent to explore the Rocky Mountains. Stansbury in 1849-50 went to the Great Salt Lake, and so a long record of scientific research in many fields was undertaken. By the influence of Justin S. Morrill, a regent of the Smithsonian, a bill was passed in Congress in 1862 to establish scientific and industrial institutions in every State. Berkeley, among the others, has had its scope much extended by this bill, as the agricultural and outlying stations were aided by the William H. Hatch bill of 1887.

A national Congress, which assembled in Washington in 1844, was the haven of increased growth, and numerous State scientific societies have been organized and brought in close affiliations of investigation.

America has reason to be proud of the record of her

sons, and this State may boast many honored ones. The bulletins sent out by the State universities, the scientific State societies, and the various publications of the Smithsonian have largely augmented interest in scientific education in all its diverging branches.

Various scientific journals, as the Popular Science Monthly, the Scientific American, the American Journal of Science, the American Naturalist and other publications, have aided in the promulgation of scientific interest. But, as these are journals of specialists, great masses of the public have learned chiefly through the popular press of the growth and claim of scientific endeavor.

This is the season when the college senior begins to split the atmosphere with his commencement oration.

The umbrella having had its outing the past week, will, we hope, not be needed the coming week.

## CALIFORNIA'S APRIL.

Fickle and false is April in the East,  
Dimpled sometimes with snows, sometimes with show'ers.  
How different is she from this mad of ours,  
With laughing eyes and blossoms in her hair,  
Sun-crowned with light and lovely everywhere;  
With happy birds which fill the air with song,  
With grasses lying like an emerald along.  
The paths she walks, with skies which be  
Cloudless as June's, as deep with mystery  
Of boundlessness. How gay her ribbon streams,  
Like silver shining in her valleys' lap;  
How golden are the ever-shining beams,  
The passing days with tender glances wrap  
Around her meads and ever-glowing noons;  
How silvery her stars and midnight moons—  
Her days are pearls of glass and her eyes  
Like notes of songs. How sweet the buds she weaves  
Of orange blooms and almond blossoms' snows;  
How rich with fragrance every wind that blows.  
Coy as a maiden, yet divinely fair  
As perfect womanhood our Aprils are.

ELIZA A. OTIS

## WHAT THEIR CHECKS TELL.

[New York Herald:] A cashier who has business dealings with many women, says that it is interesting to read the history of the times in the checks which are presented to him. It does not require a knowledge of the people to pick out the checks of the older women from those of the younger. These older women, who are millionaires and multi-millionaires, some of whom were all educated in the same school and in the time when plain, old-fashioned names were given to women. There are Mary Ann and Euphemia, Hannah Mary, Sarah Jane, Phoebe, Ann, Rebecca, Martha Ann and numerous others seldom to be found now outside of old-fashioned books. And the checks of the Phoebe Ann and Euphemias it is possible to pick out at a glance from all the others, without reading, because of the writing. It is as old-fashioned as the names. The signatures are written with a fine pen, in a delicate, fine hand, small letters, each standing out distinctly and all perfectly legible. It is different with the checks of the daughters of the Mary Janes and Phoebe Anns. Their names cover most of the space on the lower edge of the checks—big, bold, up and down hand, so sprawled that it is almost impossible to decipher, slashed over the paper, though the names are short in themselves. Sarah and MaUris, who represent another generation.

## UPS AND DOWNS IN LIFE.

[Galena (Kan.) Republican:] On our streets we can point to men who could not draw a check for 10 cents six months ago. Now they can draw their check for \$10,000—and the bank wouldn't accept it. Yonder is a man who walked into Galena as a tramp a year ago. Today he is a porter in a hotel. Here comes a man who borrowed 10 cents of us last week to get a glass of milk. Now he wants to borrow 10 cents more. He says he wants to buy a meal. He dines on liquid meals. Another, who was put in the lockup and borrowed money to pay his fine, was arrested again the other day and sent to jail. He couldn't borrow anything this time. Here's another man who came here with his last cent in his pocket. Last month he drew a check for \$20,000. He, too, is in jail. He signed another man's name to the check. Such are the ups and downs of lead life. Here today, in jail tomorrow.

## THE HARD-TO-PLEASE.

There ain't no pleasin' people on this bloom'n' earth below;  
In the melt'n' days o' summer they're holler'n' fer snow!  
An' when the snow comes siffin' through the winders o' the sky,  
They're hollerin' fer summer an' weather hot an' dry!

It's this way on the hilltop; it's this way on the plain;  
"The craps are gittin' dusty; good Lord, send down the rain!"

An' when the rain is fallin' an' weather's lookin' rough,  
It's "Wonder if they'll drown us? We done had rain enough!"

There ain't no pleasin' people, no matter what you do—  
No matter what good fortune, they growl a life time through;

An' when they leave this country to seek the final lot,  
Heaven won't be cool enough fer them, an' t'other place too hot!

—[Atlanta Constitution.]

"What is the marriage rate in these parts?" asked the stranger, who was gathering statistics.

"The marriage rate," responded the native proudly, "is \$2 for the license an' a kiss from the bride. The Sheriff gets both, an' I'm the Sheriff.—[Philadelphia Record.]



# The New Australia. By Frank G. Carpenter.

## AS IT IS TODAY.

### SOME STRIKING FACTS ABOUT THE LITTLE GIANT OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

ALMOST as soon as this letter is published the parliament of the new commonwealth of Australia will have held its first meeting in Melbourne. The members of the Senate and House have already been elected and many of them are now traveling toward this city on their free railroad passes. Within a few weeks they will be discussing the tariff, the site of the new federal capital, the reorganization of the railroad system and a dozen other measures which are proposed to make Australia the greatest country south of the equator.

Heretofore this continent has been divided up into a half dozen colonies, some as widely separated as any parts of the United States, and all warring with each other as to commerce and trade. From now on they are to work together. They are to have interstate commerce and are to join hands against the earth as far as their own interests are concerned.

The new Parliament is to start the ball rolling. It consists of a Senate and a House, organized much like our American Congress. The Senators are elected for six years and the Representatives for three, but the latter may be dissolved by the Governor-General under certain conditions. The Senators and members get the same salaries, each receiving \$2000 a year. It is provided that no member or Senator can hold office if he has been bankrupt and failed to pay his debts, and if he takes benefit, whether by assignment or otherwise, of any bankrupt law during his term of office his seat will at once become vacant. He cannot have any interest in any company dealing with the government, nor can he take pay for other services rendered the government.

#### A Workingman's Parliament.

The new Australia will be a workingman's country. According to the constitution Parliament has the right to legislate as to invalid and old-age pensions. It can control the railroads, and arrange for their purchase. It can pass conciliation and arbitration laws as to labor disputes, and deal with banking, insurance and such things.

The new government is to have control of the telegraphs, telephones and postal service. These have already become international, and the railroads and other things may follow. Bills for all sorts of innovations are ready for introduction. Every State of the new federation has been making its own experiments along labor and social lines, and their combined experiences may grind out a new social organization of the Bellamy kind away down here below the equator.

#### The Giant of the South Seas.

First let me give you some idea of this little giant of the south seas. The Australians call their country the biggest thing below the equator. I have traveled thousands of miles through its various colonies, and am inclined to think they are right. Australia is indeed a continent. It is as big as the United States without Alaska. It is twenty-six times as big as Great Britain and Ireland, fifteen times the size of France and only one-fifth smaller than all Europe. With New Zealand and the other English islands it occupies two-fifths of the British dominions.

It is a country of magnificent distances. It is so far away from everywhere else that you have to make a special trip to get to it. The shortest distance to England is 11,000 miles. It is 4500 miles from Africa, 8500 miles from South America and 1800 miles away from the coast of Asia. Even New Zealand, which looks so close as the map, is about as far from it as from New York to Omaha, and it takes from four to five days to make the voyage from one to the other.

The continent itself is longer from east to west than from New York to Salt Lake, and wider from north to south than from New York to Chicago. The Gulf of Carpentaria at the north is about 500 miles long and 500 miles wide, and the great Australian Bight at the south is much wider.

#### Some Australian Peculiarities.

The country has at one side a great coral reef a thousand miles long, walling off an ocean waterway between it and the coast. It has deserts like Sahara, so dry that your finger nails become as brittle as glass, so dry that screws come out of the boxes and that the lead is loose in your pencils. It is a land of big things, as well as queer things. It has trees almost if not quite as large as those of California. One was recently felled near Melbourne which was over 400 feet high, and which at 300 feet from the ground was six feet in diameter. Australia has lilies which grow to the height of a three-story house. It has trees that grow grass and other trees that bulge out like giant bottles.

#### A Continent of Gold and Silver.

Australia is a rich continent. So rich that no one knows how rich it is. It is now one of the great gold producers of the world. It produced more last year than the United States, and the surface has not been scratched. The greater part of the country has never been prospected. Vast areas have never been explored, and new mines are being discovered every day. Later on I shall give a letter about Mount Morgan, in Queensland, the richest gold mine of the world, and shall tell of my visit to Ballarat, where nuggets of gold as big as footballs were found. Here in Victoria was

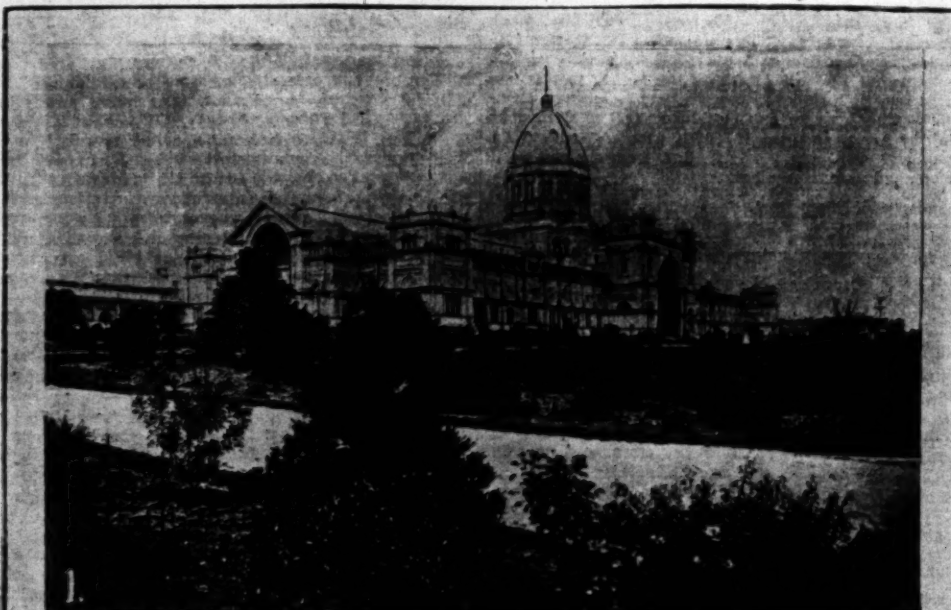
the first gold excitement, and today 800,000 ounces and more of gold are still annually produced. Gold is found all over the country—in the mountains, on the farms and in the sands of the deserts. Western Australia is so dry that camels have to be used to carry the gold out, and from there come most of the gold exports of today.

Australia has vast quantities of iron and tin. It has stream tin; that is, tin in the shape of sands, which are so fine that you can hold them up and they will run through your fingers just like the dust of the desert, save

that every grain is pure tin. It has copper mines and coal mines. Its silver mines have produced \$100,000,000 worth of that material, and it has also diamonds, rubies, emeralds, opals and pearls.

#### The Farms and Flocks.

More important than the minerals, however, is the pastoral and agricultural wealth of the continent. Much of the desert can be irrigated, and in addition there are vast tracts of well-watered lands. Some of the biggest



(1.) EXPOSITION BUILDING WHERE THE NEW FEDERAL AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT MAY HOLD ITS FIRST MEETING. (2.) AUSTRALIA IS JUST ABOUT TWICE THE SIZE OF EUROPE WITHOUT RUSSIA. (3.) THE VICTORIAN PARLIAMENT BUILDING.



sheep farms of the world are within a short railroad ride of Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane. I have traveled over country where a thousand acres are a garden patch, and I know several men who own hundreds of thousands of sheep. I met one man who owns a million, and among his stock he has single sheep worth \$5000 a head. Australia exports annually over 600,000,000 pounds of wool, and it produces some of the best wool of the world. It has about a hundred million sheep. The pastoral industry is the great industry, and the aristocrat is the squatter.

Of late the people have taken to dairying. They now have as fine creameries and cheese factories as any part of the world. They ship butter from Melbourne to the Philippines, and they hope some time to supply the trade of East Asia.

#### Many Rich Men.

The new Australia has many rich men. The big cities have as many millionaires in proportion as cities of like size in the United States. There are forty big banks, with many branches. There are savings banks everywhere. There are only about 4,000,000 people on the continent, but 1,000,000 of them have money in the savings banks, their deposits aggregating more than \$150,000,000. There are as fine buildings here in Melbourne as in any American town of 400,000 people. Sydney is a magnificent city, and Adelaide and Brisbane are well laid out and beautifully built.

#### One Thousand Newspapers.

The new commonwealth is an intelligent commonwealth. Australia has more than 1000 newspapers. It has magazines and periodicals in every city and town. In Melbourne alone there are 150 newspapers, magazines and journals. One of these, the Melbourne Age, prints more than 100,000 papers every morning. All of the newspapers have big Saturday editions, great blanket sheets of twenty-four pages, which are mailed throughout the States and which sell for 12 cents a copy.

All the big cities have public libraries. There are churches of all kinds, and the people are so pious on Sundays that they won't allow the street cars to run during church time.

As to schools, I will have to make a special letter to describe the new-fangled ideas of instruction. There are night schools and day schools, industrial schools and technical colleges, and an Australian institution known as Schools of Art.

#### Steamships and Trade.

The big steamers you see here show that Europe appreciates the size of Australia and the value of Australian trade. There are a dozen big companies which have lines of steamships from Australia to Europe. The North German Lloyd has four steamers of 10,500 tons each which sail from Bremen and Southampton via the Mediterranean and Suez Canal to Melbourne and Sydney. The P. and O. sends big ships every two weeks from London to Sydney, and the Messageries, the great steamship company of France, has a similar service. Then there is the Orient line, the British India line, the White Star, the Shaw and Seville and other large companies. There are ships which come around the Cape of Good Hope, sailing from Cape Town to Melbourne, a distance of 6400 miles, and thence on to New Zealand, and thence to London, via the Strait of Magellan. There is a line of new steamers from Sydney to San Francisco and another, the Canadian Pacific, which connects the continent with Vancouver, calling at Honolulu on the way. The cost, first-class, from Sydney to San Francisco is \$200, and to London about \$300.

As to travel over the country, there are railroads connecting the principal cities of Eastern Australia, and in time I suppose Adelaide and Perth will be joined, although the distance is so great and the country between is so poor that it will not be soon. At present there are about fifteen thousand miles of railroad in the various colonies. Each colony has built its own roads, and each has its own gauge, so that there is a transfer of cars on going from one to the other. Part of the business of the new confederation will be to standardize these railroads and to reorganize them into one harmonious system.

#### The Parliament Buildings.

If you will make an imaginary visit with me to the Victorian Parliament, we shall get some idea of how the commonwealth Parliament will look when it has its first sitting. Each of the Australian colonies has its own Parliament which, until now, has made laws of all kinds and regulated everything. These Parliaments will be continued as State Legislatures, and the commonwealth Parliament will devote itself to intercolonial affairs. Just now there is some talk of allowing the commonwealth Parliament to use temporarily the Victorian Parliament houses, but eventually magnificent buildings will be erected at the new Federal capital, the site of which is yet to be chosen.

In order to visit Parliament, we get a card from our Consul-General, take a street car at the hotel, and within a five-minute's ride are in front of a magnificent structure of light gray stone on a hill in the business heart of Melbourne. The Parliament buildings look somewhat like our Treasury Department, but they are cleaner and less somber. They stand at the end of Bunker street, walling it off just as the treasury does F street in Washington.

We mount the hill, passing through the crowds of shoppers, and then go up almost as many steps to reach the front door as at the Capitol in Washington. We go through a grove of stone pillars and finally into a large anteroom finished in white. This is the entrance to Parliament.

At the doors opposite where we came in are door-keeper policemen, who wear blue suits and silver buttons and helmets of black oilcloth. We hand our notes of introduction to one of them and a moment later are admitted to a second vestibule, or lobby, through which we ascend into a gallery and find ourselves in the chamber of the house. We are in a long, narrow hall, with a

high vaulted ceiling, on the floor of which sits the lower branch of the Victoria Congress.

The Speaker is in a pulpit at the end of the room, with the members in front and below on benches without desks or tables. Many of the members keep their hats on and when they write they write on their hats, just as in the House of Commons in England. The Speaker wears a wig and gown, the clerks wear wigs and gowns, and altogether it is the English House of Commons over again.

Half way from the floor to the roof are the galleries where we are sitting. We are compelled to take our hats off, although the members below keep theirs on, notwithstanding ladies are present among the spectators. The speaking is about the same as that of one of our State Legislatures, and the conduct of the members not very different. There are strong men, however, in all parts of the country, and the commonwealth Parliament will probably contain some of the best brains of Australasia.

#### The New Capital of Australia.

One of the questions before the new Parliament will be the selection of a site for the Federal capital. The jealousy between the different cities precludes any idea that either Melbourne or Sydney will be chosen, and the probability is that some interior point between the two will be selected. At present the indications are in favor of a town called Albury, on the River Murray. This is said to be in about the center of the Australian population. It is on the main line of railway which runs through Brisbane, Sydney, Murray and Adelaide, and in one of the most healthful and beautiful parts of the country. Not far from it are the Australian Alps, Mount Kosciusko being only seventy miles away. It is on the River Murray, which is the largest river in Australia. Mount Kosciusko is the largest mountain, and the friends of Albury say that it is near the largest mountain and on the largest river in the country, and therefore it should be the capital.

You go through Albury on your way from Melbourne to Sydney. It is one of the customs stations, being the last town in New South Wales, with its sister, Wodonga, in Victoria, on the opposite side of the Murray. At present the town has 5000 people. It is chiefly supported by the agricultural and pastoral regions surrounding it. It is a pretty little place, with a fairly good environment, and I do not see why it would not make as good a capital as any place else.

If this site is selected the name may be changed, for the people argue that the capital of Australia should mean something. They say that "Washington" indicates our love for the father of our country, and they might likewise call their capital Cooksville, in honor of Capt. Cook, who discovered Australia, or Austraville, as representing the political center of this great Austral land. Another title proposed is Albudonga, a combination of the names of the two towns, thus signifying that New South Wales and Victoria have entered into a Federal embrace, and their rivalries are now to be buried.

#### Will it Affect Our Trade?

And this brings me to the effect the new federation may have on American trade. Heretofore Sydney has been practically a free port and most of our goods have been landed there. The new government will probably impose a tariff on all imports, and it is a question whether it may not favor trade relations with England. At present England buys by far the greater part of what Australia produces, and the most of the Australian imports come from her. These imports are enormous in value.

They amount to more than those of any other English colony, being four times as much as those of Canada and twice as much as those of South Africa. The things imported in most cases could be supplied just as well from the United States, and if our manufacturers should send over druggists the probability is that they could work up an excellent business. If trade is left comparatively free, there should be a steadily increasing demand for our machinery, hardware and cotton.

At present quantities of goods come from America to Melbourne and Sydney via England, and there is a steady increase in the shipments via San Francisco. A number of our large agricultural-implement companies have houses here, and I am told that the Australian farmer is always glad to get American implements and tools. He has the same needs as the American farmer and the tools we have invented are the tools which suit him. All the axes, most of the saws, and nearly all of the handles are American. American bicycles are especially popular. They are to be seen everywhere. There is some barb and smooth wire shipped from "the States" to Europe and thence to Australia. It is marked English and sold as such.

I am told there is a good opening for American cottons, and an especially good one for American shoes. One of the leading shoe importers of the country said to me not long ago:

"I used to import £150,000 worth of English shoes every year. I now import £5000 worth. This shows a falling off of £145,000, or \$725,000; and I take American shoes instead and ship them all over Australia. I do so because the people like your shoes better. They are high priced, but they fit and they look neat on the feet."

#### Americans Don't Know How to Sell.

"I think you Americans have not yet learned how to sell goods abroad," this man went on. "You don't appreciate the foreign trade. You look upon our markets only as something to be used when times are hard at home and to be thrown aside when the home markets are good. You make a mistake. The foreign demand ought to be nursed, for its profits may tide you over when the home markets fail. You ought to watch how the English and Germans do business and act accordingly. You are the best manufacturers and the poorest sellers of the world."

Melbourne, Australia.

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## A QUAIN CEMETERY.

THE OLD CONGRESSIONAL BURYING GROUND AT WASHINGTON.

By a Special Contributor.

ON THE eastern outskirts of Washington, where the city, straggling over the commons and vacant squares, halts at the edge of the marshes of the Anacostia River, stands the old Congressional Cemetery, with its eight acres of cenotaphs, memorials of departed statesmen. Years ago the tide of population surged westward and northward, overrunning the salubrious highlands of those sections, and establishing its burial grounds in the new regions. But this little city of the dead was left alone in the deserted quarter, with the jail, the almshouse and the workhouse for neighbors.

In it are 160 cenotaphs to dead Congressmen, stretching in monotonous rows through the cemetery, all of them, with two exceptions, of a uniform shape and size, and erected at government expense to the memory of the government's dead representatives. Some of the stones mark the actual burying place of the defunct statesmen, but others, like those commemorative of Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, Thaddeus Stevens and others, merely stand in honor of those distinguished names. Since 1876, the practice of erecting cenotaphs, begun in 1796, has been abandoned.

When the cemetery was established in 1808, its projectors thought it would be a successful idea to secure the interment in the new cemetery of Congressmen who passed away while serving their country in the then malarial climate of Washington, and that it would give this mortuary site distinction above ordinary burying grounds.

So 400 burial sites were set apart for the free interment of Congressmen dying away from home, and the place was named the Congressional Cemetery. In those days it was impossible to transport a body long distances without great expense and trouble, and the purchasing of burial lots was expensive, so the privilege thus extended was readily accepted. The funerals were conducted with imposing ceremonies and the departed Solons were laid away with pomp and circumstance in the spaces specially allotted and set apart for them.

As methods of transportation improved, however, with the years, and the families of the deceased found opportunity to take the bodies home for interment, the practice fell into disuse, and ultimately a law was enacted providing that a cenotaph should be erected in the cemetery to every Congressman who died in the harness, and for a number of years this custom was followed, so that many of the monuments merely stand in memory of the Congressman without actually marking the burial site.

In 1876 a law was enacted providing that no cenotaph should be erected unless interment was made in the cemetery, and there has not been a burial of a Congressman in the plot since that year. As the Congressional functions of the cemetery seem to have lapsed, the trustees are now asking the government to deal with the remainder of the 400 lots, that they may be sold for ordinary burial lots, and this will probably be done by the next Congress.

The cenotaphs are plain blocks of masonry, covered with cement to withstand the ravages of the elements. Each is inscribed with the name of the dead man, the State he represented in the House or Senate, and the date of his death. Some of the inscriptions are now illegible, but the oldest one decipherable is on a cenotaph in memory of Andrew P. Butler, a Senator from the State of South Carolina, who died in 1796. As stated, all the cenotaphs are of uniform size and shape, except in two instances. One is a marble monument to Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts, at one time Vice-President of the United States and famous in revolutionary history. It is a pyramid-shaped pile of marble about twice the height of the other cenotaphs, surmounted by an urn containing a representation of an undying flame. The other is a monument to George Clinton of New York, also Vice-President of the United States and active in the war of 1812.

Among the cenotaphs is one to Tush-ma-ta-ha, a Choctaw chief who, the inscription states, "died of croup," in the sixtieth year of his age, while visiting Washington in 1824. Beneath this inscription is the statement that the red-chieftan, in his last breath, desired the big guns to be fired over him. He had the salute he desired.

It might be economy if the government were content nowadays merely to honor the departed Congressmen with a cenotaph, for the 160 memorials probably did not cost as much as half a dozen modern funerals of defunct statesmen. Congressional funerals now are elaborate affairs. There must be a junket with every ceremony. The body is transported to the home of the deceased in a special car, accompanied by one or two Pullmans, containing a more or less snarling Congressional escort, with a well-stocked commissary, of course. There are carriages and flowers and mourning, and a display of white sashes quite imposing.

Then some day special services are held in the House and Senate, and the family of the deceased is present to hear him eulogized, and endowed with more virtues than ever they dreamed in his lifetime that he possessed. The eulogies are afterward printed in morocco-covered volumes and distributed among the friends and constituents, after which Congress, deeming that it has performed its duty, dries its eyes and proceeds again to business.

[Unidentified:] "How many zones have we, Willie?" asked the teacher of a pupil in the junior class. "Four," was the reply. "Well, then, name the four," said the teacher. "The frigidated, the horrid, the temperance, and the interperance," answered the little fellow.



# MAHOMET GOES TO THE MOUNTAIN.

By a Special Contributor.

THERE comes a day, even to those so favored by fate as to be residents of Southern California, when everything goes awry; when, from early morn till early eve all is vanity and vexation of spirit. It was on such a day as this that Mahomet made up his mind to go to the mountain.

"Give me a tent under the giant pines," said he, "and I wouldn't change places with the mayor of Los Angeles. Fancy walking at dawn, with the song of birds ringing in the ears."

"And an incipient cold settling in the head," I supplemented. "As for waking at dawn, since when did you develop fondness for early rising? You were grumpy enough, this morning, when the alarm clock went off a half hour earlier than the usual time."

Mahomet favored me with a sniff, and then proceeded to enumerate other delights to be derived from a camping expedition. "One whiff of that balsamic air would make a new woman out of you, and you would develop a ravenous appetite that nothing less than four square meals a day would satisfy. I know a place where we can catch trout any morning for breakfast, and I've heard you say that if there was one thing you were fond of, it was a trout after it was cooked."

"It's not likely that I'd prefer it raw," I told him. "And by the way, I thought new women were your pet aversion."

By this time Mahomet was quite glowery, so I hastened to pour oil upon his troubled feelings; "I'll go, of course, but on one condition—no, two. You must leave your patent coffee pot at home; and I am to be allowed a guest of my own choosing."

Mahomet grumbled, but in the end yielded; and I dispatched a note to a Michigander whom I am engaged

in converting into a good Californian, asking her to "go along."

Our destination was Mt. San Antonio, that majestic, snow-hooded height frequently vulgarized by the title "Old Baldy." I pointed it out to my eastern friend, as we sat on the veranda the next day, and she remarked, speculatively, that she "supposed" we would walk over after luncheon. Whereupon, explained that while San Antonio was, apparently, just 'round the corner, in reality it was more than forty miles distant.

We made the first stage trip by rail, stopping at North Ontario, which is the center of an orange-growing district. Connecting North Ontario with Ontario is an electric railroad, shaded by waving pepper trees that shower their coral berries upon the track. There is nothing of the old-time quaintness and charm about Ontario, for it is a smart new burg, dating back to "boom" days. Nevertheless it has a charm of its own. The pretty, rural homes nestle in greenery, pepper trees, palms, golden-fruited orange trees, and rose thickets, where the mocking birds make merry music.

Then came the journey by stage, two miles to the foot of the trail at the entrance of the cañon, four miles to the lower camp, the road, checkered with light and shade where great sycamores spread a leafy canopy overhead, forever dodging a little stream that persistently got in the way. At the lower camp we took burros to Dell's camp—I've forgotten how many miles into the wilderness. Indeed, my attention was chiefly occupied with the animal which I rode, and we might have gone fifty miles out of the way for aught I knew to the contrary.

For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with the species, I will state that a burro is somewhat larger than a sheep, has short legs, preposterously developed ears, and remarkable "staying" qualities.

It was three o'clock when our cavalcade left Dell's, with a boy in advance driving the pack burros. My own animal soon displayed a blasé indifference to the prods of the stout manzanita stick, pausing to snatch a plump fern from a rift in the wall of rock on one hand, or sauntering to the very edge of the chasm on the other side, where a false step meant certain destruction. The sun slanting westward touched the purple peaks towering across the chasm, and the straight-stemmed

pinus, their tops in the clouds, but below in the cañon all was in shadow. It was about this time I noted a growing uneasiness on the face of my eastern friend, who brought up the rear on a piebald steed named Pete. As the burro skated down a particularly difficult place in the trail, she cast a shuddering glance at the cañon, and an appealing one at Mahomet, who paused to watch our downward course.

"Did—did anything ever fall into that gulch?" she quavered.

"Sure!" Mahomet made reply. "Your burro steps on a stone, the stone rolls—" full stop to insure the proper effect—"and that stone never stops till it reaches the bottom of the cañon."

I will pass over our trying experience in making camp at the reservoir, where is stored the water used for hydraulic mining. Mahomet and the boy put up the tents. Night descended. As Mahomet, returning with a pail of water, measured his length over the ten rope, a fiendish laugh rang out upon the still air. I recognized the voice of my friend, the young lady from the East.

The days flew by, although I cannot say why they should fly when nothing of consequence occurred to mark the passing of time. There were the most wonderful nooks and bypaths to be explored, and explore them we did, with all the pride that attended the discovery of the New World. For were not these sylvan spots ours by right of discovery? The shadowed pool had never mirrored a face before. The stepping stones across the brook—surely no foot had passed that way. And when the young lady from Michigan found an empty sardine can among the maidenhair ferns to Fern Cañon, she was broken-hearted!

After the first week we often cast longing glances in the direction of Dell's Camp, below. It symbolized to us "all the comforts of home," combined with the joys of camp life. But Mahomet would not hear of breaking camp, and even offered to take his turn at bread-making, that our cares might be lightened. There are some things that are best passed over in silence. Mahomet's first and last experience in making bread is on the list.

I shall never forget my transport the first time I stood on the summit of San Antonio, above the clouds. The mountain seemed to dominate the world. It had been "a hard road to travel," that ascent. There were the Devil's Backbone, a ridge not more than three feet wide in places, which we had traversed in fear and trembling, and a hill that, to all appearance, had been run through a stone crusher, where we slipped back two out of every three feet, as we climbed. But all that was forgotten when our goal was reached.

San Antonio is 10,129 feet in height—so I am told. As figures are not my strong point, I decline to be responsible for the statement. It was not of figures that we were thinking, however, as we drank in the beauty of the scene below. Looking in one direction, we saw the whole valley system, from the foothills to the sea. Already the fields were turning brown beneath the summer sunshine; but great squares of green marked where the irrigating ditches ran, dispensing the precious fluid that makes even the desert places of California like unto the Garden of Eden. Acre upon acre of orchards, set with every fruit tree known to our tropic clime, alternating with vast vineyards and vegetable gardens, made cases of beauty in a setting of sun-browned pastures and hillsides. In that clear atmosphere, in which distance is annihilated, we recognized and pointed out each settlement of valley homes, almost lost to view though they were behind magnolias, feathery palms, spreading live oaks, towering eucalyptus, and that favorite shade tree, the pepper. On the borderland of this domain rolled the blue Pacific, its islands rising cloud-like upon the horizon. At our feet cool cañons opened, their walls mantled in vines and ferns that are kept green throughout the year by the little streams that tinkle over the rocks. All around rose lesser heights, forested with pine and manzanita.

Turning from this view, what a contrast met our eyes! No glancing streams, no wind-stirred pines nor waving palms there—only a wide and desolate expanse of sand and sagebrush, and beyond, over the Mexican border, a dim, shadowy range of mountains.

In silence we took a last look at the grand panorama of sea, shore and valley. Perhaps it was fancy, but it seemed to me that I heard the rippling staccato of the mountain brooks, mingled with the legato sigh of the pine forest and the basso profundo of the breakers on the distant coast.

J. TORREY CONNOR.

NOTE.—In the article entitled "The Days That Were," published April 21, the time of Sir Francis Drake's voyage to California was incorrectly given as the seventeenth century. It should have been fifteenth century.

## LESSON FOR A BOY.

[Church Record:] I had overheard a conversation between Karl and his mother. She had work for him to do which interfered with some of his plans of enjoyment, and, though Karl obeyed her, it was not without a good deal of grumbling. He had much to say about never being allowed to do as he pleased; that it would be time enough for him to settle down to work when he was older. While the sense of injury was strong upon him, I came out on the piazza beside him and said: "Karl, why do you try to break that colt of yours?"

The boy looked up in surprise. "Why, I want him to be good for something."

"But he likes his own way," I objected. "Why shouldn't he have it?"

By this time Karl was staring at me in perplexity. "I'd like to know the good of a horse that always has his own way!" he said, as if rather indignant at my lack of sense.

"And as for working," I went on, "I should think there was time enough for that when he gets to be an old horse."

"Why, don't you see, if he doesn't learn when he's a colt," Karl began. Then he stopped, blushed, and looked at me rather appealingly. I heard no more complaints from him that day.





## BIRDS OF THE HILLS.

### THE KINDS THREE BIRD-LOVERS SAW IN SANTIAGO CANYON.

By a Special Contributor.

DOWN along the eastern border of Orange county, where the low hills sweep in long, graceful curves to the sea, a wide cañon breaks into the rocky wall and bends its sinuous course to the south and east until at last, having divided itself into innumerable branches and tiny gorges, it disappears into the wilderness of Uncle Samuel's timber reserves.

All the way down its shady course a brooklet bubbles and sings, not less merry than the innumerable birds whose warbling notes and flute-like signal call's resound from every sycamore and budding oak. Here, too, the



AMERICAN CROW.

slender buckthorn, the "smoke flower" of the children, presents its lilac-like spikes of pale blue flowers in such profusion that whole hillsides remind the traveler of hazy April clouds. Lesser slopes are gay with poppies and Mariposa tulips, while down in the sandy floor of the cañon bloom the great Matilija poppies.

Far up, beyond the picnic grounds, beyond the junction of the fairy-like Silverado with the main Santiago cañon, the picturesque Roumanian home of Helena Modjeska nestles, like some tiny wild bird's retreat, beside the laughing brook.

Thitherward one balmy Sunday, not so very long ago, a trio comprising the Botanist, the Chaperon and the Bird Man bent their way. All three were bird lovers



TURKEY "BUZZARD."

and for this reason the Bird Man was selected to write up the trip as it was to be essentially a day among the birds.

The crows were calling melodiously over the leafless walnut groves as we left Santa Ana, while from far down a long cypress hedge a mockingbird poured forth his thanks for day and year. A lone and leafless peach tree, hard by the road, formed a resting place for a troop of Brewer's blackbirds, almost perfect miniatures of the cawing crows we had just left. Doubtless they had just taken their morning bath, as is their custom, in some neighboring "ranky," for their blue-black coats were as shiny and the yellow irides of their large eyes as bright as water and a long night's sleep could make them.

Farther along, a single red-wing blackbird hailed us with his liquid "kong-que-ree" from the top of a small

eucalyptus tree close to the road, and up along the base of the hills where barley sown last year was just beginning to force its way through the dull-brown adobe, we found Mexican horned larks singing from every little clod. Their rusty backs and black loral stripes ending in tiny horns, which they are in the habit of erecting at intervals during their song, reminded us strongly of the famous skylarks of Europe, of whom some favored singer has said:

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit,  
Bird thou never wert,  
Who from Heaven or near it  
Pours forth thy full heart."

With many a twist and turn the road led us by great sycamores where little wrens were noisily selecting suitable holes for their summer houses, down through the little brook's stony bed, and there, to the Botanist's intense joy, little tadpoles, prophecies of frogs to be, swam hither and thither through waters clear as crystal. Up out of the brook we went close under shelving ledges of rocks, dotted here and there with small caves, daylight retreats of the great owls whose resonant "who—who—who" rings out upon the still night air when every other creature, save perhaps the great cats of the forest, are silent in sleep. Some one quoted Barry Cornwall's lines:

"So when the night falls and the dogs do howl,  
Sing ho! for the reign of the Horned Owl.  
We know not always  
Who are kings by day,  
But the king of the night is the ho'd brown owl."

And got a dash of cold mountain water all over his coat in return, for the Botanist, who was at that time



A PAIR OF SPARROW HAWKS.

guiding our fiery steed, deigns not to put on the brakes for stream or for stone.

Numberless sparrows, mostly white crowns, and nervous brown towhees or ground robins, scurried out of the path, while here and there a warbler already beginning to change his winter coat of gray for a more vivid one of black and yellow before proceeding to his nesting home among the pines, piped a shrill roundelay or flew hurriedly into some thicket as we passed. Woodpeckers of various kinds answered our merry laughter with repeated calls of derision, and a sparrowhawk, set,

like a statue carved in bronze, red against the morning sun, screamed to her mate far up in the Alpine blue a California sky.

Many picnickers filled Orange county's beautiful cañons in the mouth of the cañon so we drove on up through the gaunt sycamores and betaseled oaks until we came to where—"at the dividing of the ways"—Modjeska grounds bar further progress up the cañon, and there we dined, to the music of Nature's orchestra; the birds at our feet, the calling partridges on the distant hills, the flute-like note of a startled woodpecker, and the low, but sweetly incessant chirp of a pair of tiny goldcatchers, disturbed in the work of their lives—



RED-SHAFTED FLICKER.

building. Breezes blown for miles over unknown acres of wild flowers fanned us with their perfumed breath, while aimlessly, hither and yon, a butterfly pursued his shadow on wings so golden that they shamed the sun.

Then a long tramp through the cool cañon to where a dam thrown across the gorge from wall to wall held back a small, blue lake, within whose crystal depths great mountain trout display their speckled sides fearlessly to all comers. Here in the lower wall of the dam the names of Mme. Modjeska and Count Rosenzweig, her husband, are carved in the living rock, together with the name of its bulider and the date 1900.

The Botanist said she could now see "how the gypsies enjoyed their nomad life," as with her arms full of beautiful flowers she picked her way cautiously down the mountain side, but the Chaperon preferred a few elevators and a trolley car in her part of the world—in once in his life the Bird Man said nothing.

And there we stayed, gathering flowers, making mental notes on the birds, asking each other useless questions, and taking turns at looking through the overworked little opera glass, which the thoughtful Chaperon brought along, until the long shadows of the western mountains warned us that we must return once more to the realities of life. Pegasus we did not have, and



CALIFORNIA VALLEY PARTRIDGES.

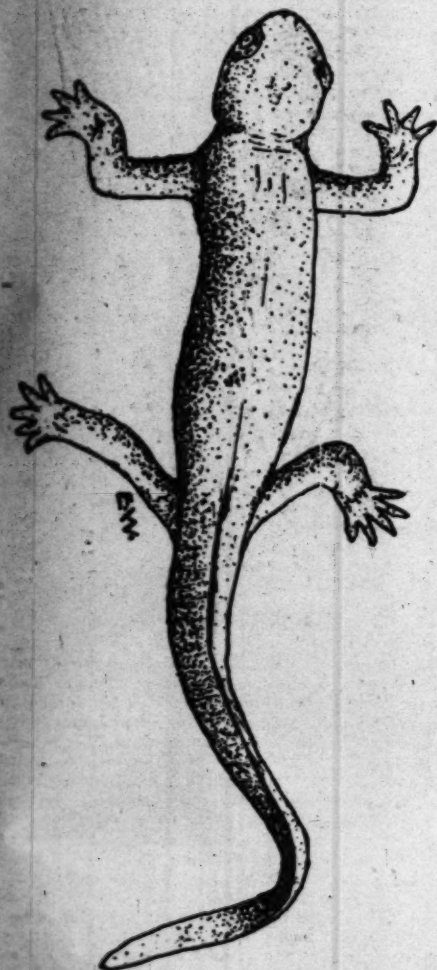


So there we induced our aforesaid fiery steed to carry us once more back to Santa Ana. Descending rapidly through the various zones of plant life, we soon filled the back of our buggy with sweet-smelling blossoms, not forgetting a huge spike of the Spanish Dagger, whose nodding white plume shed a gleam of romance over our return journey.

Most of the birds had gone to bed, but the huge Turkey Vultures were just beginning to settle themselves for the night upon their accustomed perches, and a belated hawk flew rapidly over to his nesting mate far up one of the side canyons. A thrush, well hidden in the brushy tangle sang, as Browning says:

"And you should think he never could recapture The first fine careless rapture."

So on we went, mile after mile ruled off beneath our whirling wheels until we rested for just a moment on the summit of one of the lesser hills at the mouth of the cañon. The sun, erstwhile a ball of fire, had sunk to his rest, a transparent, gray mist, through which the light of home shone but dimly, was fast swallowing up the lowlands, from the creek below the chorus of the frogs arose, fit vesper hymn to the dying day. So quiet,



TRITON OR WATER DOG.

so holy this end of one day—an atom in the aeons—that one was quoted that wonderful epitaph of Robert Louis Stevenson, and a huge brown owl far back in the hills called back a tremulous "who" bringing to one person's mind, at last, an old bit of verse learned when a boy at school:

"A fitting shape of fluffy down  
In the shadow of the woods,  
'Tu-wit! tu-whoo!' I wish I knew;  
Tell me the riddle, I beg—  
Whether the egg was before the owl  
Or the owl before the egg?"

There was a length more of winding road, enlivened by a chill breeze from the valley where the lights twinkled fitfully in the distance, a dash through Orange, our tall spike of snowy Yucca blossoms gleaming like the white plume of Henry of Navarre as our willing steed stretched neck and limb for home, and, at last, so soon and yet so late, we were in Santa Ana—once more in the bounds of a civilization from which, for a day at least, we had been willing outcasts.

HARRY H. DUNN.

RATS GOOD SWIMMERS.

"Swim!" said the old fisherman, in answer to a question about rats. "Well, I should say they could swim; and dive, too, like good fellows. Wharf rats swim from wharf to wharf, and I have seen them dive in four or five feet of water."

"I have in mind a wharf that was built upon cribs, to which fishing boats used to make fast to land their fish. Sometimes boats would throw over here small, waste fish, that were of no use, fish weighing maybe three or four ounces apiece. There were rats living in the crib-work of this wharf, and when there were any of these waste fish around they would come out to get them. You would see a rat poke his head out from between two logs of a crib and look down in the water. If he saw a fish there he would make a dive for it, straight to the bottom, and set his teeth in it and rise with it to the top of the water, and then scramble back with it into the cribwork again to eat it."

"Can rats swim? Well, I should say they could!"

BIRTH OF LETTERS.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY REGARDING THE ALPHABET.

By a Special Contributor.

PROF. FLINDERS-PETRIE has recently announced a new revelation from his latest Egyptian excavations. This time he has thrown new light upon the alphabet, and makes the announcement that he has set back the earliest use of letters by nearly two thousand years. The discovery is of far-reaching importance to the literary world, adding as it does nearly twenty centuries more of culture to the ancient peoples than hitherto dreamed of. Prof. Petrie has laid before the Society of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain an account of his discoveries, outlining the method of procedure which led up to his making this remarkable and historic find.

Some years ago Prof. Petrie, while excavating in the period of 1400 to 2000 B. C., in Egypt, first noticed signs upon some pottery which closely resembled those of the Greek alphabet. He at that time suggested, as a supposition only, that they were an early stage of the alphabet. As the date accepted by the scientific world as

of a widespread and long lasting system of signs or signary which was common to the Mediterranean from Spain to Egypt. He arrives at this conclusion as follows: As early as 5000 B. C. some trade existed around the Mediterranean as proved by the imports into Egypt. At that time the signary or signs of the alphabet was probably in the dim and uncertain beginning of its course. Some few signs had already been found at that age, and these are likely to have been carried, therefore, from land to land.

The signary continued and developed, held together a good deal by intercourse, but with much variation in different lands. By 2600 B. C. it contained over a hundred signs in Egyptian form. Prof. Petrie states that the great systematizing force which gave it a unity unknown before, was the application of the signs as numerals by the Phoenicians. This system was entirely oriental, and even in the late times of coinings it was scarcely ever used in Europe. But once having been adopted by the leading commercial nations, the systematized order became enforced in all the Mediterranean ports. Prof. Petrie concludes that the signs and letters on the pottery of 2600 to 3000 B. C., which he uncovered, were undoubtedly used as an alphabet for written communications of spelled-out words in the early stages. This forms a body of signs with more or less generally understood meanings. The change of attributing a single letter value to each, and only using signs for sounds to be built into words is apparently a rela-

| EGYPTIAN |     |       |       | KRETAN    | KARIAN   | SPANISH  |
|----------|-----|-------|-------|-----------|----------|----------|
| EARLY    | XII | XVIII | ROMAN | 2000 B.C. | 600 B.C. | 300 B.C. |
| A        | AAA |       | A     | AAA       | AAA      | AAA      |
| B        | B   |       | B     | B         | B        | B        |
| C        | C   |       | C     | C         | C        | C        |
| D        | D   |       | D     | D         | D        | D        |
| E        | E   |       | E     | E         | E        | E        |
| F        | F   |       | F     | F         | F        | F        |
| G        | G   |       | G     | G         | G        | G        |
| H        | H   |       | H     | H         | H        | H        |
| I        | I   |       | I     | I         | I        | I        |
| J        | J   |       | J     | J         | J        | J        |
| K        | K   |       | K     | K         | K        | K        |
| L        | L   |       | L     | L         | L        | L        |
| M        | M   |       | M     | M         | M        | M        |
| N        | N   |       | N     | N         | N        | N        |
| O        | O   |       | O     | O         | O        | O        |
| P        | P   |       | P     | P         | P        | P        |
| Q        | Q   |       | Q     | Q         | Q        | Q        |
| R        | R   |       | R     | R         | R        | R        |
| S        | S   |       | S     | S         | S        | S        |
| T        | T   |       | T     | T         | T        | T        |
| U        | U   |       | U     | U         | U        | U        |
| V        | V   |       | V     | V         | V        | V        |
| W        | W   |       | W     | W         | W        | W        |
| X        | X   |       | X     | X         | X        | X        |
| Y        | Y   |       | Y     | Y         | Y        | Y        |
| Z        | Z   |       | Z     | Z         | Z        | Z        |

THE FIRST ALPHABET.

that of the earliest alphabetical writing was 800 B. C., the theory of an alphabet before this period was looked upon by scholars as a matter of pure conjecture and the signs were generally regarded as having been derived from Egyptian hieroglyphics. A belief in regard to the alphabet which has been commonly accepted up to the present time is that the letters or characters of the alphabet were originally hieroglyphics, and in their long course down to us they passed gradually from being the written expression of an idea into the written expression each of a single sound.

Last season's excavations, however, conclusively established Prof. Petrie's original belief. On uncovering some of the royal tombs dating back to the XII dynasty, 260 to 3000 B. C., he again found large numbers of signs and letters upon the pottery and other utensils in the tomb chambers. The fact that the hieroglyphic system was not in the land at this period removed the signs altogether from category of deteriorated hieroglyphics.

By a fortunate coincidence, Arthur Evans, the well-known British archeologist, was at the same time carrying on a series of excavations on the island of Crete in the Mediterranean. On the table's, rock pillars, coins and other objects unearthed in the ancient remains of a huge palace, Mr. Evans found a number of identical signs and letters of a period about 2000 B. C., which correspond with those dug up in Egypt by Prof. Petrie. Prof. Petrie collected his Egyptian signs and letters and compared them with those of the Kretan form unearthed by Mr. Evans. This resulted in the startling and significant discovery that the letters of the Kretan signary and those of Egypt were identical and formed a most reliable basis for establishing the existence of the alphabet long prior to the date hitherto accepted.

Prof. Petrie assumes that we are now in the presence

tively late outcome of the systematizing due to Phoenician commerce.

The accompanying illustration shows five periods of the Egyptian signary collected by Prof. Petrie. Adjoining these he has arranged the Kretan signary, collected by Arthur Evans from recent excavations on the island of Crete, dating 2000 B. C. The Kari is that collected by Prof. Sayce. The Spanish is the well-known alphabet of inscription. By Prof. Petrie's arrangement, the table is self-explanatory and points out to the reader at a glance the various identical letters as they appeared in the different periods of remote time, and their comparison with those recently excavated by him. J. D. P.

NOAH'S ARK IN CHINA.

[London Express:] A curious Chinese picture is of great antiquity, and is supposed to represent Noah's Ark, resting on the top of Mount Ararat. As is well known, the religious literature of almost every nation and race contains an account of a deluge, but a Chinese manuscript, recently unearthed, follows very closely the story as recorded in the Bible.

It is particularly interesting in that the roof of the Chinese ark is of the gable variety associated with the Noah's arks which prove such entertaining toys for our youngsters. The Chinese picture, however, shows a double-storied vessel, and, so far from there being only one window in the roof, there are windows in every possible space. It would be interesting if some Chinese scholar or antiquarian could discover the exact date of the drawing.

You will notice that what appears to be the sun is shown in the middle of the water. This probably means to show, according to oriental notions, that the water is evaporating.



## CIVILIZING CHINESE. CHANGES MADE IN THE MONGOLIAN BY CHRISTIAN INFLUENCES.

*By a Special Contributor.*

ALL along the Pacific from San Diego to Seattle are seen the habitations of a most peculiar and unusual looking people. Unbronzed by the sun, yet of a yellowish tawny complexion, with smooth faces and shaven heads, a long queue braided tight and falling down the back; a costume of loose and peculiar-looking garments; these and many other peculiarities make the Chinese one of the most striking features of our civilization.

The present possibilities of these people becoming more closely associated with us as citizens and voters through the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands is good reason for the consideration of how much they have been affected by our civilization. They came to us almost as raw material, uninfluenced by other civilizations and ready for whatever powers we were ready to exert. They were at first regarded with favor, as a valuable aid to

our industries. Later, there was a revolt against them, and rigid restrictive laws against further immigration were enacted. Now, however, the dislike for the Mongolian has largely passed away and he has come to be regarded as a very good citizen.

The most potent factor in effecting the better feeling now prevailing toward the Chinese on the Pacific Coast has been the work done by the Christian missions.

When the Chinese first came to this country they were filled with a distrust born of ignorance. It seems to be generally the case that what the common mind is not able to fathom is an object of detestation and fear. The hatred of the Chinese for Americans and in fact for any foreigner is shown not only by their distrust, but by their characterizing all such as "foreign devils." This aversion passes away as soon as they have been reached by the humanizing influence of our civilization. Their superstitions of a religious character are also removed by this means. They are originally devout believers in the power of the devil, and their religion is mostly a series of propitiatory offerings to appease the wrath and avert the evil influences of His Satanic Majesty. They will not have their pictures taken, believing that some power for wickedness lies in the photographic instrument, and that the devil is enabled by looking upon their faces in the picture at times when he can not see them in the flesh to work them untold misery and loss.

Their fear of death amounts almost to frenzy. They

will carry the sick and dying out into the streets, and the death damp upon their faces rather than to permit them to die in the house. It makes no difference to them whether the one parting life is a child or a grown up person, man or woman it is all the same; they do not permit one to pass out of life in the home. This is due to the belief that every person is possessed of devils, or spirits, one passes on to the unknown world, another goes into the grave, and the last remains on earth. This last is the one of which they are most afraid, the one to whom they offer food and sacrifice.

All these attitudes of mind are changed by conversion and by association with Americans. They soon learn to put aside their superstition regarding death, and to gather around the deathbed as friends do in civilized countries. The mother will place her hand upon the head of her dying child without fear, and all will attend the funeral in sincere grief without the aid of hired mourners whose semblance of grief is intended to satisfy the feelings of the departed.

There is, however, one of their ancient traditions which it is just as well to leave unchanged, and this is their great reverence for their parents. In the old country from childhood up they are trained to respect the father and mother. The obligation never ceases, even at death, for then the son burns his money and offers sacrifices of food also to their departed spirits. There is no age of majority in China when a child



CHINESE MOTHER & CHILD

CHINESE KINDERGARTEN

FACES SHOWING THE EFFECT OF CHRISTIANITY.



UNCHRISTIANIZED CHINESE.



released from his parent's authority. He is always theirs and no power can take him from them. The sons come when married to live with their parents and even when they go to a foreign country they are still bound to provide for the old folks.

One of the serious obstacles to the conversion of the Chinese is that our children do not render similar obedience to their parents. In fact that they are so frequently disobedient and irreverent. The Chinese say: "If this is what the religion of Jesus Christ teaches, we want none of it for us and ours."

The missions have, however, worked wonders in the civilization of the Chinese. There are missions of various religious denominations in nearly all of the larger cities, and there is one in particular that is undenominational—that at Bakersfield—that has done very wide and efficient work. This has been in operation about twelve years. It is customary in nearly all of the larger missions to have interpreters, deaconesses, and Bible women who teach the Chinese the gospel first in their own language. In this way they get the religious training much more quickly than they would if they waited to master our language first.

Kindergarten schools have been established for the children where they are allowed to do about as they would in their own schools in China, to make all the noise they choose and to study aloud, with the additional factor of a Chinese instructor. This makes the matter of education easier and pleasanter to both parents and children. The women and the grown-up girls are reached through the Bible woman, who goes into their homes and reads to them while they are sewing. In this way they learn a great deal of religion and are encouraged to ask many questions about the proper way to live. The men are, of course, brought more frequently into relations with foreigners than the women, and are consequently sooner affected by civilization. They are taught mostly at night, their work in the day time preventing them from attending anything but evening and Sunday schools.

Though music has no very large place in the Chinese mind, yet they are taught in many cases to play the organ and to sing gospel hymns in Chinese, and they lead their religious meetings quite well in these respects. Their native music is not harmonious, given mostly to rhythm, and has little or no melody apparent to the civilized mind; yet in Los Angeles there is a Chinese Y.M.C.A. band in which several instruments are played by these people, with good effect and feeling.

One of the strongest characteristics of the Chinese is the power that he has to accommodate himself to his surroundings. He is anxious to learn and willing to make almost any sacrifice of time, labor and attention to familiarize himself with the language, the work, and the religion. The training he receives in early life in faithfulness and obedience to parents and in being required to commit to memory pages, chapters, and even whole volumes, makes him faithful and persistent in taking on the best influences of civilization.

One of the best things that could have happened to these people on coming to our country perhaps seemed to them and their government one of the greatest hardships and injustices. The American government on finding that the Chinese competition of cheap labor with that of the Americans was working hardship in this country introduced the exclusion act, which prohibited any further importation of Chinese laborers. It is well known among teachers that the best results are brought about, not by training the minds as a whole, but by individual attention. It would have been impossible to reach the Chinese as individuals, while they were pouring in upon us in such great numbers. The opportunities are now much better, the facilities much greater to give them thorough and well-considered training; they receive more attention as persons and less as heathens and wage-earners.

The effect of this training is shown by comparing photographs of those who were compelled to have their pictures taken for their certificates under the restriction act with recent photographs of the more civilized residents of this country. Grim visaged and sad, with little or no hope or intelligence in their faces, yet with countenances generally expressing powers of change and transformation, high broad foreheads and width between the eyes, they are not a people whom it is impossible to influence for the better. The results already accomplished are a gratifying promise of still greater growth and more satisfying conditions in the future.

—ELIZABETH T. MILLS.

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#### THE WELL-DRESSED GIRL.

[May Ladies' Home Journal:] White holds first rank this summer, as it did last, for children, young girls and young women, and for older ones also when combined with black.

White lawn graduation gowns this year are trimmed with dainty hemstitched or lace trimmed ruffles upon the skirts, the waists being tucked and hemmed, with embroidered or lace insertion set in.

White and colored wash silk shirt waists made like ordinary cotton ones will be much worn this season.

Wide sashes of soft ribbon used as belts and ending with long ends coming to the edges of the skirts, are to be used with summer gowns.

Collars are made from two three inches deep and over foundations that may be bought in all sizes. As a rule the collar is made of the dress material and trimmed as the waist is.

Many of the parasols this season are of striped silk in white colors, and many others are of plain black and the dark shades. The sticks are long, and as a rule are less ornate than they were a year ago.

#### THE BEAUTY OF IT.

A little rain,  
And crickets complain,  
And sadly our hearts still beat;  
Yet ever we know,  
As o'er earth we go,  
The rain makes the roses sweet!

—[Frank Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.]

## OVER THE ANDES.

### A WOMAN'S JOURNEY FROM CARACAS TO LA GUAYRA.

From the Washington Star.

MISS MARY AUGHINBAUGH of this city, now in South America, recently wrote to a friend in Washington, giving an account of a trip made afoot across the Andes Mountains from Caracas to La Guayra. Miss Aughinbaugh is said to be the first white woman to make the journey over that trail. She says:

"In the eastern cordillera of the Andes, nestled in the heart of the beautiful Chacao Valley, over three thousand feet above the level of the sea, lies picturesque Caracas. The capital of Venezuela is often called the Paris of South America, for nature has here been lavish with her gifts. Surrounded on all sides with mountains, the scene is indeed magnificent and enchanting.

"About 7 o'clock one bright Sunday morning we started to climb La Silla (named from its resemblance to an army saddle,) which is 8622 feet above sea level and the second highest point of the Andes on the Atlantic Coast. We were three enthusiastic pedestrians, well equipped for a mountain walk, clad in light clothing and heavy shoes, and provided each with a cane and a revolver.

"Leaving the city to the south the steep ascent soon began. Like Lot's wife, we could not refrain from turning round in order to take in the view surrounding us. Caracas seemed to be slumbering in the valley, while the majestic mountains on all sides stood like sentinels on guard. In the distance Los Teques and El Valle and the unique little village of Antimino reposed.

"The church bells were faintly heard and added a solemnity to the picture. The palm trees, tall and stately, were nodding and waving their fans at the sun, which was not yet very high. Here and there, fringing the base of the mountains, were coffee and sugar plantations, the bright emerald green of the sugar cane and the glossy, darker green of the coffee tree contrasting so harmoniously with the pastel shades of the adobe houses. Above great billows of fleecy clouds, floating through the clear, blue sky, cast shadows on the landscape below.

"How vastly different from a birdseye view of an American city! No smoke nor steam coming from the chimneys, no clanging bells of trolley cars or the shrill whistle of the locomotive—nothing but Mother Nature. We gazed long in rapture upon the majesty and grandeur of the scene. The air was cool and exhilarating, and added rest and peace to the picture.

"Turning we started onward and upward over the serpentine mountain path. Soon there were evidences of a stone roadway—an old Spanish military road, which the march of centuries has in places entirely defaced and obliterated. For hundreds and hundreds of yards there is no trace at all of it and at times there is only the slightest evidences of what was at one time a great thoroughfare. The turns and twists of the mountains necessitated in its construction the smoothing of steep declivities and the bridging of deep abysses.

"Although the travel and traffic over it are enormous, there is small regard at the present day for comfort and convenience. There are short curves where curves are unnecessary; straight paths up and over some dizzy peaks where the ascent might have been rendered less difficult by easy gradients.

"Truly this is a road with a past. There are many evidences of the uniformity with which the stones were laid. Where there were bends in the road the stones have been grooved and fitted in like mosaic. At times it is wide enough for twenty-five to march abreast and then again it is entirely lost to view by the luxuriant growth of vegetation.

"The road has been obliterated in many places to form a monument to some dead burro driver or soldier. There are innumerable pyramidal piles of stones along its sides, with two sticks forming a cross protruding from the top. Each passer-by is supposed to become a monument builder, for the time being, and throw a stone on the heap which forms the grave. At times there are names or initials cut in the cross placed on top of the mound, and occasionally a wreath of dried mountain flowers gives evidence of the fact that the deceased is still remembered.

"Each moment brought something new—the scene at all times being varied and captivating. Up and down we went over places that seemed almost inaccessible; now near a yawning precipice where a single misstep would render a post-mortem or a coroner's jury unnecessary, then up again to some higher ridge of the Cordillera, with craggy cliffs, and down again through some moss-grown dell.

#### Luxurious Vegetation.

"Vegetation seemed most luxuriant near the mountain streams. It was like music to hear the clear, sparkling water gush down the sides and then fall in torrents in a pool, or, perhaps, to flow on and on until it was lost to sight.

"There were many varieties of ferns, maiden-hair abounding; a beautiful dark red fern, with the unfurled hairy tips of a clear pink, being profuse; also begonias, Solomon-seal, anemones and a kind of harebell, wherever there was much shade and moisture. On the dry and sunny sides of the mountains were many century plants, cactus and castor oil beans, bamboo and hanging orchids. Around the haciendas was the perennial banana; also orange, coffee, cacao and lime trees.

"Often times we would deviate from the main road in order to take a shady side path, and we once passed through a very large coffee plantation, with the ripe, red berries and shiny leaves showing to such advantage under the protecting shade of taller trees.

"In the distance the sunbeams danced on the hot cemented plat on which the berries are dried. Sitting in

the shade of the hacienda was a group of coffee-pickers, playing cards. They were half-breed Indians and were scrupulously civil and polite to us.

"Occasionally a solitary pedestrian would pass and invariably he carried, unsheathed, a ferocious looking knife or machete—the kind that is used to cut sugar cane. He always seemed friendly, saluting with a 'buenos dias,' and oftentimes his Spanish blood evinced itself by his insisting upon shaking hands.

"Long trails of pack mules, laden with hides, coffee and bananas, met us at precarious points on the road. Sometimes there were fourteen or sixteen burros so heavily laden that only their noses and feet were discernible. The owners were generally walking beside or behind them. These little animals are very sure-footed and can traverse narrow and precipitous heights with safety.

"We saw any number of wild mountain goats, that would go scrambling up or down the craggy cliffs with ease. A flock of parrots, which flew to a dense thicket, tried to intimidate us by their wild and shrill cries. Many lizards and one large black snake crossed our path, while overhead were birds of very beautiful plumage, quite small in size, but with clear, sweet voices.

"One mountain we passed which was bare of vegetation, due to the ravages of some recent fire. Not a bush or bit of grass had sprung up—there was nothing but a black decay. On the adjacent peaks were bare spots, where the flame tongues had licked them.

"These mountains are in places quite thickly settled. Some mud or adobe houses are here and there, and again the scene is broken only by thatched huts with dirt floors and a door made of the skin of some wild animal. They look picturesque, indeed, snuggling up against the sides of the mountains. A farmer eschews to cultivate but little, as his wants are few. His small garden patch is generally on ground that is fortified—that is, it is banked up against the mountain by stones in tiers to keep the earth from sliding down. On these terraced sierras are produced all that is required to maintain the family.

"In one place a group—evidently father, mother and four children—had taken up their abode in a cave on an unfrequented road. In the center of the grotto, which was twelve feet at its widest, they had erected a shrine or altar, with a small statue of a saint, ornamented with a candle and a few mountain flowers. At the sides were a charcoal stove, a bench and the few necessities for their existence. The father was dozing, the scantily clothed children were quietly playing, while the mother sat complacently smoking a large cigar.

#### Forts in Ruins.

"At one turn in the road two old forts in ruin and decay were visible. In the early colonial days of the sixteenth century they were the strongholds of the Spanish; to-day but one of these old landmarks is garisoned. This old fort of San Carlos, situated on the crest of the mountains overlooking La Guayra, is, I believe, the old Spanish fort which Charles Kingsley has made famous in 'Westward Ho.'

"We had passed the fort and were calmly admiring the matchless scene, for we were now gazing down on the mighty ocean, rolling and tossing about the foot of the mountains. In the midst of our reverie we were startled by the voice of a swarthy sentinel perched in the topmost tower, who told us in Spanish that we could not pass down to the city. He was a striking picture outlined against the blue sky; his shiny black body, covered only by short cotton trousers, was reclining, with a gun, against a stone abutment, where the hot tropical sun had full play.

"In obedience to his order we retraced our steps and crossed a waterless moat and passed up a steep incline into the fort. Here one of the half dozen men of the garrison, dozing in the sun's rays, told us we should have to interview the colonel. This officer's quarters were inclosed by screens made of a few blankets, bagging and burlap, and he was not in a fitting costume to receive a call from a woman. He demanded to know the object of our passing, and if we carried any inflammable letters or news with us, as there were at present indications of revolution.

"On being assured that we were three Americans who were simply taking a stroll across the mountains, he, with a little reluctance, but with that Spanish suavity that is characteristic of the race, let us depart.

"La Guayra lay before us. The admiration which we felt in the morning when looking down on Caracas was not equal to that with which we viewed the scene below us. The quaint little town between ocean and mountains is exceedingly picturesque. The Caribbean rolls at its foot, while snugly nestled against mountains nearly nine thousand feet high is this unique city, built in 1585.

"The steep mountains seem to project almost perpendicular from the water, enabling mariners to see them when many miles distant at sea. The houses, with few exceptions, are one-story structures of the sixteenth century pattern. Although extending back short distances in the curves of the mountains, the greater part of the city seems to be lengthened out along the ocean front, with houses stuck here and there, hugging the coves and ledges of the mountains as though fearful of falling off. From a distance they resemble little Noah's arks arranged on the mountain side.

"La Guayra is the seaport of Caracas and has the reputation of being one of the three hottest places on earth. Three miles distant along the ocean front, and connected with a narrow-gauge road, is picturesque Macuto, a seaside resort, and the Newport of South America. Here there is a wide beach promenade skirted with tall coconut palms, luxuriantly shaded plazas, fresh and salt water baths and very fair hotels, while tall mountains form a background to the view. Here we spent the night.

"As the crow flies, La Guayra is about eight miles from Caracas, yet the steep mountain trails necessitated our walking over thirty miles to accomplish the trip, and from what the natives say no white woman ever made the journey before."



## THE COW PUNCHER.

### FACTS ABOUT THE LIFE OF THE RIDER OF THE RANGE.

By a Special Contributor.

AMONG the many attractive features of the Fiesta programme none will be of more interest, especially to the Eastern visitor, than the carnival of cowboy sports and pastimes, illustrative of life on the western plains and cattle ranges. The cowboy has supplanted the old-time hunter and trapper as the typical man of the plains, and his life is one of continual hardship and adventure. Born, as one might say, in the saddle, this rider of the ranges leads a life which forms the nucleus for adventures which would delight the heart of the most daring individual on earth, and a sight of these ideal sons of the plains with their big revolvers, leather "chaperajos" or "shaps," as they are called, and wide-brimmed sombreros is a striking picture, and one worth going miles to see.

Among the many who will participate in the cowboy carnival during Fiesta week are Harry S. Knight of Phoenix and Fred Lunsford, now of Los Angeles, but formerly of Arizona. These two individuals are specimens of young American manhood whose feats of horsemanship are not only the pride of Arizona but the wonder of the world. Both men are under twenty-five years of age, and yet Knight has, after a series of contests with the best riders of the country, meritoriously won an unchallenged championship. Years of adventure on the plains of Arizona among the herds of wild cattle have transformed these sons of the Golden West into past masters of their profession. Skill in the use of the riata and revolver, combined with their ability to "ride anything on four legs," has given the young cattlemen a name which is known far and wide.

There is nothing of the blow-and-bluster style of frontiersman about Knight or Lunsford. On the contrary they are quiet, even modest young men. They don't wear long hair, buckskin clothes or a knife and revolver in their bootlegs. They don't say, "Wal, stranger," nor "thar" and "sah," as the typical cowboy

teen years, and of course we know a little bit about cowboy life.

"Easterners have queer ideas about the cowboy. They picture him as a long-haired, red-nosed, drunken desperado, who will kill a man on sight. They brand all the train robbers and toughs as cowboys, while probably none of these fellows have ever punched cattle. I never saw a cowboy with long hair in my life, and if such a chap should show his phiz out on the range the chances are that the boys wouldn't do a thing to him but guy the life out of the cuss. The real cowboy has other things to do besides keeping his hair in curl, and if perchance he has been in a place where he couldn't get a shave nor a haircut, he would make a break for a barber shop the first thing when he struck town. He is a man who is bred to his work, and who has followed it until it becomes part and parcel of his make-up, just the same as any other trade or profession. He has no time nor inclination for killing people, unless molested, and he doesn't get near enough to a train of cars once in a dog's age to know what they look like. Of course, there are exceptions and black sheep in every flock.

"At one ranch where I was employed several young ladies from the East had come to pay a visit and incidentally to see what a cowboy looked like. They got to the ranch just before the boys who were out on their several duties had come in for the night. When several of us did come riding in the girls came out to 'size us up' and were awfully disappointed. They found out that a cowboy wasn't so very much different from other people who work in the open air. One of them expressed her disappointment loud enough for one of the boys, a comical little sawed-off Irish chap, to hear, whereupon he exclaimed:

"Well, great snakes! did you expect we had horns?"

His Outfit.

"The cowboy doesn't wear a big hat, leather 'shaps' and carry a lasso and gun for fun. Every part of his rig has its use. His big hat protects him from the heat of the sun in summer and the rain and sleet in winter; his leather 'shaps' are indispensable. Without them he couldn't chase an unruly and refractory maverick through buckbrush, sagebrush and cactus patches without having his pants torn to ribbons, and as for his lariat (riata) and gun, the former is used for catching cattle in the round-up and for a thousand inconceivable

be collected from the places where they have strayed about the country and brought together in order that each rancher may pick out and brand his own, and the herd has grown from a few steers to several hundreds or even thousands, it is no small matter to find them day and night and follow the circle riders are out hunting mavericks and driving in the lasso. Nights are especially troublesome times if there is any danger of a stampede taking place.

"This big herd of cattle is guarded night and day by the boys, who take their regular watches, just as a soldier does picket duty. The cattle are hemmed into as much a space as possible, and the guns ride around the herd until the cattle lie down. All this time the riders are or sing to the cattle, as the sound of a human voice on such occasions tends to quiet them. One has to keep



KNIGHT AND HIS TRAINED COW PONY.

sharp eye out for any steer which may try to break out of the herd and wander off. Anything is liable to stampede them—the approaching of a man on foot, or which cattle have a mortal terror, the sudden howl of a wolf or even the coughing of one of the steers, and then, quicker than you can snap your finger, that whole herd will be on its feet as if by an electric shock, and away they go with a rush, heads up and tails skyward, and the very earth will shake beneath their mighty tread. Then the cowboy has a chance to show what he is made of. No matter how dark the night or how rough and uneven the ground, the entire outfit must turn out. Every rider who is not on duty must be into his saddle instantly. A number of ponies are kept saddled all night for just such an emergency, and every man must ride like mad to get to the front. Usually a stampede will be led by one big steer. The cowboys all ride on one side of the herd and endeavor to string the animals out in a long line. Then those at the front, by shooting their guns into the ground and whooping like a band of wild Indians, will finally manage to turn the leaders, and by dint of hard riding get the animals to running in a circle or 'milling,' as it is called. I have known a herd of steers to run for hours and hours in a circle after a stampede before we were able to get them belted down again. The stampedes often result in serious losses. I have known of half the herd to be killed on such occasions. The calves and weaker animals who are unable to keep up with the stronger ones are sure to be trampled under foot and run over by the others, and if a steer falls it is good-by to the animal. Occasionally a rider will get caught in the stampede and woe betide the luckless cowboy if his horse steps into a hole or stumbles and falls to the ground. He would be trampled into an unrecognizable mass unless, as sometimes happens, he is able to grasp a steer about the neck and climb onto its back, as I have known of being done. You have also doubtless read in story books of a man who is caught in a stampede stepping from one animal's back to another and escaping that way. A man would look nice doing that on a night when he couldn't see his hand before his face, wouldn't he?

"Of course we have to look out for roving bands of Indians and cattle rustlers while we are out circle riding and cruising for stock."

Lunsford and "Apache Kid."

"Yes," chimed in Lunsford, "I'll never forget one little incident that happened when I was out hunting mavericks (unbranded steers). Of course you have heard of the 'Apache Kid'—that bloodthirsty young devil who is the terror of Arizona. I was out 'mavericking' around, and in coming down a trail I ran plump onto the 'Kid' with several bucks and squaws. The 'Kid' and I were well acquainted, but I knew that I was in a fix, and that my chances of getting away with my scalp were mighty slim, for the 'Kid' would murder his best friend if he got the chance. It was one of his favorite methods to waylay and murder lone cow punchers whom he caught. The instant the 'Kid' caught sight of me he rode forward alone and extended his left hand, putting his right on his revolver. I instantly drew my right hand back to my own weapon, and gave him my left hand, not intending to be caught napping, and there we both sat, each watching the other for some false move, and yet apparently the best of friends. We conversed awhile, but neither of us allowed our gaze to wander for an instant from the other. I knew he was looking for a chance to get a drop on me, but I never gave him the opportunity. Finally he said 'adios,' and then both of us, instead of turning our horses and riding away, began to back off. Neither of us allowed his hand to leave his gun, and finally, when I backed down a little ridge, maybe I didn't put the spurs to my horse and vamoose out of that neighborhood! I fully expected to hear the war-whoop and see the whole gang come over the hill after me, but they went on about their business. Woes of a Tenderfoot.

"Speaking of tenderfeet," continued Lunsford with a smile, "makes me think of a little incident that hap-



FRED LUMSFORD, LON LANCASTER AND HARRY S. KNIGHT.

does in dime novels. They use as good English as any well-educated man, and there is something in their bronzed faces and keen blue eyes which denotes firmness and determination in whatever they undertake. Neither were inclined to talk of their personal adventures, yet, both have seen times of danger which required a cool head, a steady nerve, and a well-directed shot to extricate themselves. Lunsford was at one time a shotgun messenger for Wells, Fargo & Co. in the territory, and a narration of his adventures while in that capacity would fill a good-sized book.

Seated in a corral on Aliso street, recently, Knight and Lunsford entertained the writer with some of the incidents of their every-day life. Knight, at present, is hobbling around on crutches, the result of a plunge into a board fence by the horse he was attempting to break. A long sliver was torn from one of the boards, which penetrated the young man's thigh, going entirely through the leg and narrowly missing the big artery. He is now recuperating, but declares he will "hold up his end" of the Fiesta programme without any trouble.

#### The Real Cowboy.

"I was born," said Knight, "in Nevada, but my parents moved to Arizona when I was three years old, and my entire life has been spent in the saddle. My father was a government scout for over twenty years among the Indians, and his life has been one series of adventure. He was one of the rescuers of the famous Donner party, which is an incident in California history that will never be forgotten. Probably, therefore, I inherit the love of adventure from him. Ever since I was big enough to handle a rope I have been a cowboy. It is a life which will give a man a good many hard knocks, and yet it has a peculiar fascination which attracts a man who has any love for adventure. Lunsford, here, and I have worked together for over nine-

emergencies. His gun comes in handy for the killing of wolves, coyotes and other stock depredators, as well as a means of defense from Indians and cattle thieves. When the cowboy comes to town for a good time it's nine chances to ten that he will put up at the best hotel, pull off his wild, semi-civilized garb and appear on the streets in a plug hat, boiled shirt, store clothes and toothpick shoes.

"The cowboy's pride next to being able to ride the wildest and most untamed horse, is to be skillful in the use of the lariat, or 'rope,' as we call it. Years of constant practice are necessary to become a good roper, and no man can practice it too much. I might say it takes forever to acquire the knack. It is the cowboy's pride to be able to rope and tie the wildest and most savage steer in his herd within a given number of seconds, and contests over this sport are yearly held.

"One time I happened to be in Phoenix at the railroad station when the overland pulled in. I was standing on the platform and had on all my teggery, which, to the people on the train, may have looked peculiar. A gentleman and a little girl stepped off the train and as they passed me I overheard the man say to the little one, 'There, Mamie; there's a real, live cowboy. What do you think of him?' The little girl looked at me a moment, and then exclaimed, 'Is that a cowboy? Why, I thought a cowboy was part cow and part boy.'

On the Round-up.

"One of the most exciting times in a cowboy's life is during the round-up or 'rodeo.' Then the cattle are collected and branded. Of course they are running wild all the time, and to round up and sort out the cattle belonging to the different stockmen is no small job. Each ranch has its own particular way of branding or marking the cattle belonging to them. The calves, too, must receive the branding iron. These cattle must all



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posed on one ranch where I was working. A young fellow from New York city named Bloom, a son of the big clothing firm by that name, came out to Arizona for his health and to see a little cowboy life. He was a mighty good sort of a chap, but oh, what a tenderfoot! They placed him under my protecting wing and I determined to have some innocent fun with the youngster. He brought along a magnificent outfit—silver-mounted saddle and spurs, big hat, 'shaps,' etc., and wore a big six-shooter as though he expected to be waylaid as soon as he stepped off the train.

"We had an ugly little bucking pony in our corral, and I thought I would try and make it interesting for young Bloom, so on the morning after his arrival, when he asked me to go out and pick out a horse for him to ride, I showed him the buck, and asked him how he liked the looks of the cayuse.

"Oh, I guess he is all right," said Bloom.  
"He's about the only one that I can recommend as being gentle," I replied.

"The horse had one peculiar streak. He would stand like an old plug until he was saddled and felt the weight of the rider, and then, watch out! Well, I roped the nag and saddled him up and Bloom climbed onto his back. When the horse felt his weight he looked sort of surprised for a minute and then he arched his back and bounded into the air like a rubber ball. He came down stiff-legged and started off with a succession of jarring bounds which must have made the tenderfoot's spinal column tremble. His big hat flew into the air at the first jump of the horse, and then the pony started in to 'sunfish'—that is, bring first one shoulder down almost to the ground and then the other. Bloom held on for dear life, but his feet were out of the stirrups and his legs flying toward all points of the compass. I saw that it was but a question of a few more such jumps on the animal's part before Bloom would be over on his neck, so I rode up alongside and grabbed the tenderfoot by the slack of the pants and held him down in the saddle by sheer force, and the kid was so excited that he thought he was really holding himself in the saddle. Finally the horse broke away and started off across the country, bucking at every jump. The last I saw of the pair was when they disappeared over a little knoll, and I'll be hanged if they showed up at the ranch for two days. The chap got lost and would probably be wandering over the mesa yet if he hadn't run across some of the boys from another ranch who directed him home. Then he began to brag about riding a bucking broncho, and to this day he does not know that I held him down in his saddle by the band of his breeches."

Both Knight and Lunsford will attempt to ride a vicious broncho at Fiesta Park during the exhibition of cowboy sports. The animal is one owned by Bixby Brothers at Long Beach and is appropriately named "El Diablo" (the Devil.) This is the animal which gave Knight the serious injury from which he is now slowly recovering. The horse has killed several men who have attempted to conquer it, and there is a prospect of an exciting combat between the animal and these nervy cow punchers.

E. A. BRININSTOOL.

#### THE PENSION LIST OF MONTE CARLO.

[Ledge Monthly:] Monte Carlo, the most famous gambling place in the world, has a very curious pension list. Here are inscribed the names of the men and women who have lost their fortunes at the tables and who are allowed small sums daily for the rest of their miserable lives. This practice, which was inaugurated by Pere Blanc in his paternal care for the decaves, is also being dropped as the pensionnaires die out. The pensions now paid range from \$1 to \$8 a day, according to the amount which has been lost at the tables and the social position of the recipient. For instance, a tall Scotchman who is a familiar figure upon the Promenade des Anglais in Nice receives two louis (about \$8) per day. He lost a million and a quarter at roulette. He has still a small income, and the bank, therefore, considers his pension sufficient to keep this broken vessel from coming to the ground. If one could go through the whole list, what a story might be written anent each item!

There is no hope of the Casino being closed—not even during the summer—but if people would only restrain their passion for gambling for another five years, as they showed themselves capable of doing during the winter of '96 and '97, the dividend will come out zero, and the bank will be broken, not in name only, but also in deed.

#### THE TEST OF TRUE POLITENESS.

[Mrs. Clement Farley in Ledger Monthly:] If we wanted a place to test the true politeness of people, none could be more effective than the street cars of a great city. No matter how fine the gowns, how costly the furs, how exclusive and aloof the air of a woman riding in these convenient but unpleasant conveyances, there is no trouble in separating the lady-at-heart from the pretender. The gathering up of her dress from contact with the soiled clothes of a poor workman; the frown with which she turns toward a restless child; the inflexible stiffness with which she fails to move up and give a share of her ample seat, tell their own story.

She may know how to enter a room or a carriage, and how to address congratulations and regrets, and be well acquainted with all the little details of social convention, but a true lady she cannot be while self governs all her conduct.

During the last six months I have never failed to get a seat in a car, even in the rush of Christmas shopping. When, by mistake, I entered a car already full, some dear girl has always been ready to insist on my taking her seat as soon as she detected by gray hair. Often I am sure that I was the less tired of the two, but the gentle insistence of my young helpers would not be denied.

I argue delightful things for the homes of such girls; no mother is left too burdened where they are; no fretful brother or sister is pushed away unamused; no reckless brother has an excuse to stay away because his "sister is so cross!"

## "A DISH OF TEA."

By a Special Contributor.

THAT first tea party! Centuries have fled since Hideyoshi, who has been called the Augustus of Japan, issued the card of invitation for that famous tea. It was in the form of an official edict and is still preserved. All lovers of tea in the empire were invited to meet in a certain sunny grove for a period of ten days. They were requested to bring with them all their most valued tea receptacles and tea treasures. Wide was the influence of that first tea party. It is supposed to have made for the peace and tranquillity of the empire.

There is an interesting legend in connection with the birth of the tea plant. It is said that Daruma, an Indian saint of the sixth century, had spent years in ceaseless prayer and watching, and at last one night his eyes closed, not being able to bear the fatigue longer, and he slept until morning. When he awoke he was so angry with his lazy eyelids that he cut them off and flung them to the ground. But lo! each lid was suddenly transformed into a shrub, whose leaves, infused in water, minister to the vigils of holy men.

Authorities differ as to the name of the priest who first brought tea, and the art of using it, from China to Japan. All agree, however, that we owe its introduction to Buddhism, and it is safe to suppose that the honor belongs to Dengyo Daishi, a celebrated saint of that faith. The chanoyu, or tea of honor, as it is known in Japan, is an interesting study in itself. These tea ceremonies have had three transformations during the 700 years of their existence. First, a religious stage, then a luxurious stage and, lastly, an esthetic stage. A slight religious element has always remained, however, and it is still considered proper for tea enthusiasts to join the Zen sect of Buddhism. Above the door of the

and cherry blossom" to our English writers, we find their works sparkling with allusions, humorous and otherwise, to tea and the "tea habit."

That prince of tea drinkers, Dr. Johnson, who was in the habit of consuming from twelve to sixteen cups at a sitting, ably defended the practice in an essay in the Literary Magazine. It was an answer to Jonas Hanway's paper on the subject in which that writer attacked Dr. Johnson in his "pernicious habit of tea drinking—for with tea he amused the evenings, solaced the midnight and welcomed the morning."

Johnson's reply is the only instance where we ever find him defending an attack upon himself. We find Hanway also lamenting the fact that such a large number as six ships were engaged in the tea trade between China and England. In the library of the British Museum is a pamphlet which says: "Tea, the new drink introduced among us, is declared to be the most wholesome, preserving in perfect health until extreme old age."

We find, however, in the "F. male Spectator," published in 1745, that tea is denounced on economical grounds. It states that the tea table costs more to support than would maintain two children and a nurse—that it is the destruction of all economy, the bane of good housewifery and the source of idleness.

A poet of that day says that as each company gathers around the tea table to chat—"some victim falls, some reputation dies."

Another poet:

"Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!

As Lethe dreadful to the line of flame.

What devastation on thy banks are seen,

What shades of mighty names that once have been!"

Despite these pessimistic singers, we are apt to feel with Waller that tea "keeps the palace of the soul serene," and we may even long to exclaim with Dr. Johnson:

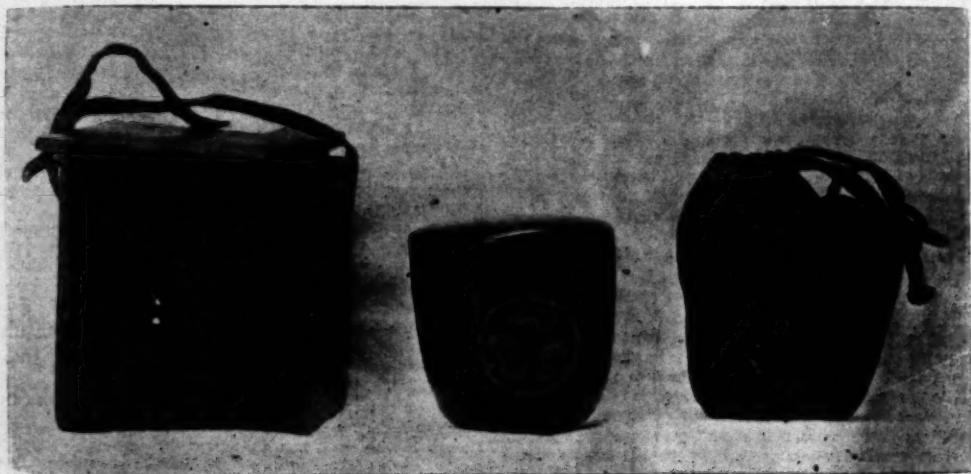
"And now, I pray thee, Hetty dear,

That thou wilt give to me,

With cream and sugar softened well,

Another dish of tea!"

CORINNE L. BARTLETT.



A TEA JAR AND ACCESSORIES.

tea-room were characters which meant hospitality, courtesy, purity and tranquillity, and each member of the tea cult sought to make those virtues his own.

No discontented person was admitted to a chanoyu. Absolute cheerfulness and a firm belief in "whatever is, is best," were required of all invited guests. Alas! how limited would be the cards of invitation to a latter-day afternoon tea if such a rule were in force in our country.

The ceremonies attending a chanoyu were early reduced to an exact science. The host prepared the tea according to minute instructions. There was an orthodox tradition even about the boiling of the water, which was not "honorable old hot water," and ready for use until it had reached what was termed the third state of boiling.

Quaint customs were observed in drinking the tea, and the guests were supposed to admire all the tea treasures in possession of their host.

Thirty-two different implements and utensils were in use at the chanoyu of olden times, and we often read in Japanese literature of heroic efforts made to save these precious possessions, when even the castle itself had fallen into the enemies' hands.

The picture shows a tea jar (chatsubo,) and the brocade silk bag, and little wooden box which accompany it. These treasures belong to a lady of Pasadena, and were given into her family many years ago by a Japanese general, while they were residents of that country. The presence of the crest indicates that this jar formed part of the chanoyu equipment of a member of the Tokugawa family. It is a perfect specimen of the gold lacquer which is now a lost art with the Japanese, though they make many exquisite imitations.

We find it of interest to note, according to various writers on Japanese customs, what effect the introduction of tea and its ceremonies has had upon the life and art of Japan. One school holds that the tea ceremonies are essentially paltry and effeminate, and that their influence has cramped art by confusing beauty with archaism. The opposite set believe that the tea ceremonies have had a beneficial influence, as they have kept the art from leaving the narrow path of purity and simplicity for the broad road of mere ridiculous gaudiness.

It seems to be the consensus of opinion, however, that the tea cup is today the central fact of that "fair and gentle" land, and that it has given to its people delicate refinement of manner and distinguished simplicity of life.

Turning from the tea literature of the land of "plum

#### THE ORIGIN OF SOME FAMOUS HYMNS.

[William George Jordan in Ledger Monthly:] The circumstances that inspired some of our great devotional hymns must deepen the interest in both the song and the singer and reveal that mighty kinship of human souls, that divine sympathy, that confers deathless fame on a few simple verses, soul-biographies living in song.

"Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me." This greatest of hymns was written in 1775 by Rev. Augustus Toplady, a very learned English divine, who died at the early age of 38. The hymn has the rare, wondrous spiritual ecstasy he revealed in his daily life. In his last illness he said: "I cannot tell the comforts that I feel in my soul; they are past expression. It will not be long before God takes me; for no mortal man can live after the glories which God has manifested to my soul." The marble tablet over his grave says: He wrote "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me."

Mrs. Vernalstyne, better known as Fanny Crosby, the blind poet, wrote the hymn, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," for music in twenty minutes, but into it was put the essence of her whole life of faith. Miss Crosby, after a day's jostling through the city streets, guided by some loving hand, returns to her little room and pours forth her soul in song.

Of the many hymns written by Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, the only one that has survived is the hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," based on the Bible story of Jacob's vision at Bethel, the imagery of which narrative it follows most faithfully.

One day Charles Wesley was sitting by an open window, looking over the beautiful fields, when he saw a little bird pursued by a hawk. The poor thing, weak and frightened, in seeking to escape from its enemy, flew into the room and found refuge in Wesley's bosom. As the poet was then in great trouble and needed the safety of a refuge, the consolation of help from a higher power than his own, the incident seemed to him a divine message, and, thus inspired, he wrote the famous hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

[Chicago Tribune:] (Saymold Storey:) We'll, I've got my reg'lar spring house-cleanin' done.

(Goodman Gonrong:) Your house-cleanin'? Gosh! What did you have to do?

(Saymold Storey:) Turn me shuck mattress ovvr.



## Stories of the Firing Line \* \* Animal Stories.

### Snakes in the Philippines.

**T**HAT our men in the Philippines are not campaigning in Ireland is brought home every now and then to them in a startling manner, as was the case with First Sergt. Duckett, of Co. A, Fifty-ninth Volunteer Infantry, stationed at Cordon, Isale province, Northern Luzon. He was walking down the main street, when he came face to face with a big constrictor that had just made a meal of a young pig and was casting voracious glances at a juvenile Filipino. Sergt. Duckett's Krag clipped off the boa's head, to the great delight of the natives. The *Aparri News* says that the constrictor was "young." If the baby boas out there enjoy a pig for breakfast, probably those full grown can get along on nothing better than a rotund porker, or even a private, U.S.A., uniform, ammunition belt and all. Probably this may account for the disappearance of native guides sent out ahead of American columns, that never come back once they get into the brush.—[Army and Navy Journal.]

### Fooled the Hazers.

**M**AJ. WILLIAM M. PEGRAM of Baltimore tells a good story, illustrating how the nerve developed in the Civil War enabled a young southerner to defy hazers in a northern college.

The young soldier was Joseph B. Cheshire, now Protestant Episcopal Bishop of North Carolina. At the close of the war, in which he served with distinguished gallantry, he was but 17 years old. Deciding to enter the ministry, he went to Trinity College, Hartford, Ct., taking with him his well-worn gray overcoat and his army revolver.

While alone in his room at the college one evening not long after his arrival, Mr. Cheshire received an unusual number of visitors. One by one students dropped in until nearly a score were in his room. He divined their purpose, but received them courteously. Finally one remarked: "I suppose you know what we have come for?" At the same time he kicked the door and put the key in his pocket. While this was going on, Mr. Cheshire had backed quietly to his desk. Raising his revolver, he gave the command with military terseness: "Unlock the door, file out one by one!" The young men, seeing the strapping student suddenly transformed into the trained soldier, knew there was nothing to do but obey the man they had come to humiliate. As the last one left, Mr. Cheshire said politely: "I hope you have had a pleasant evening, gentlemen. Call again."

No further attempt was made to haze him.—[Baltimore Sun.]

### The Champion Meat Man.

**C**OMMENTING on the recent death at Fort Sheridan of Abraham Haarscher, a soldier in the United States army, the *Manila American* says he was in a way a remarkable man. Born in Alsace, after the Franco-Prussian war, he came to America and enlisted in the army. One night at a far northwestern garrison he was walking post as a sentinel upon a frail temporary bridge thrown across a stream that was being undermined by a storm. The timbers were creaking under his feet and the water was beginning to creep over the planking, when the officer of the day appeared at the end of the bridge. He saw the sentinel and his peril.

"Come off that bridge, No. 5," he yelled above the storm. Haarscher walked calmly off the bridge and came to an "arms port."

"Haarscher, you d—d fool, didn't you know the bridge was going?" Even as he spoke the frail structure was whirled away.

"That was my post, lieutenant," said Private Haarscher, "and you forget that I am a Frenchman."

Haarscher carried one record that is probably unique in the histories of the world. In twenty-nine years' service, although a model of neatness, discipline and intelligence, he never wore the stripe of a non-commissioned officer. He did not know what the inside of a guardhouse looked like from a prisoner's point of view. There was no soldier in camp or barracks whose rifle and equipments were like unto his. When Haarscher was detailed for orderly duty, no man thought of competing with him. Time after time he was offered the position of non-commissioned officer, and time after time he refused. Why, no one ever knew.

Once a man who had the reputation of never having lost the position of "orderly" at guard mount came from another regiment and reenlisted in Haarscher's command. The two privates, as luck would have it, were detailed for guard the same day. The officer spent about twenty minutes examining the rifles, waist belts, cartridge boxes and brasses of the two men. There was absolutely nothing to choose between them in point of neatness or appearance. Finally, as a last resort, the adjutant unbuttoned the blouse of the new claimant for orderly honors. He found a somewhat faded, but clean, undershirt. The adjutant passed to Haarscher and opened three buttons of his coat. Haarscher had on a brand new suit of silk underwear that must have cost him a month's pay. It was the other man on that day who walked post in the hot sun, while Haarscher did "looling" duty in the shade in front of the commandant's quarters. When at last he fell in love with a girl thirty years his junior and she said no, he put a bullet in his brain.—[Army and Navy Journal.]

### The Evanescent Dewet.

**T**HERE is an amusing story here in London, which has to do with the present stage of the Boer war. Holding in his left hand a few sealed envelopes, a very leary "hawker" appeared at the corner of a street in the

Strand, and with many a sidelong glance in apprehension of the police, thus harangued the crowd:

"Now, I ain't allowed to sell to boys nor no old gentlemen over 90, but I 'ave the latest novelty an' curiosity at one penny—the snapshot photograph of Dewet as he appeared on the banks o' the Orange River. If you want a little fun an' amusement for the triflin' cu'lay—"

A gudgeon stepped up and bought one.

With a whispered and mysterious injunction not to look at it till he got home, the greenhorn received his envelope—and three or four others went off like hot cakes—but by this time the first purchaser had torn his packet open and discovered nothing but a blank oblong piece of cardboard.

"Here," cried he, returning to expose the fraud, "there's nothing about Dewet here."

"Not there?" cried the hawker, manifesting great concern, "show us!" The youth held out the virgin card.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the hawker. "Gentlemen, there's no denyin' it, the Boer general 'as slipped us again!"—[London Correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.]

### An Unhappy Situation.

**S**TILL another warlike item which has the scent of novelty, is the following, which I have taken from a lady's letter written from Durban. It relates to an episode which was mentioned in a cable dispatch to the extent of a couple of lines. She said:

"A dreadful thing happened the other day—about New Year. There was an amusing element about it, too. A party of officers and ladies went some miles out of Johannesburg, for a picnic—about twenty in all. While the orderlies were busy laying a champagne luncheon, a party of forty Boers swooped down upon them, drank all the liquor, and took all the provisions. Then the commandant, turning to the officers, said: 'Now, then, we will teach you to come out for picnics and enjoy yourselves while we are fighting for our country and our independence.' So he ordered them, ladies and all, to hand over all their valuables, watches, rings, etc. Then came the worst, for the men were ordered to go to one side and strip themselves of all their clothing, and the ladies were sent into a wood to do the same, and told that if they refused they would be helped to do it. Finally, the ladies were allowed to retain their petticoats. Then the vehicles which had brought the party out from the town were ordered to take them back. Can you possibly imagine anything more humiliating or horrible?"

"A short time ago," continues the letter, "all the officers of one of the garrisons were playing polo, when the Boers swooped down and carried off all the cattle, almost from under their noses. Lord Kitchener was so angry that he sent down and confiscated all their polo sticks."—[London Correspondence Philadelphia Inquirer.]

### Times When Thirst is Justifiable.

**W**HEN, thirty-five years ago, Lord Methuen joined the Scots Fusilier Guards (now Scots Guards) as a subaltern, he was well liked by the privates, although he was a trifle strict in the matter of enforcing discipline. Lieut. Methuen had the reputation of making very caustic remarks. The following is one of the best: In the lieutenant's company was a tall, handsome soldier, who had but one failing—he could never keep sober. Otherwise he was an excellent soldier. One day, after he had received punishment in the orderly room for the offense of drunkenness, Lieut. Methuen, who took an interest in the toper, severely remonstrated with him concerning his infirmity.

The man shook his head and replied: "Sir, I can't help it; I'll never be sober until the breath is out of my body."

With a smile, Lieut. Methuen retorted: "Ah, but when the breath is out of your body, then, I'm afraid, you'll have the greatest possible justification for being thirsty!"—[Chicago Times-Herald.]

## ANIMAL STORIES.

### A New England Cat Story.

**T**HE following story is contributed to *The Times* by a subscriber who signs herself "P. P.:" This incident was recalled to mind recently by reading in your "Illustrated Magazine Section" the story of a cat of County Cork, Ireland. This is also a true story, and has never before been printed. The cat belonged in a New England farmhouse, years long gone by, and was a great pet of the master. Tom did many wonderful things. He did not lift the knocker, but he opened the door, and did it as readily as one of the children. He accomplished the feat by springing up and bringing his paw down heavily upon the catch, when the door never failed to open. How he learned to do this was never known, but it must have been by observation, as he was never taught. Tom always knew the hour for meals and practically could not be barred out, as he had the key to the situation, no matter how strenuously the family slammed the door behind them. When all were seated at table, there would be a little click of the latch, and in would walk Tom, seating himself beside the master. If his presence was ignored, he would reach up and pat the master's arm, then, sitting back, would quietly wait, for Tom had learned that any great demonstration on his part, such as a mew, meant his immediate dismissal from the dining-room. Here was a curious thing—he knew, or seemed to know, that his only safety lay in escaping the attention of the mistress, who strongly objected to the "munching of a cat" while her family were at table. So he was content with small favors, for the master was chary of calling

forth any caustic remarks by the dealing out of a bone. Tom was never known to steal, although plenty of opportunities offered, in the way of a kitchen table loaded with savory things, and a wide-open pantry door, where cream stood deliciously inviting. He lived to be seventeen years old, which was considered a remarkable age for a cat.

### A Dog Alarm.

**T**HE story of three alarm clocks being among the wedding presents of a deaf mule couple brings out the experience of a couple in Hampden.

Both husband and wife are totally deaf. They possess a small fox terrier dog, which has been taught that upon the sound of the alarm he must go upstairs and, by jumping upon the bed, arouse the sleepers. The husband is employed downtown and must get up early. The dog has never been known to "oversleep" himself and has always awakened his master within a few seconds of the ringing of the alarm.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

### Mouser as a Detective.

**M**RS. MARTHA WILLIAMFELTER, 63 years old, after many years of toil on an old-fashioned carpet loom and at the wash-tub, accumulated between \$500 and \$600 in currency. She lived north of Tipton a short distance, and, during her years of saving, had little faith in banking institutions. She secreted her hard-earned treasure in a smokehouse adjoining her home. The money was placed in a small wooden box. Mrs. Williamfelter went to the smokehouse yesterday to deposit more money in her little bank. When she looked into the box she found the money was gone. Thinking she had been a victim of a theft, she hurried to a neighbor's and told of her loss.

She returned home and soon after her attention was attracted to the house cat by its mewling. The feline carried a full-grown rat in its mouth and a piece of a \$10 bill was protruding from the stomach of the mutilated rodent. This gave Mrs. Williamfelter a clue to the thieves. She searched for the den of rodents and there found all of her money excepting \$80 or \$90. Several of the bills were mutilated and will be sent to the government for redemption.—[Indianapolis News.]

### Playful Chamois.

**N**EARLY all animals are fond of play, and sometimes their play is almost a systematic game. If you should come across a lot of goats playing football, with chosen sides, captains and all that sort of thing, you would be speechless with amazement, and yet a tourist saw something on the Alps that is scarcely less astonishing.

It was in summer, and a flock of chamois had climbed up to where the snow never melts, evidently to play on it. Their movements were so peculiar that he watched them carefully. They had found a steep, snow-covered incline, to the upper end of which they went in a body, just like a party of boys intent on coasting.

And that is precisely what the chamois intended, for two or three of them at a time would crouch down at the beginning of the descent, work all four legs to get a start and slide over the surface of the snow to the bottom. When they reached the bottom they would rise, shake themselves and climb up the incline again, only to repeat their trip down. This they did time and again, their comrades at the upper end watching them with great interest until it came their turn to coast.

The coasting ground was about one hundred and fifty yards from top to bottom, and the chamois would shoot down it with the speed of sleds, the snow rising about them in a powdery cloud.

There could be no doubt whatever that they did it for sport, and they seemed to enjoy it as much as boys enjoy coasting down a well-packed hill.—[Tacoma Ledger.]

### Puss's Strange Babies.

**M**RS. AMANDA BRANDON, who lives at No. 517 East First street, in this city, has a cat that is attracting a great deal of attention.

Pussy is the mother of two little kittens, and she has adopted two motherless rabbits that she is caring for in a motherly way. She does not seem to discriminate between the rabbits and kittens, and treats them all with kindness. The rabbits have accepted her as their adopted mother and seem to appreciate her care. The kittens and rabbits play together, and altogether seem to be a happy family.—[Marion (Ind.) Dispatch Cincinnati Enquirer.]

### A Benevolent Trout.

**I**N "WILD Life in Hampshire Highlands" George A. B. Dewar gives this incident of philanthropy among fish: I was fishing one day, some twelve seasons ago, at Testcombe, where the Anton joins the Test, when I saw swimming slowly along the side of the stream just below me a large black trout of about two pounds. It was a year when there were many fish suffering from fungoid disease, and this trout had the fungus all over its head, and was evidently quite blind.

Behind this sick trout was a fine, healthy trout of about one and one-half pounds. Both swam slowly along close to the side, so that I was able to watch them for about ten minutes. The healthy trout was watching over the sick one. Whenever the sick fish got too near the edge of the stream, the healthy one would swim inside and gently push the former in the side with its nose, and so got it out into deeper water.

This was done repeatedly, until I put my landing net under the diseased fish and took it out of the water, when the healthy one left the spot. I have not the slightest doubt that the healthy fish had taken charge of the sick one.



May 5, 1901.]

## GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

## Wanted Visible Company.

A LITTLE east side girl, who has not yet seen her seventh summer, objects seriously to going to bed evenings before the rest of the family, on the ground that it is so lonesome up stairs, when everybody else is downstairs. Her mother, to console her, recently told her that it could not be lonely upstairs, because God was always there. Last Wednesday night the little girl went to bed with this thought busy in her little brain, and about a half hour after she had been put to bed the family, gathered in the sitting-room, heard a small voice at the head of the stairs say:

"Mamma, mamma!"  
"Well, dear, what is it?" asked the mother. The little voice replied:  
"Mamma, you come upstairs and stay with God a while and let me come downstairs."—[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

## A Novel Surprise Party.

SECRETARY GAGE was aroused from his financial studies in his office on a Saturday by a flutter of skirts. He looked up in wonder, and beheld a good, gray man from Boston leading in a lot of very pretty young women. The callers, fashionably dressed and exhibiting a charming assortment of colors, ribbons, dimples and blushes, except the man, arranged themselves against the wall around the room. At a given signal there was a hush, and the gray man, stepping forward, said:

"Mr. Secretary, these are the students of La Salle Seminary for Young Ladies, Boston."

Forty dimples began to beckon to the Secretary, red lips parted and white teeth appeared all around the room. The Secretary looked at the row of rosy cheeks and merry eyes and he appeared to be afraid. Then, like a Pooh-Bah, the dignified Cabinet officer said:

"Howdy do! Glad to see you—all."  
His expression then seemed to say: "That will do. Thank you, very much. Now run along, little girls." The buds from Boston filed out, leaving the room bare and cheerless. As the gray-haired man, bringing up the rear, passed the Secretary, he said:

"I have been bringing my girls over here every year for forty years."  
And the Secretary looked startled, as if he was saying to himself:

"Goodness, gracious, professor! Not these same girls?"—[Chicago News.]

## "Devil's Advocate."

THE friends of Rev. J. A. Hartnett, C. M., pastor of the Catholic Church of the Immaculate Conception, who is a member of the ecclesiastical court which is now inquiring into the virtues of the late Rev. Francis Xavier Seelos, C.S.S.R., with the object of beatification, are having a fine time joking with him as to his part in the court. Father Hartnett is the defender fidel, or, as is commonly called, the "devil's advocate." It is his duty to raise all sorts of objections, and, in a word, to prevent, if he can, the court from deciding that the late Father Seelos was a saintly man in the strict sense of the Catholic church.

Upon Father Hartnett devolves much of the work of the court, and his friends are now asking him what salary he is receiving from his client. Father Hartnett's Hibernian wit and genial good nature always come to his rescue, and when one of these friends asked this question yesterday in the presence of a reporter of the Sun, Father Hartnett quickly replied:

"There is one thing certain. If I go to the place, over which my client presides, he will certainly give me a warm reception."—[Baltimore Sun.]

## A Sly Little Puss.

AN OLD gardener who took great pride in his work and who kept his garden beds smoothly raked over without dead leaf or twig upon them, was grieved to see that somebody had been tramping upon the freshly-turned earth. He called to the child who was playing near, and, pointing to the small footprints, said, severely: "Now, Missie, you have been trespassing here; those look very like the marks of your little boots."

"Don't you think it might be cats, Thomas?" was the ingenious suggestion.

"Them's not cat's. Cats don't wear boots," was the scornful reply.

The blue eyes clouded. What defense could she make? It seemed as if she were going to be proved guilty. Then came a brilliant inspiration:

"Oh, yes, Thomas; they do, sometimes. Have you not read of 'Puss in Boots'?"

Thomas was defeated. M. H.

## Why it Was Fair.

"ONE of the celebrities in a little town in North Carolina that I have to visit every now and then," a traveling man said yesterday, "is Dick, an old colored preacher. He has some other name than 'Dick,' I suppose, but nobody seems to ever use it."

"Dick belongs to the Baptist Church and he has a large following of his own people. He preaches powerful sermons to them on Sunday, holds special meetings during the week and does odd jobs the rest of the time for a living. Not so long ago he went to the minister of the Christian Church—the Campbellite Church—a white man—and asked for some work. The minister

wanted to have some wood sawed and piled into his yard, and he offered the job to the old fellow. 'But, mind you, Dick,' he said in giving it to him. 'I want a good, solid cord piled up. I don't want you to take a lot of crooked sticks and make believe that you have a solid cord when you haven't. You understand?' 'Yes, sah! I'll do it, sah.'"

"The old fellow went to work, sawed the wood, piled it up, but made liberal use of crooked sticks. When his cord was finished, he called the minister out to pass judgment on it. Of course, the minister saw the crooked sticks. 'Now, look here, Dick,' he said, 'you're a minister of the gospel, aren't you? And I'm a minister of the gospel also. Do you think it's fair for one Christian man to swindle another, as you have swindled me?'"

"'No, sah; that's true, sah, but we don't belong to the same denomination, sah!'"—[Baltimore Sun.]

## Game to the Last.

A CERTAIN Duke, while driving from the station to the park on his estate to inspect a company of artillery, observed a ragged urchin keeping pace with the carriage at his side. His Grace, being struck with the cleanliness of the lad, asked him where he was going. The lad replied:

"To the park to see the Dook and sogers."  
The Duke, feeling interested, stopped his carriage and opened the door to the lad, saying he could ride to the park with him.

The delighted lad, being in ignorance of whom he was, kept His Grace interested with the quaint remarks till the park gates were reached.

As the carriage entered, it was saluted by the company and guns, whereupon His Grace said to the lad: "Now, can you show me where the Duke is?"

The lad eyed his person all over, then, looking at the Duke, replied, quite seriously:

"Well, I dunno, mister, but it's either you or me!"—[London Spare Moments.]

## Why He Was "John."

44 HAVE just returned from the Roycroft shops at East Aurora, N. Y., where Elbert Hubbard makes beautiful books and beautiful articles of interior decoration," said a physician. "Hubbard employs 250 hands, all of whom call him John. I asked why they called him by that name, and he said: 'Well, one summer day several years ago I was trimming trees with a number of boys in a field near here, when a stranger drove up in a buggy. He jumped out and shouted to me: 'Come here, John, and hold my horse a minute.' 'All right, sir,' said I, and I went and held his horse. He entered the office and asked for Mr. Hubbard. One of the clerks looked through the window. 'Why, that's Mr. Hubbard holding your horse, sir,' said the clerk. And since that time, Hubbard concluded, 'everybody has called me John around here.'"—[Philadelphia Record.]

## His Sister in Danger.

LITTLE EVERETT was watching his mother dress his baby sister the other day. Presently, while she was fastening the dainty slip, she said:

"Do you know, Everett, that you used to wear this when you were a little baby?"

"Did I?" he asked. "Why didn't I wear pants and a coat then, like I do now?"

"Oh, you were too small. All your clothes were just like little sister's."

He sat, thoughtful, for a few minutes, and then took a walk around the room. When he returned to where his mother and the baby were, there was a troubled look on his face.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" the anxious mamma asked, drawing him to her and holding his cheek against her own.

"Did I wear all those little undershirts baby sister has on?" he inquired.

"Not the same ones, but others just like them."

"Then," he demanded, in an outburst of alarm, "is she going to turn into a boy as soon as she gets a little older, too?"—[Chicago Record-Herald.]

## He Had Money, B' Gosh.

DEPOT ticket agents naturally come into contact with some very peculiar patrons, and constant service behind the window of a busy center of travel cannot fail to develop whatever inclination to study human nature one may possess. The nervous passenger, the frustrated old lady that is always confused over the two standards of time, and the foreigner with whom the agent sometimes has much lingual difficulty, contrive to put a strain upon his patience that is not calculated to make him an extremely amiable person.

"I had a rather funny experience with an old customer the other day," remarked one of these much-tried men. "He was a typical granger, and spoke in a deliberate, drawing way that was somewhat exasperating, in view of the fact that there were several clamorous ticket purchasers behind him. He wanted a ticket to a certain town, the name of which has slipped my memory. Now, as Indiana and Massachusetts both contain a town of that name, I, of course, asked him to which place he wanted to go."

"'Durned if I know,' was his reply. 'My brother lives there, an' I want tew pay him a visit.'"

"'But don't you know whether the town is in Indiana or Massachusetts?'"

"'Et mout be in Georgy, fer all I know,' was the drawing reply."

"He could give no description of the place, having never been there, and I asked him to retire until the rush was over. Then I looked up the two towns on the railroad maps, and tried to fix his destination in that way. But it was no use. He had no letters with him, and his case was a puzzler. Well, sir, he hung around the depot all day, munching peanuts and think-

ing the matter over, occasionally coming to the window and asking if we had made up our minds where to send him."

"At last, losing patience, I was on the point of telling him to go to Jerico, when he suddenly brightened up and said he would go to the town in Indiana, anyway, b'gosh, and if that didn't happen to be the right place, he would journey on to the town of the same name in Massachusetts. And as he bought his ticket, he philosophically observed:

"'Et's a long time sense I hev hed a chanst tew ride on the kyars, an' I mout as well take a good, long ride while I'm at it.'"—[Detroit Free Press.]

## Helping Him Out.

SENATOR EVARTS, when practicing law, was once approached by a self-confessed thief who wished to engage his professional services. In relating the incident, Mr. Evarts said: "I suppose a good many lawyers would have knocked the fellow down, but I saw that he had no idea of insulting me, so I answered quietly that I was too busy. 'You had better go to somebody else,' I added."

"'Well, would you do me the favor to recommend the lawyer who has made, in your judgment, the most exhaustive examination of the criminal law that fits a case like mine?' he persisted."

"'With pleasure,' I replied. 'Try the District Attorney.'"—[Kansas City Star.]

## The Doctor's Advice.

IN BRIDGTON, N. J., there dwells an octogenarian physician, who, in addition to his medical skill, is known far and wide as a dispenser of blunt philosophy. The other day a young man of his acquaintance called at his office.

"I have not come for pills this time, doctor," said the visitor, "but for advice. You have lived many years in this world of toil and trouble and have had much experience. I am young, and I want you to tell me how to get rich."

The aged practitioner gazed through his glasses at the young man, and in a deliberate tone, said:

"Yes; I can tell you. You are young and can accomplish your object if you will. Your plan is this: First, be industrious and economical. Save as much as possible, and spend as little. Pile up the dollars and put them at interest. If you follow out these instructions, by the time you reach my age you'll be as rich as Croesus and as mean as I.—[Philadelphia Record.]

## Stories of James J. Hill.

THE widow of another early friend applied to Mr. Hill for a small loan. She said she was going to open a boarding-house. "Sorry, Mrs. X, but can't let you have it. But you'd better get your boarding-house started." "Why, Mr. Hill, how can I? I have no money." "Don't need money." "Why, surely, I must pay for the furniture." "No, you mustn't; get a good house, get a bill for six months' rent, furnish the house, send bills to me. I'll pay 'em—sorry can't let you have any money. Good-morning, Mrs. X."

Mr. Hill was one day walking down Third street, once a flourishing thoroughfare, but now deserted by the general public. He stepped into a little tobacco shop kept by a German who had known him in the village days of 1860. "Hello, Joe," exclaimed the railroad president, "how's business?" "Bat, ferry bat. I haf der chop, but vere is der beeples?" Mr. Hill glanced over the shop. There was no assistant tobaccoist whose discharge could be recommended. But Mr. Hill asked for a blank check, and the following week the old tobaccoist was besieged by "beeples" in a modern well-stocked shop on the principal retail thoroughfare.

Some months ago Mr. Hill visited the office of a railroad, in the stock of which he had just obtained an influential interest. Glancing through the doorway of one large office-room, he asked, curiously, "How many men here?" "About eighty-five," was the answer. "Can't you get along with less?" "No, we never could." "Well, I'll get a man who can."—[Mary C. Blossom, in the World's Work.]

## Just Like a Lawyer.

A STORY is told of an old attorney in Southern Illinois during the war times, who, when all the younger lawyers were at the front, was engaged one day by an old planter to draw some affidavits of loyalty by which to obtain the release of cotton that had been seized for confiscation. The old attorney drew the affidavits, and the planter succeeded in getting his cotton, whereupon, with great satisfaction, he told the attorney to meet him on the levee the next morning at nine o'clock and he would pay him. The attorney, who was sadly in need of funds, lay awake all night trying to decide what charge he should make, and wondering if \$50 would be too much, and if possibly \$100 would be willingly paid by the old planter, who had succeeded in getting very valuable cotton by his aid. With feverish head and parched lips the old man went down to the levee at the appointed time and met the planter, not yet able to decide what charge he should make. Without asking him for his bill the old planter said, "Sit down, sah," and as he took out a huge roll of bills, "Now, sah, I'll just count out about what I think, sah, would be a fair amount, sah, and then, sah, I'll see what you have to say about it, sah." Then, picking off a \$500 bill from the roll, the planter laid it on his knee and added another and another and another until there were five of them, and, looking up, said, "Now, sah, that is about what I thought was right, sah, and what have you to say about it, sah?" The old attorney, bursting with suppressed emotion as he saw the bills laid out, nevertheless struggled to be equal to the occasion. He strove to speak, but did so with difficulty. At last his lips parted and he said with dignity, "Well, I think perhaps you had better make it another five."—[Case and Comment.]



## THE REDEMPTION OF HOP LEE.

BY MRS. CHARLES STEWART DAGGETT.  
Author of "Mariposilla," "The Broad Aisle,"  
"X-Ray Developments," Etc.

IN THE shop of Woo-Ho-Kee, Los Angeles curio merchant, Hop Lee dusted the wares of Canton. The handsome young celestial had but recently returned from a visit to slow, old China. Again his blood flowed swiftly, while his heart responded to the first fresh thrill of republican environment. It was good to be once more in the blessed United States of America. Hop's movements were quick and joyous, denoting a personal interest, not entirely covered by the jars and punch bowls of his employer. In the morning sunlight his green feather brush flashed recklessly, tickling the portraits of stern Manchu officials and haughty mandarins with cool unconcern. Painted on tall vases were also bright women; doubtless the artist's ideal of belles of the royal harem. Today the young celestial was strangely unmoved by glowing suggestions of imperial bliss. High life in the Flowery Kingdom no longer held his fancy. He was not even thinking of his lately espoused wife, now dutifully bequeathed to a mother-in-law, of far Tien-tsin. Yoc, budding lotus flower! only girl child of Woo-Ho-Kee, filled his heart. The plain-faced one, the unwelcome incumbrance, the golden, lily-footed hobble of a distant land claimed his thoughts only through impatient sighs and stern celestial honor.

The year before good-looking Hop had been called across the Pacific to claim his waiting bride. An imperial edict had gone forth, and procrastinating prodigals, enjoying life in far countries, were ordered home, to redeem their pledges of long standing. The child wives had now fully matured; time was ripe for a fresh crop of nuptials. Hop's ageing mother clamored for a new daughter-in-law. His father pined in eloquent characters, commanding the son's return to a waiting wedding feast of fatted dog. Both parents refused to accept apostate regrets. The celestial fat had gone forth. Hop must come home, or cruelly dishonor the ancestral tablet of his house. The lines had been hard ones for the half-Christianized boy. For a time his final decision wavered, but dawning republican principles and partly broken down superstitions could not quite vanquish the yellow ghosts of forty centuries. Unrelenting spooks waved him forward, and at last he understood that he must take a sad farewell of gay Los Angeles, of Woo-Ho-Kee, and of Yoc, the lotus bud of the bright celestial quarter. With a sinking soul Hop drew from the saving bank the greater part of his snug little fortune, shining buttons were then fashioned from five-dollar gold pieces for the robe of an unseen bride. The gift was a princely one, but still the young Chinaman's feet felt heavy; dragging wretchedly whenever he thought of the journey across the wide Pacific. The half-Americanized, half-Christianized boy of the Orient loved the land of adoption. A mission school had inconveniently broadened his celestial angle of vision; his awakening mind hopelessly repudiated the claims of unreasonable, dead-head ancestors. He was no longer a loyal heathen; but as yet could not escape the law of his father and his mother at the other side of the world. He dared not be a shame to the old country. Even the tempting voice of Yoc might not detain him. The thought tore his enlightened breast, while it forced him forward to an unsought bride.

In the middle of the Pacific Ocean poor Hop cursed his ancestors to no avail. Already they had undone him. He was now bounding miles and miles away from the opening lotus bud; from the blessed, free United States of America. The young Chinaman then remembered, with great bitterness, that his mission school teacher had once advised him to boldly cut loose from all heathen obligations and false superstitions. Now, alas! it was too late. He had foolishly tampered with wise counsel. He had been a coward before the yellow ghosts of centuries. The promptings of a celestial conscience had ruined him. He had kept the great commandment of Confucius; he had honored his father and his mother.

"You are a Christian. Christians live with their wives. You should marry a Christian girl and support her in Los Angeles," his mission instructor had carefully explained.

At the time poor Hop had selfishly longed to accept the entrancing programme. Blooming Yoc danced before his eyes; but the lingering fear of dishonored, angry ancestors held him down. He answered firmly but sadly that obedience to parents has been the religious etiquette of China for thousands of years. He dared not resist the binding law. Afterward, on an aching back in the depths of the steerage, he vividly recalled his last vain attempt to escape the hard commands of ageing parents. He remembered again and again how he had told his teacher of his bitter troubles. In a torrent of impassioned pigeon English he had kept back nothing, blindly hoping that she would perform a miracle, and save him at the last moment.

"I no care get mally—way back China," he had cried out desperately.

But the woman had waited for him to finish; doubtless she was making a study of Celestial psychology, and honest Hop had rushed on desperately with a flush of unanswerable logic:

"No good, I tink, have wife under side big ocean. Plitty soon come these United States—send money home all time! Be heap bloke! I most sorry I get mally. My plarent say I come home—I must go. My mudder old—she likey my wife for her. I obey my mudder! I no likey, shame my kluntry. All same I Clistian—Ples-by-te-ri-an Clistian, sun pop."

Through the miserable voyage which followed, Hop innocently wondered about his teacher's answering smile. Why had its radiance dashed his hopes, and virtually signed his passport to China? The woman he had

learned to trust had not even tried to dispute his heathen ethics. She had permitted Confucius to win out. A maddening smile of approval had been the only recompense for a difficult, burning disclosure. Then Hop recalled how he had gone away sorrowfully, with a tear on his yellow cheek and a big lump in his half-civilized throat. He had turned hopelessly to the East, and still later left the curio shop of Woo-Ho-Kee with his bundle strapped for the San Francisco liner. In the bottom of the deep ship all this had seemed very hard, yet hardest and cruellest of all recollections were the last whispered words of Yoc, the lotus bud. Night and day the boy heard her cooling command:

"You come back these United States of America. United States of America more better! China no good!" Yoc had urged with sly sweetness. Then she had suddenly dropped her velvet eyelids, and miserable Hop had gone from her presence knowing too well the pangs of a gnawing passion. All the way to China he felt the magic of the girl's ravishing, slanting gaze. The demure falling of her soft Celestial eye-curtains was like the modest opening and shutting of morning glories. Every hour the thought of his unsought bride grew intolerable.

The boy's spirit constantly rebelled and he cried out hopelessly:

"I no likey go way!" He often owned the truth aloud, while he sailed to the beck and call of relentless, rotting ancestors.

His voyage across the Pacific had been eminently sacrificial; all of his earlier heathen superstitions seemed to take hold of him. His bowels were torn with pains as the insulted gods sought to cancel apostasy. The reeking depths of the steerage heard his helpless groans, and two moons shone full and waned before he reached his native land.

Here, Hop passed the long year of dutiful compliance to the will of parents; then he was free to return to America. It was in the new, far country of white devils that money was found; the departing husband would soon send back gold to the young wife now left to the tender mercies of her mother-in-law. The staid patting was at last over. Hop's unwilling nuptial's soon became a Chinese nightmare. He awakened, light and hopeful, from his sleep, the first night out. High waves no longer tossed his soul, for he was speeding back to the blessed United States of America. Los Angeles Chinatown was before him! His dark old land was now behind the ship. He was another being. Heathen illusions had melted away. Sad, half contemptuous pity for his blind old country filled his apostate heart with comfortable sighs. Hop felt that he had gone out of it forever.

"They heap no see. My nation all dark," he muttered resignedly, as he halted once more the soil of light and freedom.

Before his happy eyes, shone at last the Golden Gate. San Francisco lay beyond. The Celestial's return voyage had been accomplished. All seemed too good to be true, but after a few days spent in impatient quarantine, Hop was again upon the outskirts of Los Angeles, sun-kissed city of the happy alien. In the joy of foolish expectation he forgot his matrimonial shackles. The filth, the poverty and the noise of Tien-tsin vanished from his mind, while his hand went out gaily to cordial, chattering friends. Yes, the Celestial quarter was the same delightful place, still winking to the ancient Plaza through rows of red lanterns and twinkling electric lights.

Hop's return to the land of life and progress was picture-quely thrilling. He soon half doubted that he had ever been away. When he was once more dusting the rich wares of Canton in the curio store of his old employer, Woo-Ho-Kee, the zenith of his republican joy had been reached. How good it all seemed! Even one week in the prosperous shop spanned the hateful year of absence. Few changes had taken place among the curios. Long rows of stately vases, punch bowls and jars dazzled as usual; but now before the glass showcase stood Yoc! She had just turned 16, and a year of quick blooming had urged the lotus bud into a half-blown flower. She was now permitted to help in the store, for sharp Woo-Ho-Kee had been forced to observe that few tourist customers tried to resist his daughter's winning way and charming pigeon English. Already the girl was making pretty eyes at half-distracted Hop. When she arranged the beautiful embroideries, her black lashes fell and rose with cruel disregard for the interests of his forsaken wife, left to the mercy of a mother-in-law in far Tien-tsin.

The girl was becoming Americanized in many ways. At the mission school she was the star. Ever since Hop's return, curiosity had struggled with Yoc's repelling pride and she longed to know the truth about the absent wife; today the opportunity had happily come. A watchful mother had at last vanished to the rear of the house, and Woo-Ho-Kee had not yet come in from the street. Only three little brothers fluttered about, like gay parakeets loosed from the cage. In yellow trousers and green overjackets they flashed between curio tables with reckless speed; when Toy, the first born, took a header into a pile of lacquer boxes, Yoc found a natural excuse for crossing the room. Into the screams of the heaven-sent boy she sank her own low voice, imploring the aid of willing Hop with all the pretty coquetry of falling eyelids. Yoc was exceedingly proud of her "United States of America speech;" at the girl's mission school she was a model scholar. She loved to address Chinese men in English, and in Hop's case it was really necessary. The Celestial employed by her Cantonese father was one of the few aliens hailing from the North of China. Yoc could not quite understand Hop's dialect, and for this reason she aired her English before him with unusual elegance. When the lotus blossom spoke she was doubly dangerous. Her presence was strangely ethereal for a Chinese girl. She seemed ready to float, as she lifted and drooped the creamy lids of her dream eyes. Her demure sweetness was a certain snare, and the lately married Celestial cursed again his tyrannical ancestors. Why had he gone to China? Why had he honored the wishes of his father and his mother, when Yoc, the lotus flower, bloomed close at hand? The answer to the hard question was doubtless a sigh, for

the girl was now speaking close into his ear. Her voice was like music, and her young breath as the opening of flowers.

"I glad you come back these United States of America," she confided without ceremony; then the wild struggles of the first-born interferred. Toy, the heaven-sent, was upon her. Celestial teeth ground into the flesh of her little hand, as she held her prisoner down by the folds of his gorgeous robe.

"Blad, blad boy!" she shrieked. "I tell you fadder. You get out you tooth!" she screamed in trembling rage. Fortunate Hop rushed to the rescue as best he could, but the doubled-up fists of the angry son of beauty were wonderfully dexterous. Blows rained into the lotus blossom's face, then, with dragon-like fury, a pair of Celestial heels rose high into the air. Unwary Hop caught the full force of god-like displeasure upon the bridge of his nose; in the same short second a fine Canton vase fell crashing to the floor.

Toy, the Celestial parakeet, was now free! Screaming at the top of his voice, he fled to a safe distance, victoriously flanked by his smaller green brothers. All three at once reviled from afar. With thumbs attached to the ends of round little noses, the heaven-born angels wildly wagged, scorning their father's underling with keen delight.

"You old dirty Hop!" the first-born sang, and at once a cherubic chorus rent the air. "You get bounce! You old nasty Hop—you blake my fadder ting," the favored heir intoned, and again the little green brothers cried amen! The entire vocabulary of insulting pigeon English would doubtless have been exhausted, had not the sound of firecrackers in the street beyond caught the eager ear of the tyrannical leader. At once the siege was raised.

Angry Yoc and helpless Hop were thus unexpectedly delivered. As the three parakeets fluttered gaily through the door, the sister's shrill voice followed the gorgeous scamps in vain; then her velvet eyelids drooped with maddening sympathy.

"You feel belly blad claus you bust my fadder vase?" she asked.

"I no care—I pay," Hop replied. He stooped and picked up the pieces in sullen wrath.

"Let me—hep—you," Yoc besought.

A flower fastened to the side of her glossy, beautifully-dressed hair brushed the Celestial's queue.

"I tell my fadder not get heap mad. I say my bladder, Toy, mean, blad boy. I say he blite me, kick you—len vase all bloke." She smiled encouragingly, but Hop was still unmoved, and she went on, "You sure glad you come back these United States of America? America more better—China no good. I heap glad I not go back China, live my mudder-in-law. My teacher say girl have heap blad time back China. Now I go school—learn much! Have heap fun these United States." The spirit of the new Celestial woman poured and she rushed on to the subject disturbing her daily thoughts and midnight musings. "You not tell me how you wife back China, heap bu-ti-fu!" She asked the question softly.

As she spoke, her creamy cheeks took on the tinge of ripe pomegranates. The eyelids fell, and she waited breathlessly for Hop's answer. It seemed slow in coming, and she resorted to fresh tactics. "I glad you get mally back China!" she exclaimed vindictively. "I get mally plitty soon, too. My fadder catch heap lich man for me!" She tossed her smooth, dark head defiantly, and this time the flower brushed Hop's trembling ear. It was too much for his righteous determination. A tormenting vision of the plain-faced bride in far Tien-tsin wrinkled his brow and sharpened his breath. Stiffed sighs cut his throat with hopeless passion for the only daughter of Woo-Ho-Kee.

"Why you not tell me stay these United States of America?" he demanded fiercely. "I likey you be my wife, but now you no can. You all same angel! I most sick in my heart!" he cried out desperately.

Yoc's soft eyelids opened slowly. The dreamy width of their slanting range seemed to send forth heavenly sorrow; then a gleam of triumph crept like a warm sunbeam through dissipating mist. The girl's eyes grew strangely bright. At last Hop had betrayed his Celestial secret. The bride of Tien-tsin was unloved; the detested of her husband!

"I sorry you no happy," she whispered. "I bet you like China girl all same me? I bet you like you wife live these United States of America, Los Angeles." She laughed unconsciously at the truthful picture. "I bet—"

two rows of small pearly teeth parted between the rich, ripe lips, then clashed in sweet confusion. "I bet—I bet nutting—claus I just heap stupid," she concluded humbly.

The self-deprecating etiquette of her strange race had admonished her in time, and she went on in best Chinese form, "I tink you wife way back Tien-tsin heap nice. Me just heap ugly girl—you wife more better—she heap lovely!" The rising inflection of the last word was adroitly managed.

Miserable Hop was beside himself with rage. A flood of base denial rushed to his lips.

"I no care—" again the Celestial parakeets fluttered through the sunlit doorway. Woo-Ho-Kee, their father, drove them forward with angry threats. His voice was loud, his countenance lowering. Amid the sudden confusion, the lotus blossom floated demurely across the room. Her innocent eyelids dropped once more upon the alken embroideries of the showcase.

Only the pomegranate tinge of flushing cheeks betrayed her secrets. None would have dreamed that the heavenly lotus bud was paralyzed with fear. Then her father's angry voice bade her return at once to her mother. It was an awful moment, but the girl obeyed slowly without looking up.

Once outside in the narrow passage, her little ear clung closely to the keyhole. What would happen to her? Did her father, Woo-Ho-Kee, know of her debasement? What had he heard? She listened with all the strength of terrified sensus. Now Hop had crossed the store.

The two men were soon talking together excitedly. A few Chinese words the girl caught and interpreted in



half stupefied horror. "Kill! Kill all same s: up! Scalding-oil! Peking!" She heard no more. A misty wave spread before her. Her velvet eyelids closed down as she felt senseless to the floor. The dark head struck heavily, and the dull thud brought her mother and the fluttering parakeets.

Madam Woo-Ho-Kee dragged her daughter forward; she was fond of doting her children, and Yoc's faint did not alarm her. When the girl opened her eyes, she was lying on a mat, her head resting on a wooden block. Her mother looked down upon her calmly, holding in readiness a bowl of nauseous medicine. The outside door was open and a summer sky crept in. Into its cloudless depths Yoc gazed wonderingly. What had happened to her? Was it a r y morning after the night? Then her thoughts rushed back to the awful moments of her recollection. How long had she slept? Was the dreadful doom of Hop Lee yet accomplished? Had her angry father fulfilled his threat and heated the caldron of oil? Poor Yoc shivered; then she sat up and began to cry aloud. Her mother forced the bowl of medicine between her lips.

"You drink!" she commanded.

The girl obeyed through gulping sobs. Soon her eyelids were red and swollen, yet she dared not inquire the tragic fate of her poor friend Hop. On her block pillow she imagined the worst. The full play of a lat-civilized oriental fancy quickened her breathing. Her heart leaped outward, while she began to listen to sounds in the adjoining shop. The acuteness of her suspense sharpened her ears until she heard the last groans of a dying Hop. The execution was in full swing! She was sure of it. The noise in the room beyond increased in frenzy. The commotion was no longer caused by imagination. Wild Celestial jargon rent the air. Cries of excited Chinamen pecc'd the wall; an instant later the door flew back and Woo-Ho-Kee and Hop Lee rushed through.

Yoc could scarcely believe her eyes. She sat up at once and listened to the rushing words of the noisy men with strange bewilderment. At first she did not understand the cause of their excitement, but by degrees the truth grew plain. The who's world and the great United States of America in particular were about to declare war against far-away, shut-in old China. Terrible things had happened. In the Forbidden City the crafty Empress Dowager had secretly nurtured a band of murderers called Boxers. When the men had learned their cut-throat trade she had sent them forth through the Flowery Kingdom to kill the missionaries and all foreign visitors. The bloody horde had done her bidding well; first, upon the outskirts of towns and cities, then they had swept forward to the closed gates of Imperial Peking. Here the Boxers had confined and finally murdered all the foreign legationists of an outraged world. The horrible atrocity was now the theme of every civilized tongue. Germany's Minister had been torn to pieces, limb by limb! The representative of France had been reported boiled in oil! Horrible it was, and Woo-Ho-Kee shook his head darkly and spread his hands with prophetic sorrow.

"Heap great fools do that murder," he declared solemnly.

To Yoc's amazement, Hop Lee had suddenly become a personage in the eyes of her father. She did not know that the young Celestial had already explained what he suspected, or knew, about the recent uprising. He had returned so lately from the North of China that his words now held force, and the girl listened breathlessly to his fearless denunciation.

"China no sense. I see trouble myself. All shoot guns every night back Tien-Tsin," he reported authentically. "Empress make all men shoot; get ready for war. Empress say no man can kill Boxers. I no believe that. Old lady last too long. She too dark. She go off die—more better. Now Boxers kill United States Minister. China soon be all same Jew—no country. These United States no be fool with. Boxers can no whip great army—many sokers! Big guns! China soon be all same Spanish ships—heap sunk."

Hop's terse résumé was warmly received by his boss, Woo-Ho-Kee. The astonished women said nothing, and soon the men strode away, now drawn together by new bonds. Yoc and her mother remained behind to chatter and wonder about the work of the dreadful Boxers, until both were weary of the incomprehensible subject. They did not yet realize the personal import of war with China. Not until weeks afterward did they understand what it would mean to the oriental quarter of Los Angeles.

Through the many dark days that followed, when no official word came from Peking, they slipped about the curio shop in subdued silence. Woo-Ho-Kee was in no humor to be annoyed by his family. Already the bill collectors had descended upon the Celestial quarter. Every Chinese merchant was forced to pay up his debts to American creditors, even to the last penny. The oriental dragon flag and the Stars and Stripes waved side by side, but for all the apparent good feeling manifested by Christian sympathizers, the wise aliens understood that their doom was sealed if no word came from Peking. The situation grew intense for the golden-faced men of Los Angeles Chinatown. The educated ones became frightened and silent, even among themselves, while they waited anxiously for a gleam of hope. Then came the tidings of the fall of Tien-Tsin; the story of the looting and the wild butchery of yellow countrymen. Weeks went by, and now the allies were approaching the outskirts of Imperial Peking. For Hop Lee the fall of Tien-Tsin was doubly stirring. Each day he went to the Chinese postoffice, always expecting a letter. Excitement had keyed his voice to a hopeful pitch and warmed his covetous eyes with fire. He gazed often at Yoc, the lotus bud of Woo-Ho-Kee, secretly speculating upon his possible redemption from the hard terms of Celestial husbandhood.

The girl, too, felt strange, eager flutterings. She now dressed more carefully, and red flowers always adorned her hair. Woo-Ho-Kee alone seemed dull with misery. Few customers came to the shop, for the sun of late

July had driven away the tourists. Debts stared the merchant in the face and soon he must pay them up or resign a large part of his stock. His credit, so good before the Chinese war, seemed worthless. And each day the allies marched to Peking! Poor Woo-Ho-Kee often laid his head upon his hands and sighed.

One day Hop Lee saw him, and came quickly forward. For a moment he wavered irresolutely, then found voice.

"You take this—you get peace," he brought pointedly. From a bag of chamola skin he poured a pile of gold; it fell upon his employer's desk like chimes from above. "I no need send money back Tien-Tsin any more. You use—" the hireling explained laconically.

The father of Yoc, the lotus blossom, marveled. "You my friend for sure," he declared feelingly. Then the yellow men clasped hands with true American fervor.

While they thus stood, Yoc and the three parakeets fluttered into the shop. The girl was in holiday apparel, richly dressed; her little brothers were gorgeous to behold.

"I go Sunday-school pic-nic!" she exclaimed. "My teacher come plitty soon with clarrage. She take me to park. My little bladders go, too."

The white teeth gleamed triumphantly as the velvet eyelids rose and fell with their usual cunning. In her hand Yoc held a large paper tag.

"See!" she cried, greedily, "I fill him up at pic-nic. I bring you all home good thing. C'a'e, ta-tan-as, nu's!" She finished in a transport of anticipation.

At once the parakeets caught onto their sister's scheme. In Celestial chorus all three clamored for provision sacks, and the indulgent father fitted them out with true commercial pride. The shining first born, by virtue of acknowledged superiority, snatched at two bags, while his younger brothers were limited to one each. Instantly the gay flock flew for the open door. The wheels of the mission teacher's vehicle had already been heard in the street, and Madam Woo-Ho-Kee now rushed breathlessly forth from the rear of the house. The wife of the curio dealer was a dream of oriental elegance. Her long earrings shook in the sunlight; in her hand she carried a fan and a brown paper bag. With polite smiles and obsequious bows, Woo-Ho-Kee and Hop Lee witnessed the exciting begira. When the last parakeet had found a perch, the carriage rattled away. Then the two men went indoors, to converse upon an entirely new basis.

"I not tell you I get letter from Tien-Tsin this day," Hop remarked with introductory import.

His still gracious boss eyed him sharply. "So!" he exclaimed, with dawning apprehension. "You hear you family all dead?"

The younger Celestial half beamed before the desolate question. "My father live a little longer—two—three month; my mother, my wife—both dead." He finished abruptly, standing for a moment with downcast eyes.

The gold coin yet lay upon Woo-Ho-Kee's desk. Hop pointed to it with rising emotion.

"You count," he commanded with strange assurance.

The merchant eagerly complied, his long fingers sorting the precious disks into even, glowing piles. "Twenty—forty—sixty—eighty—one hundred," he called. Five times he repeated the sum, gleaning as he counted; then the terse lines of his yellow brow softened. "Hard times these bad days! I not sleep much last night; now I get peace," he owned frankly. "But I no can pay you very soon," he at once regretted. "Not till next winter. Heap rain. I pay up clean China New Year."

Hop Lee wavered before his opportunity; then he burst out bravely. "I not want you pay me that gold back. I want you give me your girl, Yoc. I marry her pretty soon—work for you all same."

The handsome Celestial paused. During the interval of suspense he watched Woo-Ho-Kee through narrowed, anxious eyelids. Fate seemed to be balancing his chances of earthly bliss, but he could not quite discern the merchant's crafty thoughts. Once the long fingers seemed about to push away the piles of shining gold. For a second a scornful curve cut through the lips of the petitioned father; then he swallowed his direct refusal.

"My Yoc fine girl! One rich man pay me \$2000," Woo-Ho-Kee folded his arms opulently and leaned back in his chair. Hop did not presume to rebut the chilling truth, and Woo-Ho-Kee resumed more kindly. "Yoc, my little lotus bud, I hope she find good rich husband. She heap smart—learn all same boy. One day I tell her she worth \$2000. She stamp foot, scream like white devil. Say she will not marry rich old man." The proud father chuckled with the fresh recollection of his daughter's spirit. "I let Yoc go mission school too long. She get too smart. Now I poor! Heap broke! You take her."

Woo-Ho-Kee finished abruptly, as his greedy fingers gathered in the gold. It clinked in his grasp, and he smiled. "I go out—pay my damned debts," he grunted.

An instant later the door of the shop closed behind him. Hop was alone. The Celestial's transport was great. He could do nothing but walk the floor and listen for the slow-returning wheels of the mission school teacher's carriage.

At sundown he heard its glad rattle and witnessed the victorious return of Madam Woo-Ho-Kee and her green and yellow birdlings. All were duly excited, and the brown paper bags bulged out with promise. Then came Yoc, floating through the golden mist of early evening like a lotus bud upon a sacred stream. Heavenly flower! plucked at last!

Los Angeles Chinatown blazed with lanterns. Celestials ran hither and thither, discussing wildly the capture of great Peking. The foreign ministers were safe! The old Empress and the court had flown, and the Forbidden City had been ruthlessly entered by profane feet. The news was wonderful to contemplate. The great Boxers had not proved invulnerable to Mauser bullets. Awakened men of Chinatown wagged their sagacious pigtails with relief, noisily prophesying light for their stubborn old country. After a time the race would see

beyond its stupid, crumbling walls, and its dark, impassable mountains.

For Yoc and Hop the time was doubly memorable. Their nuptials had just been celebrated with suitable pomp, and now from behind a palm-trimmed balcony they eagerly discussed the stirring events of the past few weeks. Long golden earrings dangled from the bride's little ears. She shook them importantly before her progressive spouse. The pomegranate tinge was warm upon her cheek, and she spoke with new authority.

"You like you wife live these United States of America? More nice you wife not stay way back China?" She urged the questions with biased delight, while the velvet lids rose shyly. The lotus bud, now fully blown, gazed into her husband's eyes with slanting rapture. "I glad you wife die back Tien-Tsin. I play Pies-by-terian God all those days. My teacher say I ask, I get. I ask you wife go dead—she go. Now I heap glad I good Christian—sure pop." She finished triumphantly, with hands devoutly clasped.

Then the palm-bowered balcony grew dim, for the red lanterns were burned out. In the street below the clatter of Celestials had almost ceased, and the redemption of Hop Lee was fully accomplished.

#### WOMAN'S LOT IN PERSIA.

[Harper's Bazar:] Theoretically, she is about on the mental plane of the guinea-pen. From all part or lot in the interests of the thinking, acting world she is traditionally disqualified. Her spirit is attuned by immemorial inheritance to monotony, which may be varied now and then by a sound beating from her husband. This she accepts as one does an unsalutary change in the weather. She is practically a prisoner, with not much to do and no company save that of her children and other "fractions" like herself. With these she is in most cases not on the best of terms, and if she tries to make away with the children of her rivals at a given opportunity, it is no whit more than they would do for hers. She is not supposed to have mental needs; she is not accounted a sufficiently important part of a Persian's establishment to have her health asked after by his friends, and to make such an inquiry is an unpardonable breach of decorum.

#### THE CRATER OF POPOCATEPETL.

[Harper's Weekly:] The crater itself is a marvel, and is well worth a hard journey to see. A huge and gloomy pit it is, its steep sides emitting sulphurous smoke and fumes, and its perpendicular walls descending, it is said, to a depth of 1500 feet. At the bottom is a small lake of emerald green, surrounded by volcanic rocks and deposits of sulphur. At the top there is a ledge of rock at the crater's edge, from which we made our observations of the crater and upon which we were photographed. I did not observe any difficulty in breathing or any noticeable increase of heart action, but several members of the party were panting painfully and were hardly able to speak. One of my comrades told me that he could feel his heart beat through his coat and sweater. The temperature was very cold, but it seemed to be modified somewhat by the natural warmth of the crater, and we were protected against the icy wind outside.

#### BENJAMIN HARRISON ON HONESTY.

[Extract from an essay written by the late Benjamin Harrison, at the age of 18, and published for the first time in the May issue of Success:] "I have been taught that honor was first of all things in this world; that it was the foundation of everything, from a man's character to his tombstone. I have been told that, if a man lives a strictly honest life, he will be led by unseen hands to the goal he strives to gain, and that, even if he should make no goal of recognition in his life, fate will bless him with a happiness that is greater than all riches. It seems to me that it would be an easy thing for a man to say, 'I am going to be honest,' even if he is not, and then live up to that doctrine. People may doubt his sincerity, at first, but the time will come when they will see that he meant to do all that he agreed to do, and he will receive their absolute trust and confidence, and his life, instead of being ruffled with abuse and disrespect, will be even and peaceful."

#### GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

In an interesting article on the "Trust Builders," in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for May, the author has a good story to tell of Charles H. Schwab, the new president of the billion-dollar trust.

It is said that at the time when Mr. Schwab was chief engineer at the Carnegie Works he received an offer of \$50,000 per year to go to England to take charge of a steel works. He refused this offer, but said nothing about it to Mr. Carnegie, who heard of it indirectly. Carnegie summoned Schwab to him and asked why he did not accept the position. Mr. Schwab replied frankly that it was not what he wanted, and in response to his employer's inquiry as to what he did want, replied that he hoped in time to become a partner in the Carnegie Works. This ambition was realized in 1896, when he was placed in supreme control of the company, with more than forty thousand men under him. Mr. Schwab is now a little past 40, and, in addition to the salary of \$100,000 per year, which he received from the Carnegie Company at the time of its absorption in the steel trust, he held an interest of \$15,000,000 in the concern. Among his subordinates were a dozen men who received from \$25,000 to \$50,000 a year.

"I am really afraid you hurt that actor's feelings," said Miss Cayenne.

"In what way?"

"You said he played his part very well. You know he is very sensitive, and by using the word 'part,' he may have thought you were trying to imply that he is not the whole show."—[Washington Star.]



## ON TRAIL OF YAQUIS.

### A NEWSPAPER MAN'S PERILOUS TRIP IN SONORA.

By a Special Contributor.

THERE is a popular notion, by no means confined to the imaginative youth of our land, that the doughty Indian fighter of the frontier is never so happy as when engaged in the active pursuit of his vocation. And from various random interviews I have from time to time held with representatives of his calling I have strong reason to suspect the idea as having originated from his own frequent carelessness in setting forth his theories as to supreme felicity. Now, it may or it may not be a mere assumption—this professed predilection for tempting the sort of fate that besets the warpath of the average North American red-skin—but, nevertheless, the several weeks I have just spent on the war trail of the Yaquis and the bits of unrecorded history that developed at intervals during my sojourn in the death-ravaged region of Southeastern Sonora make me skeptical regarding all such pleasurable pretensions.

I readily admit the existence of that indefinable joy the patriot feels while striving for his country—likewise the fierce consuming ecstasy the din and carnage of battle infuses into man. I have seen whole armies swayed, intoxicated, by just such impulses. But these are elements of a distinctly different warfare from that of the ruthless ambushade which so largely comprises the tactics pursued by the crafty savage. And the man who can experience the least enjoyment in being constantly menaced with annihilation at the hands of an unseen foe or enthused while the one-sided process of extermination is being enacted was verily created to that purpose.

It was on the third morning after arriving at Torin, the chief military outpost in the hostile country, that I took the trail leading from the Rio Yaqui Basin into the fastness of the Sierra Bacatetes. In addition to my photographer, I was accompanied on the trip by a detail consisting of a lieutenant and five native scouts, assigned to me by the Mexican officer in command of the field forces. The specific destination of our little party was to a great extent indefinite, the object being to secure a general idea of the celebrated mountain district that has proved so great a barrier to the troops in their pursuit of the recreant Yaquis. Our armed escort, though small in number was considered sufficient to cope with any one of the average marauding bands of Indians that infest the mountains. Moreover, it had been explained to me before setting out on the expedition that, while there was absolutely no such thing as a safeguard to travelers in the district, the smaller and less conspicuous the party the less apt it was to get into trouble. Hence, as it was information and not trouble I was in quest of, I determined to be in every way as exclusive as the rather peculiar customs of the domain would admit of.

#### A Rugged Road to Travel.

From the very outstart our route led us into a region of indescribable ruggedness, added to which the mountains were literally woven about with jungles of chaparral and cactus. Through this thorny, bristling mass our trail wound its tortuous way, at one interval leading to the summit of a towering mountain crest, the next plunging into the depths of a furnace-like cañon; and every foot of the wearisome way was either paved or walled in with sun-baked rock, from the crevices of which a sharp whirr-r-r would frequently warn us of the too-close proximity of the deadly rattler, that, together with the scarcely less dreaded centiped and virulent scorpion, dispute with warring mankind the right of dominion over the execrable region.

It is over such trails and through such districts as these that the Mexican soldiers are compelled to pursue the relentless Yaqui foe that for more than three centuries has waged an almost unrelenting warfare against civilization. The lieutenant in command of our escort proved a most versatile historian.

The first war with the Yaquis, he declared, dates back to the beginning of the sixteenth century, at which period Coronado invaded their haunts, which then extended from Durango, in the south, throughout the entire northwestern part of Mexico, and all that portion of the United States as far north as Colorado. The peaceful purport of their remote expedition, however, is attested by the ruined churches, which are yet to be found in various parts of the Yaqui country, the origin of which is traced to the Jesuit fathers who had enlisted in the enterprise. Beside one of these ancient piles was found two immense bronze bells, supported by a rude scaffolding, and bearing the inscription in raised characters, "San Augustine, Año 792," showing the relics to have been cast for some church in Spain during the eighth century. Despite the benevolent attitude of Coronado and his followers, the Yaquis regarded their coming as trespass and met them with the most violent opposition. Although the strength of the tribe was at that period estimated at 350,000 members, the superior arms of the invaders prevailed, and in one year the Yaquis lost over 20,000 of their people. Ever since that disastrous epoch in their history the Indians have cherished the most bitter hatred for the Spaniards and their Mexican descendants, and the traditions of their tribe have prompted them to maintain a perpetually hostile attitude toward the civilization the latter have endeavored to introduce among them.

#### Rapidly Diminishing Numbers.

The continual warfare they have from the beginning maintained has by degrees resulted in an appalling decimation to their ranks. In the early part of the last century their numbers had decreased to less than 37,000, while today, throughout the entire northwestern section

of Mexico there remains not more than 15,000 of the once powerful tribe. A large percentage of this number are as peaceable as a strong sympathy with the bitterly hostile minority of the tribe will admit of. This minority, on the other hand, has a way of fluctuating, according to the supply of provisions and ammunition on hand in the mountain rendezvous. These essentials, moreover, are to a great extent surreptitiously furnished by the previously mentioned "peaceable" element of the savage fraternity. It has long been the custom among the Yaquis to instruct the boys of the tribe in the arts of barbaric warfare from their early infancy. Hence, at the age of fourteen a youth is rarely found who is not familiar with every weapon and species of cunning known to their craft. The first ambition of every Yaqui strippling is to possess a Winchester rifle—the standard arm employed by their warlike sires. To acquire this he will toil incessantly in the field at twelve centavos per day, putting by his money and subsisting upon scant rations of cornmeal, made into an unpalatable but nutritive concoction known among the Indians as "pinole," until he has accumulated the price of the coveted weapon. In the more recent wars the Yaquis numbered among their ranks many youths of this early age. Once in possession of a rifle, which he will contrive to purchase from some one of the many American prospectors always to be found in the region, the lad will hasten to join the hostiles in their wilderness retreat.

Nor are the fighting forces recruited only from among the men and boys. On various occasions no less than thirty Yaqui women in men's attire have been discovered among the slain on the desert battlefields. Added to this, the women are oftentimes entirely depended upon for ammunition, which they procure in the various towns and secretly convey to the warriors in their mountain strongholds.

#### Women and Children as Hostages.

For such reasons the Mexican government has found it necessary to make prisoners of every Yaqui woman and child found in the hostile district. Some of these have been sent away to schools and charitable institutions in the interior cities of the republic, while at every post in the Yaqui country numbers of these captives are being held during the continuance of hostilities. The boys, by reason of their natural instinct for war, are being trained as cadets for the Mexican army, while the women will be returned to their warrior husbands if the latter ever voluntarily come in and surrender. I say "voluntarily," for it is unlikely that any of them will ever become captives under any other conditions. It is no longer the policy of the Mexican troops to make prisoners of the Yaqui braves. They have tried that repeatedly, but without success, for as soon as released they invariably resume their bloody work on the rural highways.

That the Indians bitterly resent the action of the soldiers in making hostages of their women is evident from the way they lie in wait in the vicinity of such of their former mountain villages as have been discovered and laid waste by the Mexican troops, biding an opportunity to retaliate on any of their enemies who may chance to revisit the scene. A circumstance of this character came preciously near costing our photographer his life while our party was bivouacked in the heart of the Bacatetes. Our camp had been pitched in the immediate vicinity of a village that two weeks previously had been raided and burned by a detachment from Torin. Desiring to make a picture of the spot, the camera man ascended a little knoll hard by and, setting up his instrument, proceeded to train it on the devastated rancheria. With head enveloped in the folds of his black mantle, he was in the act of focusing his lens, when a sharp, spiteful crack emanated from none of us knew what point in the miles of environing jungle, and the glass plate immediately before the venturesome operator's nose was shivered into atoms. The result was in no wise due to defective marksmanship on the part of the Yaqui sharpshooter. He was merely a trifle off in his calculations as to just how much of that remarkable veiled contrivance was human—that was all. After the camera man had somewhat hastily evacuated his commanding position on the hill our escort proceeded to beat about through the chaparral in search of the offending savage, but not so much as a sign of his back trail could they discover. It is said that a Yaqui has such implicit confidence in the accuracy of his aim that he never pauses to note the effect of a shot, but immediately after delivering it devotes his entire attention to getting away from the vicinity in the briefest time possible. He takes absolutely no chances on the report of his rifle being heard by a Mexican patrol and the likelihood of an early pursuit.

#### Who is Their Leader?

One of the hardest enigmas of the present war is the question as to the identity of the chief who is directing the hostile Indians. The personality of three of the war chiefs has long been known, but the question as to the supreme leadership is a profound mystery. Repeated efforts have been made to induce the semi-peaceable Yaquis to secure and disclose this information, but without success. This reticence, coupled with other suspicious circumstances, has led various officers of long service in the Yaqui country to believe that old Tetabiate, the famous chief who formerly ruled the tribe for so many years, and who was reported killed at the commencement of the present war, is still alive and in control of the marauding factions. If true, this will by no means be the only time this Tetabiate has returned from an alleged sojourn in the happy scalping grounds. The old military records on this section of Mexico's frontier are simply lurid with wild reports of the crafty old chieftain's violent demise. Moreover, the report that Col. Pinado, a noted Indian fighter who is now in a military hospital suffering from wounds received in one of the battles of this war, is a believer in Tetabiate's rumored resurrection lends no small color to the theory. There are, perhaps, no two characters in all the history

of the Yaqui wars more conspicuous than Col. Pinado and Chief Tetabiate. And against the volumes that might be written concerning the atrocities of the latter, individual one little incident related to me by the lieutenant of our escort, in which Pinado and the chief were the principal actors, I will always remember to the Yaquis' credit. Here is the narrative:

#### Brave Col. Pinado.

In one of the many forays of 1896 and 1897 a young Yaqui warrior was wounded and captured. Instead of ordering him shot, Col. Pinado, then in command of the Mexican field forces, directed that he should have the kindest treatment. When the Indian recovered, Col. Pinado set him free and asked him to bear a message to Chief Tetabiate, the Yaqui leader. In this message the colonel proposed a conference to terminate the long war. Tetabiate, however, returned word that the fate of a former chief, Cajemi, who was alleged to have been hanged down from the mountains by a certain priest, on a similar pretext, only to meet a swift death at the hands of the troops, was too fresh in his memory, and he, therefore, declined leaving his defenses to meet the Mexican officer in conference. He, moreover, stated bluntly that if Col. Pinado wanted to see him he would have to come into the mountains, attended only by the Indian messenger. He concluded with his assurance of personal safety to the colonel, and promised that no attempt would be made to avenge the death of Cajemi by breaking faith, as he claimed the Mexican troops had done.

Under the peculiar circumstances, it took a man of unusual courage to accept Tetabiate's invitation. Col. Pinado was thoroughly familiar with the Yaqui character, and he realized how great a temptation it would be to the vindictive hostiles to make of him a scapegoat on which to appease their vengeance. His brother officers were all opposed to the perilous mission, but when the matter was reported to Gen. Torres, he declared that unless Pinado accepted the invitation he would go into the mountains himself to negotiate with the Yaqui chief. This decided the colonel, and, departing at once with his solitary guide, he set out for the Indian stronghold. After penetrating the mountains for several miles he came to a little valley where stood the Yaqui chief, surrounded by a dozen of his braves. After the fate of Cajemi the tribe had decreed that their chief should always be attended by not fewer than twelve warriors as a bodyguard. As he approached the group of Yaquis, Col. Pinado handed his rifle to one brave and his revolver to another. Then he held out his hand to Tetabiate. The chief took it, and, patting the colonel on the shoulder, said:

"Col. Pinado, I thought myself a brave man and a soldier; but by this act you have surpassed even a Yaqui's bravery."

Col. Pinado's mission proved entirely satisfactory to both the Yaquis and the Mexican government, and arrangements were made for the signing of the peace treaty at Ortiz, in May, 1897. JOSE-DE OLIVARES.

NOTE.—The pictures on page 17, illustrating this article, are from photographs taken by an artist from the studio of C. C. Pierce, Los Angeles.

#### A SLEEP-WALKER'S WONDERFUL FEAT.

[Dr. Osgood Mason in Ladies' Home Journal:] An interesting case of somnambulism is reported by M. Badaire, director of the Normal School at Blois, France. It is accredited by Dr. Dufay and printed in the proceedings of the Society of Psychological Research. Théophile Janicaud was a pupil at the Normal School, and in the month of July of his second year he commenced to walk in his sleep. On one occasion he got up in the night, determined to go fishing. His brother-in-law, M. Simonet, decided to accompany him, but before starting he succeeded in inducing him to alter his plans and go and visit a relative instead. Accordingly, this was done, Janicaud remaining fast asleep and undisturbed by the barking dogs or the fatigue of a long walk. Finally, he was ready to return, and on the way, coming to a narrow and dangerous path close to the river, his brother-in-law cautioned him to go carefully in the darkness. Janicaud, with some scorn, declared that he could see the better of the two, and to prove it asked Simonet if he could see the match under his foot. Simonet felt under his foot, and sure enough there was the match. It was a dark night, and besides Janicaud was some thirty feet ahead of him and had his night-cap drawn closely over his face.

#### A GRANDMOTHER'S RULES.

[Presbyterian Record:] Somebody's grandmother has bequeathed to her descendants these admirable rules of conduct:

Always look at the person to whom you speak. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Speak your words plainly; do not mutter or mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

Do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

Think three times before you speak once.

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do? Do the hard thing first and get it over with. If you have done wrong, go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterward. Do first the thing you don't like to do, and then, with a clear conscience, try the rest.

#### THOUGHT THEY MIGHT BE BUNCHED.

A story is told of an Illinois attorney who argued to the court one after another of a series of very weak points, none of which seemed to the court to have any merit, until the court finally said: "Mr. —, do you think there is anything in these points?" to which the attorney answered: "Well, judge, perhaps there isn't much in any one of them alone, but I didn't know but your honor would kind of bunch 'em."—[Case and Comment.]



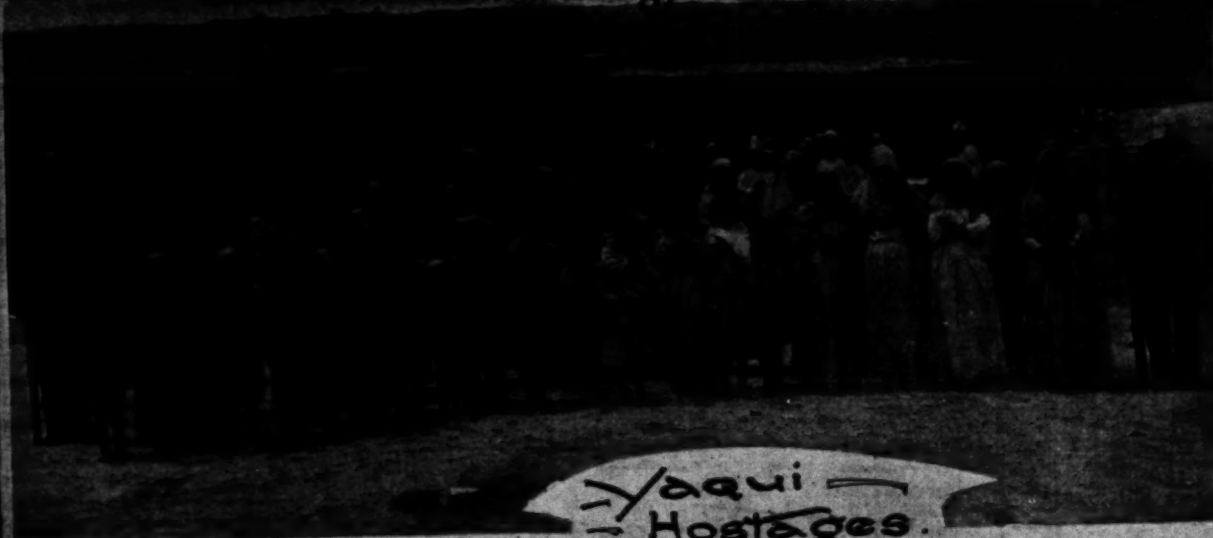
# Mexican Troops and Yaqui Indians.



Mexican Cavalry At Oroti.



Mexican Officers Serving In The Hostile Country



Yaqui Hostages.



Col. Reynada, & The Yaqui Powder Makers



## THE PHOTO MICROBE.

A GERM THAT THRIVES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CLIMATE.

By a Special Contributor.

THIS photographic microbe will flourish in any climate, but Southern California seems particularly adapted to its growth. The conditions here are also very favorable to the dissemination and multiplication of this fatal germ. Day after day of brilliant sunshine, mild air and varied scenery cause tourists, who have hitherto considered themselves immune, to speedily succumb, while the native is a ready victim, his love for the Golden State and loyalty to her mountains, forests and wave-carressed shores rendering him exceedingly susceptible to the insidious inroads of this prevalent disease. So far the scientists have failed to find an antidote and the only preventive so far noted has been a change of climate. Even this fails at times, however, as has been noted in several instances among members of the Camera Club, for those who have been sent to the deserts of Arizona and New Mexico come jubilantly back bringing with them specimens of the *Crotilus horridus*, cacti and bleaching bones, all transferred from the desert sands to the film of the kodaker. Then they celebrate their return to California and the Club by making slides of these interesting objects with which to delight their fellow-members.

All efforts to stay the progress of this dread malady are worse than useless. The patient may be shut up in a dingy office for ten hours a day, still he finds time for pictures. If no better opportunity presents itself, he spends the noon hour in taking pictures of his associates in characteristic attitudes about the office, which are labelled "At Work," "Slavery in the Twentieth Century," etc., etc. Sunday he arises with the dawn, and mounting his wheel or boarding the first electric car hies him "Far from the Madding Crowd" where he finds composition in stones, studies in trees, views in the running brooks, and pictures in everything.

An occasional cure is reported, but the ex-kodaker is always looked upon with a certain pity not unmixed with suspicion by his former fellow-sufferers. Very rarely, this restoration to normal conditions is effected through a prolonged series of photographic failures, when, growing thoroughly discouraged and desperate, he sells his camera and retires from membership in the Club. In such cases, however, a second attack may be confidently looked for.

An overindulgence in photographic pastimes has been known to effect cures when all other means have failed. *Similia similibus curantur*, and it is now getting to be an accepted fact that encouragement in the photographic craze is the best prescription that can be given the patient, particularly if he be possessed of but moderate means, for when the purchase of plates, paper and films renders his pocketbook flat and empty he is perforce

posed to the contagion and contracted this ill, I will say: Do not start in with a film camera with fixed focus, commonly called a kodak. This press-the-button, leaving some one else to do the rest, proposition is a very poor one. Get a good camera. By this I do not necessarily mean the very latest 1901 machine, with all the latest improvements and expensive additions. While they are all very desirable and delightful they are not positively necessary to the making of a good picture. If economy is no object get the best that money can buy, but at any rate see that the lens is good and covers the plate fully. The most practical size to my mind, is the 4x5; thus after experimenting a good deal with the various sized cameras, from the small folding pocket kodak up to a



ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

5x7 which I carried for about a year, wearying myself and friends with the burdensome toy, only to find in many instances that the real picture I had secured was embraced within the compass of a 4x5 plate. All of the standard makes are good, but if you have a limited amount of cash to put into your picture box, put most of it into the lens itself. If you are a bicyclist, then choose the shape most easily handled on the wheel. On an all day's outing you will appreciate the 4x5 size and be glad that you did not let your enthusiasm lead you into purchasing a larger camera. Some prefer a small

camera when making the exposure, even though it is a snapshot. More pictures are spoiled by being out of focus or through moving the camera (as in the case with the hand camera) than in any other way.

In the selection of plates do not allow your desire to take pictures of the Owl train or a bicycle race cause you to purchase the quickest emulsion on the market. A medium fast plate will give much better results in most instances and is much less likely to fog, being less sensitive to the action of light. Better use a medium plate with a larger diaphragm than a very fast plate set down to an f-64 or smaller stop. Such minuteness of detail is seldom necessary in a picture unless taken for scientific purposes. The average landscape with or without figures, is generally more true to nature if you are unable to see every twig and leaf in a tree some distance away. Did you ever see a painting with trees showing such detail in the background or even in the middle foreground? The foliage is more usually represented in masses than otherwise, just as it appears to us when looking at it from a distance.

In starting out upon your photographic career, whatever you do, have some defined plan of action. Do not take a picture of everything you see just because you have a dozen plates along and 4x5 plates are cheap. No plate is cheap enough to waste on a picture which you do not really want. This advice is as good medicine for the old photographer as for the beginner. There are few amateurs (or even professionals I imagine) who cannot look over the negatives which have accumulated during the past twelve months and find several for which they have no use whatever.

In beginning the study of photography the amateur naturally attempts landscapes only, and this is wise. He is not yet fully acquainted with his camera and does not know its possibilities or realize its limitations. He is nervous when he gets ready to take his picture and there are so many things to remember that he "gets rattled" and forgets any one of them from withdrawing the slide to setting the shutter. In time these operations will all become mechanical and require no thought. After setting up the camera the diaphragm will naturally be opened and the proper focus secured, after which the stopping down and studying the proper time will follow, the shutter be set and the holder inserted. At the right moment the slide is withdrawn and the exposure made quietly, deliberately and in the natural order of things, but at the beginning it is quite different. Until all this has been acquired, however, he cannot give proper attention to the less mechanical and more artistic side of the process, and there is a great advantage in having a subject which will not move, get out of focus or otherwise spoil things while the beginner is struggling with his camera.

In this connection I would caution the amateur against a too-hurried setting up of the machine. See that the box is securely screwed on the tripod before beginning operations, for if it is a trifle loose it is bound to move when inserting the plate holder, if not before, thus resulting in quite a different picture than that seen on the ground glass when focusing. Also be sure that the tripod itself is properly set up, with one leg under the front of the camera, directly in a line with the lens. This will leave a clear space for the feet of the operator and avoid the danger of striking against the tripod leg and upsetting things generally just when everything has been properly adjusted and arranged for the picture.

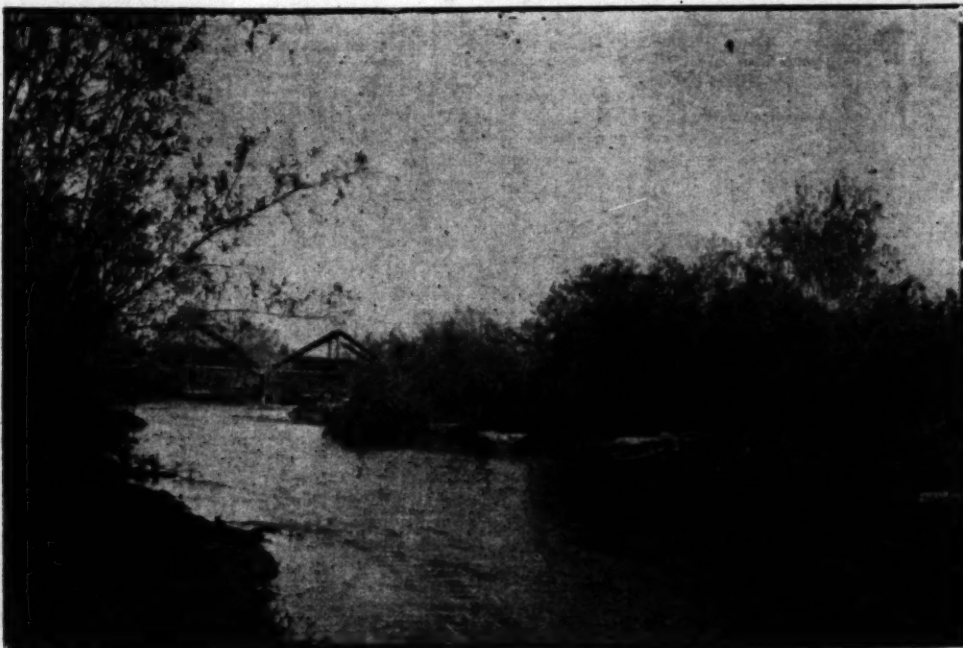
Supposing then the photographer concludes to confine himself for a time to landscapes only. Instead of wandering about and snap-shooting bits here and there, at random, why not make a plan and follow that carefully? For example select scenes made historical by early events in history of that particular section in which you live. The ruins of an old fort, or even the location where it once stood, one of the missions, the oldest building, etc., etc. These views, properly labeled, with a short description of each will make a much more valuable and interesting collection than a view here and there, taken at random. It might be the city parks which afford so many picturesque bits of scenery, and which would make a nice collection to send to friends in the East, and so on. The old missions themselves are most desirable, and photographs could be taken which would fill an entire photograph book and afford one many delightful moments in looking them over from time to time. The beautiful slides shown by Mr. Putnam at the recent Club meeting were well calculated to arouse a spirit of conquest in the mission line among those fortunate enough to see those artistic reproductions of old buildings about which so much of poetry and the spirit of self-sacrifice lingers. If the novice is so favored as to live near the sea shore he can secure a group of marine pictures which will be things of beauty and a joy to the taker always.

When this stage of the disease has been reached, easily recognized as the plate and paper consumption period, the patient will have no desire to be cured, having in the meantime turned physician himself to the wants of numerous negatives which he will have found in need of "doctoring." Wishing him long life in which to worry through all the other critical conditions attendant upon the fever photographic, we will leave him in the full enjoyment of a camerite's delirium and consequent "wasting away" of his hard-earned shekels.

HELEN L. DAVIE.

### BATHS OF THE CIRCUS HORSES.

[New York Sun:] Nobody need marvel at the fine coats of the circus horses, for unlike ordinary horses, each gets a bath every working day unless the weather is too cool. In cold days the soap and water bath all over is changed to a shampoo of the mane and tail only. Besides these daily baths the ring stock in the circus gets an extra weekly bath with a pipe-clay rub. This is to prevent the rosin, which is liberally sprinkled on their hips and backs on working days during the summer, from becoming clogged and matting the hair. The pipe-clay is rubbed dry into the hair and skin and then washed off with warm water and soap. The rosin leaves the coat with the pipe-clay. And nowhere is there a bathing feed like the circus horse after a short experience of this treatment, so the



LOS ANGELES RIVER IN WINTER.

obliged to bring his photographic experiments to a painful close.

After much time and thought spent on this subject I would recommend the following course of treatment to the unhappy one who feels the insidious attack of the photographic germ. Shut yourself up in the house these beautiful spring days. Look not upon the flowers when they are crimson in bloom. Take no trips into the glorious country and, first, last and all the time, give all camera fiends, and members of the Camera Club in particular, a wide berth. Associate with any of the latter for a few days or even talk with them for an hour or two, and the mischief is done. Exposure to the enthusiasm, the sight of prints, and talk of photo trips, will speedily develop an aggravated case.

I shall not prescribe change of scene and climate, for that cure would be far worse than the disease (though it might prove much cheaper in the end,) but will rather try the plan so much effected of late, and treat you along the line of mental suggestion.

In the first place, then, supposing you have been ex-

posed to the contagion and contracted this ill, I will say: Do not start in with a film camera with fixed focus, commonly called a kodak. This press-the-button, leaving some one else to do the rest, proposition is a very poor one. Get a good camera. By this I do not necessarily mean the very latest 1901 machine, with all the latest improvements and expensive additions. While they are all very desirable and delightful they are not positively necessary to the making of a good picture. If economy is no object get the best that money can buy, but at any rate see that the lens is good and covers the plate fully. The most practical size to my mind, is the 4x5; thus after experimenting a good deal with the various sized cameras, from the small folding pocket kodak up to a



## THE FIREBRAND.

BEING THE STUDY OF MOROSE, A  
PORTO RICAN PEON.

By a Special Contributor.

**E**VEN when Morose was a very diminutive brown baby, rolling about in the Porto Rican sunshine, there was an individuality about him—the kind that made native mothers warn their offspring to play on the side of the hill, where Morose was not. When he did not like the way things were progressing, Morose would fly at the nearest living body, and use his teeth, his nails, and all his hard points simultaneously. Very often the object of this individuality on the part of Morose, would be a little brown atom like himself—until the mothers learned and warned. So in the barrio of Espiritu Santo there was a recluse, aged 5 years.

One day, a little neighbor youngster crept into the domain of Morose and was greeted royally. The two engineered activities all through the long forenoon, and the visitor found that there was much fascination in the playing with fire. Toward midday the sun grew very hot, and the two baby boys became irritated and drowsy. The visitor resented the manner in which Morose laid out his coffee plantation. Gently but firmly it was pointed out to the visitor that his ideas were both puerile and impracticable; whereupon a very drowsy and cross little boy leaned over the labors of Morose and obliterated all with his hands.

The screams of the visitor were answered by two mothers, but the mother of Morose was last to appear; and she found a strange woman bending over her boy—beating and beating and tearing.

That was a terrible battle which followed, and long will it be remembered in the barrio of Espiritu Santo and the hills surrounding. Tigers must fight as those two women fought. The child who had played with fire, lay upon his back, screaming from the slight wounds which Morose had inflicted. The Firebrand himself sat very still upon the ground. He was naked, for his garments had been torn from him by the strange woman. Long gashes crossed and recrossed his bare body—these from the woman's nails. But Morose the Firebrand did not know. He was staring at the battle of the women—drinking the details into his very soul—while they would remain vivid all his days.

The strange woman was vanquished. No other end could have been possible, since her opponent had mothered the Firebrand. The beaten one crawled away, bearing her child with her. The mother of Morose carried him into the shack and washed his wounds and bound them, forgetting her own. And her unruly heart was filled with a passion of joy, when she saw that the Firebrand did not whimper in his great pain. The mother within her seized the thought and fed upon it that her son would be a great man some day.

When Morose was a boy of 12 his mother died, and a great change came over him. He was almost gentle. That year people very seldom called him the Firebrand. He did not live much in the shack where his mother had died. He did not like it. Far more he preferred to roam the mountains. His knowledge of the trails became a thing to marvel at. He lived upon coffee and fruits and cigarettes, therefore grew but little. He had the fleshless look of the peon type, but there was no weariness in him. His bare feet were as tough as the hoofs of a mountain goat, and he could run and leap and climb like one. Morose could scale a perpendicular cliff if there was a thimble of rock around which he might twist a finger.

One day he lay upon the stony edge of a mountain torrent. Far, far below in the valley, surrounded by coffee plantations and glittering in the sunlight was the barrio of Espiritu Santo, lying in fixed consciousness, as if posing for a picture. Far, far above a gray hawk circled and circled. Morose watched the hawk. With head craned downward, the bird swung nearer, until at last it grazed the cliffs above, and its black shadow crossed the body of Morose many times. Suddenly the hawk disappeared. The Porto Rican boy sprang to his feet and saw for the first time that there was a hole in the cliffs above. It was two hours before he peered into the orifice where the hawk had vanished, and he was bruised and cut from the bitter climb. He found an easier way afterward to reach the deep crevice in the rock. It was large enough for him to enter and stand or lie full length. The hawk and two fledglings screamed terrifically. Morose wrung their necks and threw the bodies down into the river, a hundred feet below. Then the Porto Rican boy sat down in his aerie to rest, satisfied because no man had ever been there before him since the world began—only the birds—satisfied because no man could reach him there.

In the barrio of Espiritu Santo they came to regard Morose as an uncanny thing. He never spoke save to one person—Señorita Angela, who lived a mile north of the town. This young maid admired him in a terrified fashion. When he was away, she avowed that she would never marry him, and yet when he came in the twilight—it was quite different. That voice of his, which other people never heard, was wonderfully low and ardent; and the mother had given Morose strange, beautiful eyes. There was a strength to his face which other Porto Rican boys lacked. When Señorita Angela talked to him in the evening, she felt his power. When he departed, the power went with him, and a reaction sometimes brought to her a feeling of hatred. Pride was also a factor in the game. Señorita Angela liked to have Morose pay court to her, because to all others he was ice and bitterness. . . . And so at the shack of Angela, and in the mountains close to high, silent nature, Morose grew to a man's age.

One day he saw a black colt in a field with its mother. He wooed the baby stallion with all the grace and art

which had so fascinated Angela. In a half hour the colt was his best friend. Morose seemed entranced. He stroked the shapely beast from hoof to ears—made love to the mother for the infant's sake. The heart within him was a riot of covetousness. His eyes snapped and tingled when the colt brushed his silky muzzle across his cheek. When at last he went away it was with hurried steps. He never paused until he reached the hacienda of the Spaniard who owned the fields and the horses. To the Spaniard, Morose said:

"I want that little black colt playing out there with its mother. How long must I work for you to own him?"

"A year," the Spaniard said.

"I will begin now," Morose replied.

And from that day he toiled in the fields. He learned how the cane yields the sugar and molasses—how molasses yields the rum—and how rum in the juice of an orange induces perfect sleep. He who had never worked before, did three days' toil each day; and when it was dark, he wooed the black stallion—molded the shapely beast under his hand. And so Morose, the silent, the strange had two altars.

Meanwhile great changes were taking place in the outer world. Great white men, called "Americanos" with mighty horses, landed at all the coast towns of the Island—Mayaguez, Arecibo, Aguadilla, Isabella, San Juan, Ponce. Finally a squad of white horsemen rode into the barrio of Espiritu Santo and stayed. But Morose heeded them not. He only toiled. So the months rolled by and the day approached which would bring its reward and end of labor. In many of those last days, the heart of Morose was desolate and full of forboding. It was Señorita Angela who caused this—her moods, her elusive heart. To her now, he was nothing but a common toiler like the others. Many times long ago she had been almost persuaded through the charm of his great eyes and the mystery of his vagabondage, but now.

The eve of the day came. Morose only paused a moment to caress the Black of that night. He was going to Angela to tell her, and make plans. His heart was not at rest. He had long lived close to nature and was susceptible to vague intuitions.

As Morose approached the open place where the shack of his sweetheart stood, he paused, listening to the words of a strange tongue. Then he crept stealthily to the open and looked. Señorita Angela was there and sitting beside her was a big white soldier, laughing and talking. Once the soldier tried to kiss Angela. She resisted just a little, but the Americano had his way. Morose watched until he saw the soldier's face plainly—until he would know the man again in darkness or daylight, from in front or behind. Then Morose went away and roamed among the cliffs all that night. The next morning he told the Spaniard that his year's work was ended; that he was going away and that he would take the Black with him.

He was told that he had been paid in full and ordered back to the fields. The Spaniard denied any knowledge of an agreement wherein he should part with the Black, the best colt on the island.

Thus it was that the two altars of Morose fell and were shattered.

He did not go back to the fields, but to his aerie in the cliffs. There he stayed for two days, thinking, thinking. In those two days, the Firebrand was born again. The third night he descended upon the hacienda and took everything which belonged to him, and many things which did not, including food, coffee, fruit and roses. In a few days more he had provisions enough to last for a month in his aerie. Morose now knew every crag and jetty to be encountered on the way to his nest, and he could reach it swiftly in the dark. There were but two emotions in his heart—furious hatred for all the world, and a heavy sorrow because the Black, his lover, could not be with him.

All day long he would lie in the heights, smoking cigarettes and watching the world with tragedies of hatred in his eyes. Many American horsemen passed by on the river bank below, but Morose never moved until the right one approached. That was a glorious morning. A great rock came thundering down from the heights, and a troop horse galloped back to the stables in Espiritu Santo with an empty saddle. Thus it was that Morose obtained a carbine, a six-shooter and considerable ammunition. When the other cavalymen came they found their fellow dead, almost naked—and all about rose the bare, silent cliffs. For a month Morose watched exultantly, while the troopers searched the cliffs and the gorges—for him. Then he went to the plantation in the dead of night, partly to get food, but mostly to see the Black, for whom the heart within him cried out. One of the Spaniard's stable boys made trouble for him. The next morning they found the body of the boy, and the Black was roaming the high trails at will, defying capture.

That day, the Spaniard and all his works and many natives from the barrio went out in the hills to shoot the Firebrand and watch him die. Morose watched them toil, among the cliffs, for he knew they would come. He smiled often. Toward midnight that night, the heavens above the barrio of Espiritu Santo took on a blood-red hue. Some of the searchers still in the heights thought that the town was burning, but they were wrong. It was only the big hacienda of the Spaniard. Just before dawn the Firebrand crawled into his aerie, and he drank much rum, for the crowning labor of his life was finished. And Señorita Angela returned from the fire to her lonely shack—alone. Fear, pride and stranger passions swayed her heart. She wondered if Morose would ever come for her.

One morning, three months later, the Firebrand lay in his aerie, drinking white rum and dreaming of dreams of blood and fire. His little stallion, the Black, came trotting up the bank of the torrent. Morose was about to whistle, but did not. A half mile behind the black were two cavalymen, leading their mounts, and trailing the native horse. The Firebrand smiled. He had had no fight for many days. They were only two. He swallowed a deep draught of rum, snatched his carbine and six-shooter, and made his way down the cliffs, signal-

ing to the Black. For a moment the Firebrand stood out boldly at the river's edge, twining his fingers in the mane of his mount. The cavalymen saw him, fired three shots in quick succession and gave chase. The Black led them a magnificent race.

At the sound of those three shots, the barrig of Espiritu Santo emptied like an over-urged dish of water. The world knew that the Firebrand had been sighted. Meanwhile the big American horses thundered behind the black—five instead of two, and the troopers were firing at him. Morose led them in a circle, guiding his mount with his hand. Often he turned about and fired. The soldiers say he had a smile upon his face.

The Firebrand turned the Black's head toward the aerie. The troopers cut across and ran in the swerve. Morose was struck once—twice. In front of him were a bunch of natives with guns. He went through them firing his six-shooter. He was struck again—and yet again. The Black was wounded and ran weakly. . . . The Black dropped. Morose was fifty yards from his home cliff. He ran like a beast, part of the way on all-fours, and dropped over the side. When the pursuers came they saw a dark, bare arm, protruding from the face of the cliff. It did not move, though the natives pierced it with bullets. Behind, the little Black lay where he had dropped. . . . Such was the greatness of which the mother dreamed—the greatness of Morose, the Firebrand.

That night Señorita Angela, in her lonely shack, lay sobbing in the dark. WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.

## THOUSANDS FOR CARNATIONS.

ONE ITEM OF NEW YORK'S BILL FOR FLOWERS  
DURING EASTER WEEK.

[New York Sun:] "A carnation mania has taken hold of flower buyers," said the proprietor of a retail flower store on upper Broadway. "At a conservative estimate it required 500,000 carnations to supply the demand in New York City during Easter week. These flowers sold from 35 and 50 cents a dozen for the inferior kinds, to \$5 and \$6 a dozen for choice varieties. At least \$75,000 was spent by New Yorkers to satisfy their liking for these flowers."

"There is a great deal of sense in this mania, too. The carnation, as now grown, is one of the most beautiful of flowers. The blooms are large. Half a dozen of the best flowers make a respectable showing, and a dozen assorted varieties in a pretty vase will completely satisfy the tastes of the most exacting. The flowers are from two and a half to three and a half inches in diameter. Then the growers have succeeded in developing magnificent long, stout stems."

"The carnation appears in almost every tint known in flowers except blue. Thus far the carnation, like the rose, has defied the efforts of the growers to produce a blue. Out in California one or two men have secured a distinct shade of mauve. We don't have many of these here, though. They are too expensive to handle. The growers here say they can't grow this California variety up to color. They don't have a California sun, and in the eastern-grown flower the color shades off into various tints of purple. If anyone should grow it he certainly would have a fortune."

"The tints we have now are the distraction of artists. Every once in a while we have an artist come in and get some of the finer varieties to take to his studio and try to reproduce the tints. In almost every instance they give up the effort. The pigments are not capable of reproducing the delicate tints."

"The pure, distinct colors are the most attractive and the best sellers, though there is a growing demand for the fancy or variegated varieties. The average buyer never stops to analyze the reason for this preference, but I think the pure colors act as a tonic and are more restful, while the variegated varieties produce more of wonder and surprise. We find the fancy carnations which produce some pleasing sensations more successful sellers than those which are startling."

"What establishes the popularity of a flower? Well, you can't answer that question. Every year we have growers bringing in their new varieties. Of course, the experts get hold of them and point out their defects and merits. But the grower doesn't care for their opinion one way or the other from a commercial standpoint."

"The grower sends a good shipment of his new flowers to us. We put it on exhibition, in our stores. The flower may remain there for days, and no notice is taken of it. Suddenly it begins to sell, and then there is a demand for it. We can't supply the flowers fast enough. The grower who has developed the flower has a money-maker. He pushes his propagating plant, and all his fellow-growers buy from him. Then all the retail men handle the flower, and it is a go."

"I know of one carnation that the experts pronounced a failure and it is one of the best sellers we have today. On the other hand, we may exhibit a flower here that the experts say is perfect, yet after repeated trials the public won't buy it. The buying public either makes or kills a flower; but why it chooses one and refuses another, no one can tell. And a most peculiar fact is that advertising cuts no figure whatever in popularizing a flower."

"Another cause for the popularity of the carnation is that the cost is so reasonable for even the best varieties that they come within the reach of a larger class of buyers than roses and orchids. And this middle class, so to speak, consisting of neither the very rich nor the very poor, are the most extensive buyers of flowers. That is what makes our profits large on the carnation side. Then its lasting qualities are very important. You can keep a carnation fresh and beautiful for over a week. You can't do that with roses."

## FEMININE IGNORANCE.

Pa: Johnny, your mother says you came home today with wet feet and she wants to know how it was possible for you to get them wet when the sidewalks are all so dry?

Johnny: It's funny how ignorant women are about such things, ain't it, pa?—[Boston Transcript]



## THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

### A New Cottage, Bungalow Style.

M. G., LOS ANGELES, writes: "I have read with great pleasure your interesting and instructive articles, and I ask as a favor that you give me some artistic ideas as to the decorating and furnishing of our new cottage. Inclosed you will find a rough sketch of the downstairs. How shall I make it attractive? The ceilings are coved, nine feet high, wood-work yellow pine. What color shall I have the walls? I had thought of mulberry red for dining-room, but am afraid it would not go with the brick fireplace and mantel. Want bedroom blue and yellow. The window in parlor on west side is a piano window; there are also two of these in the hall. How shall I curtain my different windows? I thought of Battenburg curtains for parlor. I have a pair of fish-net curtains. What shall I do with them? The arch from hall to parlor, as you will observe, has pillars at each side, and I suppose will need no drapery. I have a pretty pair of old-rose portieres; where can I use them? Then another thing, and a very important one, is carpets. The floor in the hall is polished oak and will not need more than a small rug. In the parlor I would like a moquette or Axminster Brussels, with border, and in dining-room tapestry Brussels. What colors shall I get? Now, last of all, what shall I get in the way of additional furniture? We have only a few things. I want to get a few very nice pieces of furniture, but cannot afford to spend a very large amount. I have two oak rockers, a dark green corduroy music cabinet, a tall, Flemish oak pedestal, and a few oak dining chairs. I have a number of good pictures, black and gray; also fern stand filled with ferns. This latter I want in the dining-room bay window. What kind

walls and ceiling in hall done in a soft shade of old-rose, matching, of course, your portieres. Now carry the same color into parlor ceiling down to picture mold, and paper the side walls in the parlor with a white ground, having pink roses on it. There are flowered papers which suggest bedrooms, and others in which the arrangement is appropriate for reception rooms and parlors. The few handsome pieces that you buy of mahogany should be upholstered in old-rose. Your Morris chair should be cushioned with moss green velvet or corduroy, preferably the velours. A footstool or large hassock covered with the same green, should complete the effect of the Morris chair. Why not use your fish-net curtains here? Plain, thin silk, in green or old-rose, would look well against your leaded windows. A moquette carpet in green and pink would complete this room charmingly, and a blue and white Brussels rug would look well in yellow dining-room. I think I would have the bedroom walls pastel blue, using yellow accessories on the toilet stand, etc. Or perhaps you would like this room in white and yellow flowered paper, with a border of yellow roses over picture mold, against a sky-blue ceiling. I would hang my portieres in the arch between the parlor and the hall, even though the curtains may not be a necessity here. Furnish your hall with dark green and dark wood. This will tone down your old-rose or pink terra cotta walls and pine woodwork, and the effect will be cheerful and rich. Use a Battenburg lace scarf or mats on the buffet if you have one on the table in the dining-room. I have been so interested in your pretty little house that I am afraid I have given you too much space. A sword-fern will grow beautifully in any spot where the leaves are not brushed against and disturbed and, with the help of a little water poured on the top surface, every other day. The earth on top of the pot should never be allowed to become dried out, and yet soaking should be avoided. A small palm, if watered just enough, is also a satisfactory house plant.

### A Study in Red and Green.

A. D., Alhambra: Your carpet in the sitting-room is

ton pattern mahogany, consisting of a six-foot sideboard, china closet with the diamond-shaped glass in the doors and a two-piece table. This set, including the chairs, is inlaid with the white lines. We would expect to upholster the chairs to suit.

"At present we are using in our dining-room an 8x11 foot, antique Persian rug, the body color being a soft dull blue. Our house will be built in a good-sized yard, and, if possible, we want to have the French windows, looking out onto the lawn, which you have so often recommended for other houses.

"We expect to buy new furniture for the reception room and are especially anxious to have your ideas for this room. We have an unusually fine Polar bear rug, which we think might be used here, and we also have a table lamp with round glass bowl and shade, old-rose color, oxidized-silver mountings. We also have a 6x11 Keva rug, old-rose body, with a soft shade of blue, and some white in the figures, which we hardly know where to use.

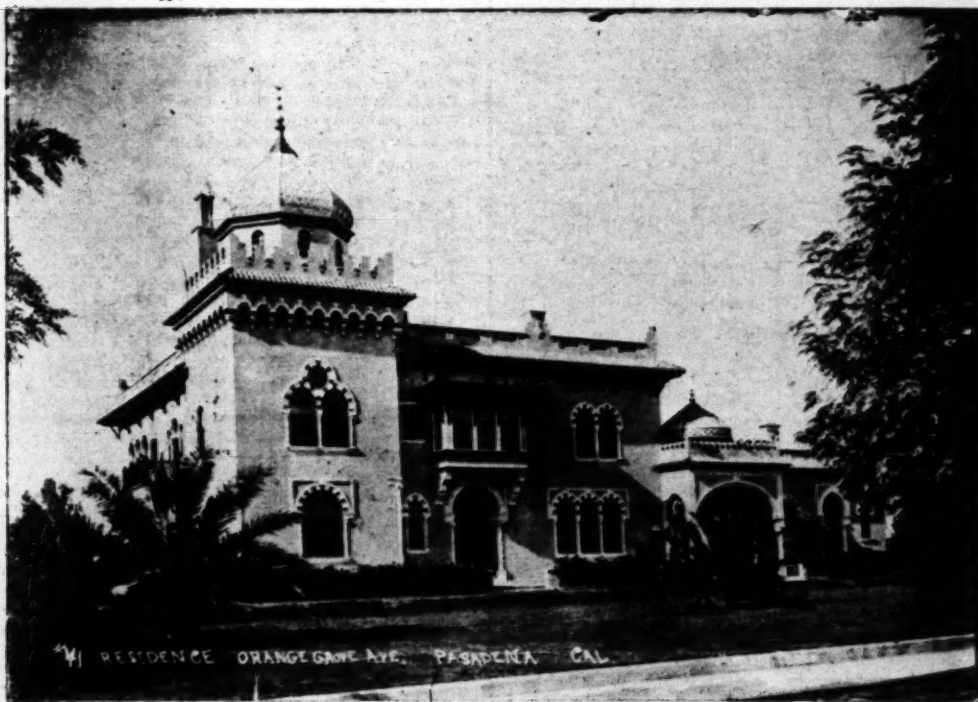
"In bric-a-brac, etc., we have two or three oriental drapes, several odd vases and jardinières. One of the drapes has a dull blue body color with an old-rose figure. It is an antique, and the colors are soft.

"One of the jardinières is an old Japanese piece, with a beautiful dull blue in the body which fades into a lighter shade at the top, and has a decoration of flags on one side in dark green and gold in the leaves, the flower being a whitish blue. This might be converted into a lamp, and a shade made for it to go with any of the rooms. We have also several small Persian and Indian rugs.

"We want to build this house at as low a figure as possible and would like to have your advice about the woodwork, how to finish the walls, etc., so as to get the best effect at the smallest cost. We would not care to put in the beamed ceiling shown in the sketch for the living-room on account of the extra expense.

"We read your page in The Times with a great deal of interest each week, and have decided that we cannot afford to go ahead with our house until we can get your ideas. Any information you can give will be greatly appreciated."

You have selected a most attractive design for your house, but may I not beg you in the beginning not to change the whole character of the house by omitting the beautiful cross beams on the ceiling in the living-room. These beams can be so made that they will be but a light addition to the expense of whole, and to leave them out will detract very much from the charm of the living-room. You have so much beautiful furniture and so many fine rugs all ready for furnishing, that you will not have to go to much expense in fitting up these lower rooms. If you stain the wainscoting Flemish oak in hall and living-room you would get a most beautiful effect by leaving the rough plaster on the ceiling (between beams or otherwise,) and having it washed a yellow tan in the hall, deepened to a strong orange in the living-room. This orange ceiling will preserve the brightness of this room in spite of dark wainscoting. Why not wainscot only five feet up and let the plain rich yellow walls reach from that to beamed ceiling? This treatment of walls will probably cost a little less than the original design and will also brighten the room. I would stain the railings and posts of stairway, but would leave the tread, or steps, in a light polished wood surface. Then if you wish to use a golden brown Brussels carpeting on them you would have a good effect, or they would be handsome without any covering. You know that many of the old colonial houses had the mahogany hand-rail with white painted steps. If you will recall the fact that many Canadian houses have stood for more than half a century, presenting their stuccoed surfaces to that bitter and changeable climate, I think you will feel safe to use this pretty finish for your house. Do not have it washed a dark gray. If you leave the natural gray of plaster with dark brown trimmings, you will have, I think, the prettiest result; or light gray with cream white trimmings is good. I recently saw in San Francisco a most beautiful house, built somewhat on the lines of your design, and the plaster walls were a soft, yet strong yellow, with dark brown roof and trimmings. In your hall you might use your fish net, draping it in front of the alcoved window under stairway. Your Flemish oak pieces, trackwood and brass should all show to great advantage in here. Keep the coloring in the living-room a dull or gobelin blue as much as possible, brightening it here and there with a bit of orange silk and some Chinese green. You mention wicker rockers stained dark. I would cushion one of these with orange-colored silk. If you buy a large rug to use under the mahogany table in the center of the room let dull blue predominate. Why not use your Persian rug in here and get something green for the dining-room? You could then have your Sheraton chairs upholstered with velvet or tapestry in cold green, which would be stunning. Your dining-room walls could be papered with green tapestry paper above the picture mold to a plain green ceiling and washed plain green over rough plaster on side walls. Undoubtedly your reception-room must be in delicate old-rose color, white and gold, all of your furnishings seem to call for it and you could have nothing prettier. Use your Keva rug in here on a polished floor, paint your woodwork ivory white. This room should be a distinct contrast in coloring to the other part of house. Put a beautiful plant in your Japanese jardiniere and use a carved India stool in reception room. I would drape the windows with old-rose satin brocade and fine white lace. If you cannot afford this, get some of the exquisite French cretonnes of delicate pink flowers in ivory white ground that are so fashionable now in drawing-rooms. Line these with plain pink saten and tie back with pink silk cord and tassels over white ruffled point d'esprit. Gold chairs are horribly expensive, but a pair of them or their substitutes are indispensable in a reception room. If you will find two light and graceful chairs and have them beautifully enameled in white and gold and upholstered with old-rose brocade you will find them handsome enough for use in here and a great addition to the few pieces of mahogany you will have to buy for this room. Curtain your dining-room with green linen taffeta over white muslin and your living room with dull blue, raw silk on one side of the window and yellow brocade, or thin silk on the other. I have myself tried this effect of hanging the blue and yellow curtains at diamond windows and it is delicious. If you are afraid of it, use plain blue and cream white net at these windows. A square of old-blue brocade will be handsome under the lamp on the center table. Bind it with gold galloon.



RESIDENCE OF DR. A. M. FENYES, PASADENA.

of a plant will grow well in hall or parlor? Where could I put a small bookcase? One thing I do want so much, and that is a Morris chair. Have a large Battenburg centerpiece for dining table. What shall I have on china closet, which is an open buffet built in alcove? Where shall I have a tea table? Our house is bungalow style. The style of architecture will, to a certain extent, demand a certain style of furnishing and must not be too expensive."

First, we will consider the color scheme for entire house. A mulberry red dining-room is an extremely attractive suggestion, but if your mantel is brick in natural color, we will have to consider something else. I see that the chamber which you wish to furnish in blue and yellow opens out of the dining-room. I would therefore suggest a daffodil yellow for the dining-room, and this same shade, combined with old blue, for the bedroom. If you have china to buy, get some of it in blue and white. It will be pretty to use in your yellow dining-room and buffet. I once saw a dining-room in this color with the blue and white plates exposed to view, and beside them a salad set of white with yellow flowers. The combination, offset with silver and sparkling cut-glass, was beautiful. In order to draw your brick mantel into the scheme, set a blue and white glazer jar, bowl, or Chinese jardiniere, on one end of mantel. When you put yellow flowers in this you will realize why I wish you to use it. I would also advise one, or a pair, of old brass candlesticks on the mantel. You will have a very characteristic bungalow dining-room if you carry out carefully these suggestions. Curtain your bay window here with plain white organza muslin curtains, ruffled. I have bought them for \$1.25 a pair, ready-made. Catch them back just a graceful distance above the sill with white cords and tassels. Use two at the large central window and one on either side of the narrow side windows. I am afraid that two at each of these small windows would look a little crowded. Have side

wine color and tan. You wish to know what color on the walls would be pretty with this floor covering. I would suggest a cold green, as you say you are fond of this color. Use a crimson lamp shade and green cover for the small table. Have your old mahogany chairs upholstered with green velvet. It will wear forever and goes beautifully with mahogany. Substitute green or crimson silk or saten curtains for the blue denim on the bookcase. You can probably utilize these in the dining-room. Blue curtains are all right with green walls, but the red in the carpet will not look well with blue walls. Your dining-room could be blue and green and your living-room crimson and green. Or, have your dining-room all blue, walls and curtains, using white muslin next the window glass here.

### For a Chicago Home.

A. T. C., Chicago, sends a plan for a house, and asks for a color scheme for the lower floor, and asks whether the stucco called for in the plan and so largely used in Southern California, is practicable in Chicago climate. The writer says:

"In hall furniture we have a Flemish oak chest, mirror and a small table to match. We have one rug about 5x9 feet, having pretty, bright colors, which seems more suitable for the hall than other rugs. We also have a fish-net, two Indian bows, an old Moorish brass lamp, a brass urn and teakwood table, which we think we might use in the hall.

"We have the following furniture for the living-room: One old crotch mahogany table, with leaves which let down on either side, one mahogany colonial rocker, one large upholstered arm chair, covered with Klakken, two large wicker arm chairs, one wicker rocker with arms, and a small wicker settee, all stained dark. We also have two couches and a small hair-covered mahogany sofa.

"For the dining-room we have a fine old set of Shera-



## Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

## Mock Sun.

A CURIOUS natural phenomenon was observed in St. Gallen, Switzerland, on the morning of March 17. In the veiled and clouded sky the sun shone faintly. Over it was a half halo in faint rainbow colors. To the left and to the right, and over, were somewhat colored halos, and on both sides were seen two long streaks, coneshaped in form, drawn upward somewhat. A short curve in rainbow colors was closed with the upper mock sun, and the ends of the curve going upward. A little distance over the curve was another half halo in faint colors, and over this another curve, the most rich colored of all, with its ends drawn upward. The spectacle remained unchanged for a half hour.

The formation of these encircling halos is due to the refraction and reflection of the rays of light by the presence of minute snow crystals in the upper strata of the air, and they usually occur where cirrus or cirro-stratus clouds exist. The ice or snow crystals being hexagonal in form, sometimes produce a double refraction, and then the large and small halos are seen at the same time; and, reflection taking place from the surfaces of the crystals, additional halos, or parts of halos, are formed. At the points of intersection of the halo images of the sun appear. They are called parhelia, or mock suns, and are often accompanied with flaming tails.—(Philadelphia Record.)

## Giant Sons.

MRS. K. O. RAUF, who died in North Dakota recently, was the mother of four sons, who ranged in height from six feet to six feet six inches, and in weight from 350 to nearly 600 pounds. The aggregate weight of the four boys was a little short of 1400 pounds. Carl K. Rauf, who died a few years ago, attained a weight of nearly 600 pounds, while his brother Ole is well content to hold himself down to 350 pounds. Lars is able to tip the beam somewhere in the neighborhood of 250, and Chris is the feather weight of this remarkable quartet, being slightly lighter than Lars.—(St. Paul Dispatch Cincinnati Enquirer.)

## Goat's Banquet on Greenbacks.

THIRTEEN years ago Charles J. Allen, a farmer living near Ogden, Iowa, drove into town, and while getting dinner tied his horse to a hay-rack wagon. The animals upset the wagon, throwing down a vest which the farmer had left hanging on the rack. Mr. Allen, hearing the noise, rushed out of the hotel, and, picking up his vest found that six \$5 bills that had been left in one of the pockets had disappeared. An innocent-looking goat stood near by, dreamily licking its jaws.

A passer-by, suspected of the theft, accused the goat and offered to pay for the animal if the missing bills were not found in its stomach. The goat was killed, and the currency was found where the suspected man said it would be. This was the last heard of the matter until this week, when William F. Gardiner, of the War Department, received a package from his father-in-law, who is a Justice of the Peace at Ogden, containing the mutilated currency.

The lump of dried, hard pulp was taken to the Treasury Department, and the experts patiently patted enough of the bills on separate sheets to show that six \$5 bills had been destroyed. Under the rules these have been returned to the owner for an affidavit that the fragments are all that remain and the facts as to the goat's dinner, and upon its receipt new bills will be issued. Mr. Allen will lose only thirteen year's interest on his money.—(Washington Dispatch Philadelphia North American.)

## Mumps Saved Him.

A WILLIAMSTON young man was arrested for larceny from a store. While waiting in jail for his trial he developed a case of mumps. Today he was brought into court for trial. The attorneys were afraid of him, the Justice didn't care to associate with him and six men could not be secured who would sit as jurors in the case. The young man demanded an immediate trial, and under the Constitution he was entitled to it. Finally it was decided to turn the prisoner over to the health officer, but that individual was sick. At last it was agreed to let him go home and the prosecution was dropped.—(Lansing (Mich.) Correspondence Detroit Free Press.)

## A Ship Full of Taffy.

THE Charing Cross, from Rosario, Argentine Republic, recently landed at the docks here with the strangest cargo ever carried. She started out originally with 31,000 bags of sugar and 8000 bags of linseed. The vessel, however, was mysteriously converted into a candy factory when at sea, and nobody knew anything at all about it.

Her cargo was stowed away in four different holds of the ship, and the work of unloading commenced on the day following her arrival. The ship and dock hands rapidly cleared the first, second and fourth holds without experiencing any difficulty, but when they came to unload No. 3 they found that the sugar there had become one solid block of a dark brown substance—12,000 bags, equal to 1000 tons of sugar, had been converted into taffy. The mass was as hard as marble, and it was found impossible to unload it in the usual way. The hard substance was firmly attached to the sides of the vessel and had encompassed everything else in its grip, so nothing could be done but dig the stuff out. A body of forty men, using picks and shovels, was employed in breaking up the taffy berg in the hold of the

ship, and after 35 days' labor the men at length succeeded in clearing away the last bit of taffy.

It had taken eight men only nine days to unload the other three hatchways, containing the major balance of the cargo, the minimum rate at which a shipload of sugar can be discharged being fifty tons per day per eight men. But the combined efforts of forty men engaged in clearing out the taffy pit in the ship's hold could not turn out more than five tons a day.

The determination of the congealed mass to resist the onslaught of the forty men resulted in the breaking of about one ton of iron tools of all sorts, including wedges measuring three feet long, which got twisted and bent like so many limp wax candles; pickaxes, whose points got flattened out; chains, the strong iron links of which snapped in two; great iron bolts that got splintered like clothes pegs, and huge crowbars that got bent like hair pins. If those 12,000 bags of sugar had not got converted by a mysterious agency into taffy their removal from the ship would have cost only \$165, but in the present instance the cost of digging out the hardened stuff cost \$2350.

The sugar market has lost 12,000 bags of "fly fancy," as sugar is called at the docks, but confectioners and breweries have bought the taffy, giving \$35 a ton for it, or less than half its original value. Altogether the making of that thousand tons of taffy means a loss of \$5000 in the aggregate, but the ship has become famous, for the Charing Cross is now referred to as the "taffy ship."

The cause of the transformation cannot be discovered. The sugar was loaded in tropical weather, and those particular bags which went wrong must have contained sugar which was in an abnormally moist condition. The hold in which it was stored is just abaft the engine room, and subject to great heat. The subsequent change of temperature, from torrid to frigid latitudes, helped to solidify the mass.—(London Correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.)

## New Use for the 'Phone.

THE manifold uses to which the telephone may be put are well illustrated in the domestic arrangements of a prominent young lawyer. He is the unhappy father of two boys, aged four and six years, who could give Helen's babies of revered memory cards and spades and beat them at their own game. The mother has reached the stage where she can no longer do anything with them; but for their father they have a profound respect, not unmingled with awe.

"When your father comes home you shall have a good whipping," has been an expression of almost daily occurrence.

This state of affairs, however, was not very pleasant for the father, who felt a hesitancy about punishing the youngsters for their misdeeds during his absence. Finally the mother hit upon another plan, which is now in active operation. There is a telephone in the house, and when one of the boys becomes obstreperous he is marched to the 'phone. The father is called up at his office, the offense is explained, and the youngster receives a reprimand over the wire, the receiver being held to his ear. The boys recognize the stern voice and the mystery of it all strikes terror to their hearts.—(Philadelphia Record.)

## Records His Final Speech.

WILLIAM H. CRAMPTON, known as the "Preaching Policeman," has spent the last few days at his home, 426 Thirteenth street, Brooklyn, recounting, before a phonograph, his eventful life as sailor, soldier, clergyman and member of the police force. These will be the last words the man will ever speak. Tomorrow, in the Seneca hospital, he will have his tongue cut out because of a cancerous growth.

Dr. L. S. Pilcher, who is to perform the operation, told Crampton that the tongue must come out to save his life, and he consented to the operation.

After the tongue has been taken out, if he survives the operation, Crampton will continue his business of lecturing. Of course, he will be unable to speak a word, but the numerous phonograph cylinders which he has used up the last few days will speak for him.

Crampton's life has been interesting, telling a story of perils innumerable, and of desperate ventures in all parts of the world. His wife died a year ago from internal cancer.—(Chicago Record-Herald.)

## Paper Coffins.

"ONE of the latest things in paper," said a dealer, "is coffins. The manufacturers are now prepared to turn out an article in the way of a coffin which meets all the requirements expected from a piece of furniture of that kind.

"The paper coffin has stood all the tests. It has been demonstrated to be waterproof, fireproof, acid proof—in fact, indestructible. In its cheapest form it is fifty per cent. cheaper than the plain pine boxes used for the potter's field interments, and it is fifty per cent. better.

"Then again very handsome paper coffins are made. You can make the prepared paper stock take any form you wish and adorn it with all varieties of mountings and ornamentation. An artistically treated paper coffin may be made to look like the finest rosewood or oaken casket.

"It was a Brooklyn physician who first conceived the idea of making coffins out of paper. In addition to being a physician this gentleman was a speculator. He made a good deal of money dickering in real estate in Brooklyn. With this he went up into the Adirondack

region to spend the rest of his days and tinker at chemistry, which was one of his hobbies.

"It was in that way that he got filled up with the paper coffin idea. Studying the paper stock in the mills up there he convinced himself that it could be so treated with chemicals that it would make capital coffin material. People laughed at him at first. They thought he was only throwing his money away with his experiments. But he knew what he was at and kept on at his work. The result was that he won out, and has made a lot of money. He has just sold his patents to a large manufacturing combination for a handsome sum of ready money and a royalty on every paper coffin made. It means a big fortune to him."—(New York Sun.)

## Jap's Skill With a Saw.

A JAPANESE carpenter at the exposition grounds the other day astonished the workmen of other nationalities by his skill with a saw. At a few minutes after the noon bell had rung a group of big brawny American, Scotch and Irish carpenters gathered near the Japanese Pavilion for lunch. One of the little Jap workmen was so busily engaged in finishing up a job of sawing through a heavy beam that he paid no attention to the bell. The group at luncheon watched him with much interest, and suddenly set up a howl of laughter as they heard the unmistakable screech of steel on steel, showing that the little man's saw had run against a spike.

The Jap paid no attention to the laughter and also no attention to the spike. He simply went on sawing, and a few minutes later the beam fell to the ground in two pieces. The men immediately rushed to the spot to examine the cut and found that the spike had been cut through as cleanly as with a cold chisel.

They examined the foreigner's saw, found that not a tooth was broken, nor a bit of edge dulled, and then took off their hats and gave three rousing cheers for the nation that could bring forth a bit of metal like that saw, and the man with the skill to use it.—(Buffalo Dispatch New York Times.)

## A Coin's Queer History.

THERE is a proprietor of a popular café in a downtown cross street who guards as his chief treasure a worn and battered coin which was struck from the mint in 1869. The coin is only a 25 cent piece, but it is safe to say that \$25 could not buy it, and the reason why is this:

When the owner of the coin opened his café, shortly after the Civil War, he chose a good location, and this fact, coupled with his own vigorous personality, brought him a flourishing trade. His business grew so rapidly that another café was opened by a rival directly across the street. The newcomer announced that he was after a part of the trade in the neighborhood and that, what was more, he was going to get it. His attitude was distinctly defiant and the customers of the established café wagged their heads solemnly and said that trouble was brewing.

On the day that the new café was opened, a crowd of idlers filled the place and waited for something to happen. They were not disappointed, for in the middle of the morning in strolled the restaurateur from across the street, and, throwing a shining quarter on the bar, he asked his rival to have something to drink. So the men drank, while the crowd gaped and wondered who would strike the first blow. But no blows were struck. On the contrary, during the afternoon the owner of the new café took the same coin which his rival had used in the morning and, walking across the street, treated in turn.

The operation was repeated the next day, and every day for thirty years. Meantime the piece of money grew worn and old, and the two men grew worn and old, too. At last the proprietor of the newer café died and the other man was the chief mourner at his funeral, and when it was all over, he put the battered quarter in a safe place and vowed never to part with it this side of the line separating him from one who had been both his rival and his friend.—(New York Mail and Express.)

## A Rapid Romance.

A RECORD for quick courtship and speedy marriage was established today at Davis by the ceremony which united W. E. Utz, a travelling salesman, and Miss Dora E. Byrum, a farmer's daughter. Utz sold groceries to the village storekeeper this morning, where he chanced to meet Miss Byrum. This afternoon he wired the village maiden a proposal of marriage. A return message was favorable, and at 6 o'clock this evening the couple were married. The bride's father, who is wealthy, gave his assent.—(Laporte (Ind.) Dispatch Cincinnati Enquirer.)

## HELEN GOULD'S ONLY SPORT.

[Leslie's Weekly:] Bowling is about the only sport Miss Helen Gould cares about and, in order to be able to entertain bowling parties on a magnificent scale, she built a beautiful bowling alley at Lyndhurst, her country home at Irvington-on-Hudson. The building stands at some distance from her house, on the river's bank, and is perhaps the most complete establishment of its kind in the world. There is the regulation alley, which takes up the center of the building. At either end are round towers; on the first floor of each, opening from the alley, are reception rooms, delightfully cosy, with easy chairs, divans and huge fireplaces. A wide veranda on one side overlooks the tennis court; in summer a roof garden is a feature of the place, with awnings, growing plants and the most beautiful of views—a charming place for the cup of afternoon tea or a moonlight reverie.



# Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer.

## FICTION.

### California Heroes.

WHEN a collection of Bret Harte's stories is given to the public its readers must have something of the sensation of the philologist world, when Jacob Grimm gave out his first exemplification of the value and power of the comparative method in language. In his grammar of the Germanic dialect, each dialect was made to explain the history and character of all. To assemble and explain the whole body of linguistic phenomena and to account for the unity and the variety of manifested phases is not a work of deeper significance than to select from the chronicle of the incidental and unavoidable evils of life, from its petty deceits and shuffling superficialities those glowing lights of character which make the types of the Sierras discernible in the brotherhood of heroes.

No one can entirely escape acquiring in youth some hint of local dialect, some characteristic of grade, or personal idiosyncrasy, but the colloquialisms and dialectic currency are not the props on which Bret Harte has chiefly built his felicities of style.

Some of his heroes may be cramped and awkward in the use of language, but they have a quick, comprehensive, many-sided capacity for deeds, which have not time for any expression but action. Bret Harte's types include miners, sailors, vagabonds, Indians, Chinamen, and all sorts and conditions of men, but the Knights of Arthur's court are not more the anchor hold of the spirit of heroism than these types exhibited in California.

The book illustrates that the story of heroism has special laws and national traits, results of organization subtle and varying amid circumstances whose ideals must often be illusive. But whatever its phraseology and though its words may not be synonymous, there would be quick recognition of heroism in "Jimmy's Big Brother from California," who made the dying sister happy by impersonating her dead brother, and who became the loving guardian of the little brotherless "Jim." There would also be found the heroic in the watchman who slipped two homeless children into a room of the great house he was guarding and made them happy. There would be found a true knight in the man Brooks, who married "the widow of Santa Ana," and never told her that the great tall stone telling the virtues of her first husband covered the ashes of a highway robber. There is heroism in the dog who had led a miserable, sinking existence of taciturn peculiarity, but, in the defense of his master in a supreme moment, went back to his original nature and became the incarnation of savagery, a wolf. All of which proves that heroism is a word hard to define, but has been illustrated in this collection of tales. The descriptions of a country where the light is clearer, the air softer, and the skies bluer than in other lands is only incidental. Yet one cannot think of any of these typical stories without an impression of moon-haunted streams, the shadows of the arroyos, and the lights on the foothills. There is an intangible thread of mysticism and a strict verity in the pictures of life more piquant than its ordinary traditions. Bret Harte's clever stories cannot fail to widen human sympathy.

[Under the Redwoods. By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. Price, \$1.25. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Company, Los Angeles.]

### Light and Shadow.

The little blind boy's mother was told that her child had only a few years to live. In order to prolong his days, the child must be guarded from unhappiness. The mother lived in struggling poverty, but this knowledge she determined to keep from her boy. She made him believe himself a prince in the midst of a court. There he was surrounded by friends and conditions of beauty and luxury. While the sentiment is a little overdrawn the author has suggested that which might be accomplished for childhood, by keeping bright impressions in the foreground, and something of that spirit of Henri Frederic Amiel in which he said, "Self-government with tenderness—here you have the condition of all authority over children." The child who is led to think of the beautiful is already a prince and lives in his own castle. The story might profitably be circulated in the homes of unhappy children, that they may learn in the words of Danske Dandridge:

What the mind guesses  
Day after day,  
Through dim recesses  
Groping its way.  
What the stars show,  
Each unto each,  
What the moon answers  
In silver speech.  
What of joy reaches thee,  
What thy pain teaches thee,  
That do thou teach,  
Let thine inspiration  
Thy wisdom be,  
What all God's creation  
Calloeth to thee.

"Dolce," in this collection, is an international romance, which has a little of the Italian quality, but more of the debonair lightness captured from the French. The hero had carried with him the picture of a little Italian peasant girl, which had been his companion of dreams, and to whose shrine he had brought all his flowers of sentiment. A mystery hovers around the lovely countess, who had been kept in a convent. She wished to buy the picture. Led on by her winsome appreciation, the painter told her the history of the portrait. The interest of the story lies in the artist's alternating struggle be-

tween the thrall of the picture and the face of the countess. The reader guesses before the dénouement that the countess was the original of the picture.

The other stories of various types, humorous and pathetic, include "The Honorable Christmas Gift of Yoshida Aramitsu," in which the author has returned to Japan, the scene of his first literary triumph, "Mme. Butterfly."

The tales are examples of ease of narration and aptness of characterization.

[The Prince of Illusion. By John Luther Long. The Century Company, New York. Price, \$1.25.]

### An Academic Chronicle.

The reader of this tale will learn of the life at Berkeley, a fact which should recommend it to a loyal public throughout the State.

The theme is the struggle of the hero, who went to the university and worked his way through in the face of disadvantages.

The book illustrates the fact that the various communities of a country are like the mountains, with their primary, secondary, and tertiary strata of intellectual conditions. Just how California students develop in the exhilaration of the atmosphere of the summits cannot fail to be a matter of serious interest. For while the influence of home life leaves its potent impress on character, the new student unconsciously enters a world whose customs, laws and criteria colors all his after life. In all high-grade institutions he finds the factitious distinctions of wealth or birth become secondary to intellect, generosity and good manners. In the arena of earnest intellectual labor there is also the stimulus of good comradeship, the student is esteemed for what he is and not for what he possesses. It has been said that "You send your boy to the schoolmaster, but 'tis



BARRETT WENDELL.

the schoolboys who educate him!" This truth illustrates the fact that while systems and methods of teaching and the knowledge and skill of instructors are important, the formative influences are largely furnished by the incentives of sympathetic comradeship. This is especially true in the great coeducational institutions where the manners are softened, and refined taste stimulated by the presence of women.

The hero of this story, James Rawson, has a life of numerous typical college adventures; he passes through ordeals of humiliation, but finally reaches the reward of his efforts. The picture of quiet Miss Grey and the honors of class day are well drawn. The book is interesting, as affording also representative collegiate phrases which could but interest the folk-lore societies. One learns that the gallery was filled with California "rooters" and there was much "joshing" before the debate. The reader learns the Berkeley yell:

"Ha! Ha! Ha!  
Call-for-nia,  
U. C. Berkeley,  
Zip! Boom! Ah!"

The author is evidently familiar with tendencies of college life and has written a spirited story. The work is finely illustrated and bound in dark blue and gold. The illustrations and the frontispiece each present typical views of Berkeley. The clear type and print make the book specially attractive.

[For the Blue and Gold. A Tale of Life at the University of California. By Joy Lichtenstein. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. Price, \$1.50.]

### The Illuminated Picture.

Among those in attendance upon Queen Isabella, the consort of Charles VI, was a lovely young maid. Among the number who perceived her loveliness was a young nobleman who had just renounced all his estates to the church and become a monk. The face so haunted his fancy that the abbot noticed his restless melancholy and advised active labor. He therefore commenced the process of illuminating the gospel of St. John. The beautiful face of the maid, however, haunted his fancy. Secretly on a piece of vellum he completed a little miniature which served to keep alive his absorbing impres-

sion. The monk was destined to an early death. In his last moments he gave the portrait to a young Englishman who bent over him. The monk went to the Green Pardoner, who would know how the earthly love came to the heart which had been pledged to heavenly adoration. The Englishman was Henry Monmouth, Prince of Wales. The picture was destined to influence his future life.

Some new facts in the biography of the Prince are made plain, and some of the tales of the Prince's irregular life are corrected. The popularity of Henry V with the people, his coming to the throne in 1413, the taking of Harfleur in 1415, the defeat of the French at Agincourt, Henry's marriage to the French Princess Catherine are a part of the story.

The Beauforts, the Mortimers, the Staffords and the Nevills are the characterizations of this picture of medieval life, which, although it leads through the distant and unseen lands of romance, offers subjects for reflection and analysis in the independent judgment of history of the past. The novel is one to leave a strong and distinct impression upon the imagination.

[Every Inch a King. By Josephine Caroline Sawyer. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50. For sale by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles.]

### A Modern Hunt.

The author of this humorous extravaganza tells of a vacation journey, where the writer met an old acquaintance in "Theodore." They journeyed West, where they met the "woman with a hatchet," and killed five lions at a shot. There Theodore was captured and held for ransom, and finally escaped by riding to freedom on the back of a bear. Our honored Vice-President has the entertainment of knowing that when he goes hunting he takes the whole American public with him, and every man among them is ready to tag on his prowess as a hunter. The telegraph lines that followed the Vice-President's journey and told grotesque stories of spontaneous and prolific variety, are typified by these absurd exaggerations.

[The Adventures of Theodore. A Humorous Extravaganza, as Related by Jim Higgers to One of the Royal Writers. H. J. Smith-Devereaux Company, Chicago. For sale by Fowler Bros., Los Angeles.]

## RECENT CRITICISM.

Prof. Barrett Wendell's "A Literary History of America" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York,) is said to be the most noteworthy piece of work by which Harvard University has recently justified its existence to the world. The book is said to be interesting throughout, and to exhibit fairness in literary judgment. Prof. Barrett Wendell has the chair of English at Harvard University, of which institution he is a graduate. His scholarship has been shown in lectures and half a dozen books, the most noteworthy of which are "English Composition," "Life of Cotton Mather" and "Shakespeare and Elizabethan Literature." This "Literary History of America" is said to be hampered by partisan spirit against the anti-slavery movement, so widely justified by the humanitarian development of the age. The literary balance is said to be one of wise and clever observation.

Another important history of American literature is "An American Anthology," by E. C. Stedman (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) Mr. Stedman's critical acumen, it is asserted, has produced a good piece of work. This book was brought out during the holidays, it is stated, and is winning such popularity as was accorded to Mr. Stedman's "Victorian Anthology."

## BIOGRAPHY.

### A Soldier of the Cross.

The portrait of George McGregor, which accompanies this book, shows a man of noble face and presence. He was the son of the Rev. Malcolm McGregor, and was born in Scotland in 1864. His brief, far-reaching life furnishes one of the most delightful of biographies. It is stated that his earnest, appealing voice led the thoughts of many to the higher life. The record of beautiful years of consecrated service tells of a man of all-round adaptability.

With a well-stored mind the man had at the same time the power of making his knowledge luminous to others.

Ferintosh, where the boy was born, lies in Eastern Ross-shire, and is part of the beautiful peninsula between Cromarty and Beaulie-Firths. The place is said to be associated with much that is "memorable and precious" in the religious history of the Highlands. From this home, George McGregor, fitted for life at the University of Edinburgh, where the young Highlander gained high honors. The after years tell of missionary labors. In 1897 he paid his last visit to America. He said in regard to location, "The place where a man works is, after all, of little consequence." Having consecrated his life to the service of God, he had faith that his way would be directed. The noble work, which is written with dignity and the highest qualities of sympathy, can but have a charm for many readers. The book has already reached its fourth thousand.

[George H. C. McGregor, M.A. A Biography. By the Rev. Duncan Campbell McGregor, M.A., Wimbledon. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Fowler Bros., Los Angeles.]

## FRENCH DRAMA.

### Biography and Criticism.

"Le Cid" (1636) and "Le Menteur" (1613) placed Corneille in the front rank of dramatic writers. It is said that Cardinal Richelieu, when Corneille made his



and in tragedy, felt jealous of the success of "Le Cid," and ordered the recently-established Académie Française to write a critique of the play. But the heart of the public had been won and the play ushered in a new era.

Criticism asserted that the poet had striven so greatly to avoid Aristotle's far-famed three unities, "time, place and circumstance," that he had violated the rules of nature—a fault which has often been urged against French dramatic poets.

The play was founded on the old epic of the Castilian tongue.

Chimène, the heroine of the play, loves and is loved by Don Rodrigue, who was afterward known as the "Cid." The fathers of the two lovers became involved through their mutual ambition to become Governor of the Prince of Castile.

The office was given to the father of Don Rodrigue. Chimène de Gormas strikes the father of Don Rodrigue and, to avenge the insult, Don Rodrigue challenges Comte de Gormas and kills him in a duel. While he avenges the family honor, he has killed a great warrior and robbed Chimène of her father.

The struggle in the heart of the woman between her love of the Cid and her fidelity to her father is dramatized with most consummate skill. The imperious commands which call the daughter to subdue emotion as a religious principle and the course by which Le Cid expiates his too hasty blow is told, as the world knows, with the glow of imagery by which an heroic soul rises to majesty on the strength of despair.

The author of this interesting work said that Corneille was a plain man, and not picturesque. His contemporaries could hardly account for the sublimity of his work, when they knew the simplicity of his life. In his old age he was poor. One of his daughters, Marie, became the ancestress of Charlotte Corday, who killed Marat, and perished a few days later by the guillotine. "The girl of 25," says the author of this book, "played a rôle so impassioned and heroic that one may look in vain for its counterpart in the tragedies of her great ancestor."

This publication is one of a series by this author, who in this work has produced a finished piece of biography as identified with the drama, which is surpassed by few works of its kind in elegance of style and power of literary analysis.

[Cornellie. By Leon H. Vincent. Printed at the Riverside Press, Cambridge. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. Price, \$1. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Company, Los Angeles.]

#### ESSAYS.

##### A Review.

The prologue to this little book is a poem filled with sacred dreams of "Brotherhood," in which the writer says:

"Be equal, then, to serve the true;  
Be free in battling for the good.  
Enlarge thy sight to catch the view  
Of life's grand vision—Brotherhood!  
The promised land of all men's good  
Is brotherhood."

The author has written a review of Count Tolstoy's "Resurrection." He draws a line between the realism of the Russian author and that of the French school, as portrayed by Dumas fils, Paul de Kock, or Zola. Tolstoy's realism he thinks "awakens not the animal but the God in man." He repeats the story of the wrong done by Nekhludoff to the innocent Katuska Marlova, and tells the time of the man's awakening, when Katuska, although innocent of the crime of which she was accused, was sentenced to fifteen years of penal servitude in Siberia. The determination of the man to protect and defend this woman, and restore her to a normal condition of moral sense, and the resurrection of each nature through discipline and suffering is pointed out as the motive of the novel. The work which Nekhludoff did among the Siberian exiles and the benevolent spirit which he gained, and his broad outlook on the ultimate values of life, are told in this study of Tolstoy.

The miseries of the Siberian prisoners, which the Russian author depicted with that knowledge of underlying causes which differentiates history from romance, are pictured in this novel. The reviewer has shown a wide and vigorous grasp of the subject.

[The Message of Count Tolstoy's "Resurrection." A Review. By Axel E. Gibson. Ellis Printing Company, Portland, Or.]

#### ETHICAL.

##### Right and Wrong Motives.

The author of this book has, in a brochure of fifty pages, accompanied with a map, formulated a standard of ethics. The map has a kind of astronomical significance in which the virtues and the months of the year are symbolized. The ethical quality of the verse may be discovered from the following:

"In building our hopes to the things that are high,  
How often we are found telling a lie.  
The form of an object wherever was seen  
Behind it there always a motive has been.  
To put into action that which we can prove  
Is very essential the world for to move!"

The author has evidently hoped to benefit the world by this earnest presentation of these lofty themes. The book is written by a resident of this city, who has given his portrait in the frontispiece.

[Data for Judgment, Or a Standard of Ethics. By Ernest Samuel Webster, Los Angeles. Price, 20 cents.]

#### AGRICULTURE.

##### An Important Text Book.

This valuable work was reviewed in this magazine last week but by an accident the title and the name of the publisher were omitted. The work will have a special interest as the subject has been investigated by the

author with a new charm. The writer urges the importance of a wider agricultural enlightenment, and his clear style and forcible way of presenting the subject cannot but enlist popular interest.

The author, who is one of the faculty of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, calls attention to the amazing spectacle of great agricultural communities, which annually spend vast amounts for their schools and colleges, but receive no instruction in the science on which their life so largely depends.

The book is written in a simple and direct style, and is a specific addition to agricultural knowledge.

[Elements of Agriculture. By James Bolton McBryde, C.E. B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Va.]

#### NEW MAGAZINES.

Scribner's Magazine contains Kate Douglas Wiggin's initial number of "The Diary of a Goose Girl," in which the writer tells of outdoor life. John La Faye writes of "Passages from a Diary in the Pacific;" the present month is devoted to "Hawaii" and contains the author's illustrations. Thomas F. Millard writes of "General Christian Dewitt." "The Southern Mountaineer," by John Fox, Jr., is concluded in this number, which depicts a proud sensitive, hospitable, and kindly people. Walter A. Wysocki writes of life as he saw it "With Iowa Farmers." One of the noble poems of the number is "Brotherhood," by E. S. Martin. "Abschied" by Rosamond Marriot Watson is one of the tenderest of the pictures of the last "Vast Estrangement."

The Ladies Home Journal for May contains a sketch on "The Foremost Women Photographers of America," and a series of illustrations from photographs which show what American women have done with the camera. This period of love letter craze may lead to chronicles of the wooings of great men, for the further edification of the public. Calhoun's only letter to his fiancée is given in this issue, which is one of model reserve and sentiment. "The Brilliant Social Reign of Harriet Lane" by William Perrine is one of the numerous illustrated sketches of the number. A contribution of more than ordinary psychological impression is that by R. Osgood Mason, M. D., on "Some Remarkable Cases of Double Personality."

Current History in the April number treats of "The Chinese Negotiations, Cuban and Philippine Problems, Tariff War with Russia, Relations of England and Germany, The Hague Tribunal of Arbitration, The Riots in Spain, The Service of Missions, The New Star in Persus and Printing Without Ink." The illustrations and timely themes make the issue altogether admirable.

The initial number of Harper's Magazine for May is J. J. Benjamin Constant's "My Portraits," which is illustrated. Mary E. Wilkin's "The Portion of Labor," has brought little Ellen Brewster to consider the deep problems of wage earners. Esther B. Tiffany's "A Mate for Melinda" is a decidedly clever view of the woman question. Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way" has brought Rosalie new anxieties. The chapter of "The Wild Ride" in this story and the legend of the Kimash River—the river in the air is a remarkable picture of a man shadowed by a crime of which he was not guilty. "The Wild Mountain Tribes of Borneo" by Dr. H. M. Miller is a sketch of ethnological interest. The number is throughout bright and spirited with the usual installment of attractive illustrations.

The frontispiece of Harper's Weekly for April 20 illustrates "An Oklahoma Home Seeker," and can but add an interest to the record of Oklahoma's struggle for incorporation as the forty-ninth State. This issue also contains Hon. John Barrett's "Manchuria." The region is described as the richest of all Cathay and the focus of Peking diplomacy, and the cause of the predicted war between Russia and Japan. Manchuria in its variety of topography, its climate and resources is compared by the writer to California with its wonderful deserts and mountains.

The Forester contains a sketch of interest by Hon. A. G. Foster on "The Forest and Water Resources of Washington." The number is illustrated and contains sketches of practical interest by leading foresters. Among the contributors of the number are F. E. Olmsted, E. M. Griffith and others, in addition to "News Notes and Comments."

Collier's Weekly (April 20,) contains René Van Bergen's account of "Japan and Russia," "In Battle Array," Julian Ralph's "Exclusive News from London" and Charles H. Allen's informing sketch of "Porto Rico, as the Island of Today."

The St. Nicholas for May is a number of more than usual attraction. "How the Government Promotes Ingenuity," by Charles F. Benjamin is a contribution of value. George Ethelbert Walsh's "The New Popularity of the Carrier-Pigeon," is an illustrated article of value showing how the peace-loving bird has served armies in time of need. Cleveland Moffet's "Careers of Danger and Daring" tells of the mid-air miracles of bridge-building. Some delightful nonsense is furnished with the Chinese Mother-Goose Rhymes by Prof. Isaac Taylor, Headland of Peking University.

Physical Culture for May is devoted to the study of health, vitality, muscular development and general care of the body.

The Public Health Journal has investigated the subject of drink among American women. Mrs. Ella A. Boole considers that drunkenness is on the increase among fashionable leaders.

The May issue of the Delineator, in addition to showing eighty styles for the month devoted to ladies, girls, babies, men and boys, contains much else that will be of interest to women of education and taste. Among the interesting articles we can name Seasonable Dress Fabrics, the making of Wash Gowns for Summer Wear, the Hats of the Season, photographs of the Inaugural Ball Dresses, Commencement Day Dresses, the Etiquette of Weddings, Chafing Dish Recipes (illustrated.) Among the general literary articles are the story of "Dickens'

Caromantic Love," a biography of Ellen M. Gifford, and a review of the newest books.

The Strand Magazine for May will possess an interest for musicians, especially for Frederick Dolman's collection of the opinions of celebrated musicians in reply to the question "What is the Greatest Achievement in Music?" A. Conan Doyle writes of "Strange Studies from Life." George Ethelbert Walsh writes of "The Tragedy of the Buffalo." Richard Marsh writes of "How I drove a Motor Car for Randall." This issue has the usual department of amusing illustrations.

The Book World for May contains Wilbur Findey Fanley's "The Story of Waltham Abbey." "Barnard College" is one of the illustrated contributions concerning one of the youngest colleges for women. Among the literary contributions of interest to students will be found John De Morgan's "Lord Byron and Newstead Abbey," and "The Literary Side of Our Presidents" by the same author. "The Home Life of our Poets" was written by Grace Lathrop Collier.

The Century Illustrated Magazine for May contains Anna Lea Merritt's "A Hamlet in Old Hampshire," an idyllic vista. Bertha Runkle's delightful story, "The Helmet of Navarre" is concluded in this number. Mrs. Lockwood de Forest writes of "A Little Known Country of Asia." "The Deities of the Irrawaddy," by V. C. Scott O'Connor is one of the pictorial sketches of this number. "A Recovered City of Alexander the Great" is a contribution of A. L. Frothingham, Jr., of antiquarian value. This foreign travel number contains a character sketch by Emile Loubet, President of the French Republic, by Baron Pierre de Coubertin. "D'ri and I" by Irving Bacheller has reached a dramatic stage in the spirited narrative. Poetry and fiction are represented by popular authors, and the various departments of this always welcome magazine are throughout engaging and well sustained.

Lippincott's Magazine for May contains Paul Laurence Dunbar's initial novel "The Sport of the Gods." In the "Dragon's Grip" and tells of two incidents of missionary life in Central China. "The Head Marshal of the University of Chicago" by James Weber Linn is an article of interest. Charles M. Skinner has contributed to folk lore knowledge by his "Every-day Superstitions." The number is one of attractive interest.

Dr. Wm. E. S. Fales writes for The Bohemian for May of "The Downfall of a Diplomat." The author is said to have had large experience in diplomatic circles. Among the other contributions of the bright number are Everett Bogart Terhune. John Deloss Underwood, E. Ernest Holman, Wm. Perry Brown, Edward Carpenter and others.

Mozama is a record of mountaineering in the Pacific Northwest. It is published at Portland, Oregon. The recent Alaska number (April) contains an interesting account of the Harriman Alaska Expedition by Trevor Kincaid. This number is made valuable by reason of its account by Prof. Chas. V. Piper of the "Flora of Mount Rainier."

#### PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

One of the notable books of the early spring, announced by the Century Company, is Walter Besant's "East London." It is illustrated by one of the well-known artists of Punch, L. Raven Hill.

A schoolmate of Robert Louis Stevenson, H. Bellyse Baildon, has brought out a study in criticism and bibliography of Stevenson's works.

Harrison Robertson of Louisville, Ky., whose short story, "How the Derby Won," attracted wide attention, it is said, has published a third novel, "The Inlander," which is a southern story.

"The Lion's Brood" is a new novel by Duffield Osborne, announced for early spring publication by Doubleday, Page & Co. "The Lion's Brood," it will be remembered, were the sons of the old Carthagenian leader, Hamilcar, who, as children, were sworn enemies of Rome.

"A Journey to Nature," by J. M. Mowbray, which Doubleday, Page & Co. are to publish shortly, will be beautifully decorated throughout by Charles Edward Hooper.

Harper & Bros. announce a series of "Nature Books," which include Charles C. Abbott's "Upland and Meadow," Caroline A. Creevy's "Flowers of Field, Hill and Swamp," and William Hamilton Gibson's "Camp Life in the Woods," "Eye Spy," "Sharp Eyes," "My Studio Neighbors," and others.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in their spring announcements, promise Ellen Russell Emerson's "Nature and Nature Myths," Bradford Torrey's "Every-day Birds," Olive Thorne Miller's "The Second Book of Birds," and Constance Wheeler's "Content in a Garden."

Small, Maynard & Co. announce the immediate publication of an exhaustive work, "Theology at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century," which is a symposium of original essays by many eminent theologians and laymen of both England and America.

Ernest F. Henderson, author of "Select Historical Documents," has, it is said, embodied the most recent results of German scholarship in his "A Short History of Germany" (Macmillan Company.)

Among the recent publications of R. H. Russell is Miss Helen Hay's "The Rose of Down—A Romance of the South Sea. A Narrative Poem." "The Wayside Department" of this house has just issued "Bradley, His Book," and "The Bab Ballads." These books are said to be representative of the highest art of printing and paper and binding.

Julian Hawthorne says that the group of books by Selma Lagerlof (Little, Brown & Co.) exhibit a higher force of genius than those of Bjornson. "She is in some respects the greatest of women writers." This group of books includes "The Story of Gosta Berling" and "Invisible Links."

[Philadelphia Press:] (Wife:) Henry, what was the matter with you when you came in last night?  
(Husband:) Nothing that I know of. Why?  
(Wife:) Well, you kept walking around the bed with your hand on the railing, saying: "Here's the banister, all right, but where's the stairs?"



# The Development of the Great Southwest.

## IN THE FIELDS OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

### Big Artesian Wells.

**F**OLLOWING is a description of the wonderful Bouton wells near Long Beach, from the Long Beach Press:

"An abundant supply of pure water is a prime necessity for any California community, and especially for places like our own, which depend upon the continuing favor of the public for prosperity. In this respect, as in a great many others, Long Beach has been particularly blessed and is now reaping the reward to be expected from such an endowment. The Bouton Water Company was a pioneer in the matter of water development for this region and, under the leadership of Superintendent Stovel, it has thus done a splendid work in the benefits of which all have participated. For quite a time the shallow wells first sunk in the artesian district were an important source of supply, but they came to be inadequate and, when Gen. Bouton's deep well established the existence of a great lake underlying that whole country, the company lost no time in tapping it. A splendid well rewarded the venture, but the growth of the town soon compelled the acquisition of the Bouton well. Even this does not satisfy this progressive corporation and plans are now being perfected for a third and larger well, to be sunk at a point where experience teaches the heaviest flow is to be found.

"Well No. 1, of which mention was first made, is twelve inches in diameter and 722 feet in depth. When this well was completed, the flow was so strong that it was unnecessary to cut the pipe, an abundant supply being forced through the open bottom. The vein of boulders and coarse gravel in which this water was found is 126 feet thick and no less than 28 feet of the same material still stands in the bottom of the pipe. This bed of rock and gravel serves as a natural filter for the water and in spite of its presence the pressure was great enough to force the water four inches above the top of a 10-inch stand pipe 52 feet high. At the present time, when Long Beach and the patrons along the line are being supplied, it still flows over a 12-inch stand-pipe 24 feet high.

"Well No. 2 is also 12 inches in diameter, but it was sunk to a depth of 767 feet. It passes through an unbroken bed of gravel for 150 feet, all of which bears a very high water pressure and is coarse enough to permit cutting the pipe at any point. When last measured, this well was flowing 184 miner's inches of water, sufficient of itself to furnish a city of 20,000 inhabitants for domestic service. The record kept by the well borers shows a total of 467 feet of water-bearing sand and gravel, and experts do not hesitate to say that a well could be sunk every 20 feet without exhausting this tremendous body of water.

"These two wells are about 220 feet apart and are both connected with the 24-inch cedar main which supplies the city and the other customers of the company. The grade is such that when the water enters the pipes it is carried to the city by gravity, thus enabling the company to supply its consumers with pure water direct from the great subterranean lake from 600 to 722 feet below the surface of the earth and obviating the necessity of pumping for reservoir storage."

### Fruit Pulp.

**T**HE London Telegraph recently had an article, from which the following is extracted, showing the growing importance of the fruit pulp industry, which is destined to bring many millions of foreign capital to California:

"Incidentally, many interesting facts are to be gleaned as to the growing part that fruit pulps from abroad are playing in the manufacture of English jams. When a single order from one noted London firm alone amounts to twenty-eight tons of apricot pulp from California, it will convey some idea of the magnitude the system is attaining. Plums, pineapples, quinces, apples and peaches are also largely utilized in this way, and the latest triumph, as it is claimed, in this direction is that of being able to send into this country strawberry pulp. Small wonder, indeed, that the British grower has cause for complaint that 'the demand is not what it was for his products. With the treatment of this material on such a scale, it is not astonishing that those who know the wonderful climatic advantages of California for drying should advocate the carrying of pulp preparation a step farther and presenting the jam itself without the costly incumbrances of old-fashioned packing. As far as dried fruits are concerned, it may be noticed that South Australia is the most formidable rival in the English market of the United States, and that, in the opinion of an exceedingly competent expert, if the Australian colonies and New Zealand would pay the same attention to packing and attractive appearance as is done in America, they would easily hold their own in this department. At the same time, it is disquieting to learn that American sweets are coming into this country at the present time in sufficient quantities to cause considerable uneasiness to our own manufacturers of these dainties. December's consignment of 'gum pastilles' to be vended at a very cheap rate to one house, alone was

2000 barrels, containing three hundredweight each, and caramels, fondants and the marshmallow sweets, which can be molded into such quaint shapes to appeal to the childish eye, are delivered at English wharf sides to the extent of 8000 to 10,000 pounds a month. Did American manufacturers show rather more elasticity in their trade methods toward the conservative Britisher, the volume of trade in this direction would be even greater than it is."

### Water Development.

**A**NOTHER successful water development has been inaugurated near Pomona. The Pomona Times says: "The Currier Tract Water Company, formed several months ago on the purely cooperative plan, is now being amply rewarded for the enterprise. The object was to develop water for 100 acres of land owned by members. The well is over 300 feet deep and cost about \$1000. A thirty-horse-power electric motor is the power in use, and seventy-five to eighty inches of water has been pumped in twenty-four hours, and conservative members regard fifty and over a low estimate for the regular supply. The members feel quite sure that irrigation at night and on Sunday will be unnecessary. The entire expense of the plant is about \$4500, and it has doubled the value of their 100 acres of land, which nearly all lies north of West Holt avenue."

### Silk Culture in Santa Barbara.

**S**AN DIEGO is not the only section of Southern California that is figuring upon the introduction of silk culture, on a commercial scale. The Santa Barbara Independent in a recent issue says:

"Santa Barbara was once famous for the silk that was grown here. Silk spun from cocoons that were the product of silk worms hatched and reared in Santa Barbara and fed on mulberry leaves grown here, won the only prize that the California State Legislature ever offered in encouragement of the silk industry in the State. An American flag made of Santa Barbara silk is still owned by the State. Silk raising was not conducted alone as an experiment, but at one time a large establishment for the business of hatching the worms and treating their product gained recognition throughout the commercial world.

"These facts are not known to many of the present residents of the city. It is thirty years since the firm of Goux & Packard built the large adobe house situated near the Carillo-street bridge, that is now known as the 'old winery,' but that was, in reality, not a winery, but an incubator for silk worms.

"In 1871, J. E. Goux sent to France and obtained a large number of the eggs of the silk worm and in 1872 in partnership with Albert Packard, started the business of silk culture on an extensive scale.

"They planted five blocks of land, where now are the polo grounds, in mulberry trees, and also induced a large number of citizens to plant the trees, the leaves of which were fed to the worms. They also constructed a building which is now used as a winery, on the old Packard place, near the long bridge. This building was 40x80 feet and three stories in height. The upper stories of the building were used for hatching and maturing the worms. They soon had the building filled with silk worms and then began business on a large scale. They employed about one hundred and fifty girls to care for and feed the worms.

"As long as the girls they employed continued to run about the building barefooted and with no gaudy dresses and high-plumed hats, Packard & Goux made money in the business, but as soon as the girls became educated in the modern style of dressing, the wages they received could not enable them to keep up the pace, and they struck for higher wages. This, added to the fact that Santa Barbara continued to grow, and the ground on which was planted the mulberry trees became incorporated in the city, which made it more valuable, adding to their rent, and the difficulties experienced in getting their product to the market, as this was years before the locomotive's whistle was heard in the city, they were compelled, after five years of success, to abandon the business, not, however, until they had demonstrated that silk worm culture in this place is a successful business.

"The moderate temperature of this climate made but a small amount of artificial heat necessary for hatching the worms and they thrived and continued to multiply in great numbers. The mulberry trees also did exceedingly well. They grew best when planted in hedges, and there are today many hedges of mulberry trees in the city that were planted at that time.

Packard & Goux shipped their product to New York and European points. It was considered of the very finest quality, and there was always a demand in the market for Santa Barbara silk. There were two grades of silk, the yellow and the white.

"In the early '70's the California Legislature appropriated the sum of \$1000 to be given to the firm producing the first silk flag made from silk raised in California. Packard & Goux secured the prize, and the flag still floats somewhere around the Capitol building.

"Since publication in the Independent of inquiries from an eastern silk spinning house as to the adaptability of the climate and soil here for the industry of silk raising, interest in the industry has revived. It is argued that now, with every facility for transportation of the product to the markets, and the probability that a spinning mill would come here if sufficient encouragement was offered, thus removing the obstacles that prevented complete success of the early day experiments, silk culture could be made a profitable business in Santa Barbara."

### Kern County Gold Mines.

**S**OME Pasadena people are interested in valuable Kern county gold properties. The Pasadena News has the following in regard to this enterprise:

"Attorney Ben W. Hahn was seen in his handsome offices in the Vandevort Block this morning and asked regarding the gold mining properties which he has visited near Havilah, in Kern county. With James Nolan and other Pasadena citizens, Mr. Hahn has gotten busily interested in those mines. So he and Mr. Nolan and Mr. Davies, a Los Angeles expert, went up to the mines.

"Getting off at Caliente, on the Southern Pacific, on the north slope of the Tehachapi Mountain Range, they drove in a four-horse coach over the roads through the park-like region for twenty-six miles, to the old town of Havilah—a prosperous mining camp, thirty-five years ago. About four miles from Havilah, up in the mountains, they reached the gold ledges, which are now being developed by a group of mines, under the charge of John Hayes, who is not only a very capable, practical miner, but has a wide reputation for integrity and ability. He has run a mill in that section and is perfectly familiar, not only with the geological formations of the section, but knows how to run a mine according to the most economical modern methods.

"Regarding his visit, Mr. Hahn said to a News man today: 'I was greatly pleased with my visit and much impressed with the opportunities afforded by the rich ledges of that section.'

"They are even better than they had been represented to me. The King Solomon mines compose ledges 7500 feet long and richer the deeper the ledges go. The shaft is only down 125 feet yet, but it is all right. Specimens taken at various points on these ledges were pounded out and washed out. Shining gold in surprising quantities was each time found in the bottom of the horn.

"Extending out from the King Solomon mines are other ledges which we have acquired and organized the Monte Cristo and the Red Cross Mining companies to operate. The expert who was with us was so pleased that the capitalists who are depending on his report will at once take 50,000 shares."

"Mr. Nolan took some specimens of the rock, which show very rich, and went to Sacramento and San Francisco, where he will sell blocks of stock. Over one hundred thousand shares of King Solomon stock are sold already.

"Back in the '60's, these mines were skimmed over and the upper rich croppings worked out, producing thousands upon thousands of dollars to the owners. But you know in these days, supplies had to be hauled from Stockton and San Francisco, and everything was very high.

"We propose now to put in an electric plant on the Kern River and operate these mines in accordance with modern skill and economical scientific methods. I was very much impressed with those properties and I believe they will develop richer as we develop them."

"Last year, Mr. Hahn interested himself in gold mines in Utah and in Arizona. So his judgment now on these Kern county mines ought to be good. A goodly number of Pasadenans are interested in these mines, and they will be glad to hear about them."

### Ostriches at Buffalo.

**E**DWIN CAWSTON, of the South Pasadena Ostrich Farm, has shipped a carload of ostriches to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, where he has a concession for an ostrich farm on the Midway. The receipts of the South Pasadena farm from the concession at the World's Fair amounted to \$46,000, and it is anticipated that almost as good a business will be done in Buffalo. A new branch of the farm will be opened at Colorado Springs next month.

### New Mexico Wool.

**N**EW MEXICO is the sixth of all the States and Territories in the Union in wool production. Of forty-eight States and Territories enumerated in the annual report of the animal industry bureau, New Mexico stands sixth in the list. The Albuquerque Citizen has the following:

"Of scoured wools in 1899, this Territory sent to market 6,226,769 pounds, exceeding every other State and Territory. To stand in the very front for scoured wools is a good record. At 15 cents per pound, this wool clip brought to New Mexico \$1,937,266, almost \$2,000,000. It is fair to assume the product for 1900 was yet larger. These figures show the great importance of the wool industry and how it should be guarded and protected."

### GUARDS AGAINST INELEGANCIES OF SPEECH.

[Margaret E. Sangster in Ladies Home Journal:]  
Lapses in grammar do not offend when they are made by the illiterate who have not been taught propriety of speech. But they are exceedingly disgraceful in the educated person. Beyond mere correctness of expression there is such a thing as a beautiful choice of words, and there are hall-marks of culture which the rich vocabulary shows, while the meager one convicts of ignorance and poverty of resource. Colloquialisms and provincialisms are caught by those who live constantly among the unlearned, but the influence of this contact may be modified by a daily study of words, as in a lexicon or thesaurus, and by the habitual reading of good books. Insensibly we acquire the speech of our associates, and a favorite author, if he belong to the aristocracy of the literary guild, is one of the best associates we can have.



# CARE OF THE BODY. VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIR- ING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

## Appendicitis.

SEVERAL new theories have recently been advanced as to the cause of appendicitis. The latest is that of a noted French physician, Dr. Championniere. His several propositions are that appendicitis is really a new disease; that it is a sort of epidemic; that more frequently than not it is merely a localizing of grip, and that its prime causes are improper purgation of the digestive organs and the excessive consumption of freshly-slaughtered meat. Following is Dr. Championniere's statement, which is reproduced from the Philadelphia North American:

"What appendicitis is known. It is catarrhal inflammation of mucous membranes, which, extending to the appendix, produces a condition of purulence that becomes localized peritonitis. But what the inflammation proceeds from and what the original cause is are problems that have thus far baffled the best medical science.

"Many of the old theories as to the effects of grape seeds, tooth brushes and the like have been discarded, and physicians have been casting about for some more plausible agents on which to place the responsibility for the evils that appendicitis brings in its train.

"Reasoning from the beginning, it seems to me that the first striking feature about the disease is that it is practically an evolution of the last two decades. I know that many physicians will take exception to this; they will urge that appendicitis has existed from time immemorial, but that medical science was not sufficiently perceptive to recognize it and prescribe the proper treatment.

"This seems to me a fallacious view. We have in the past had many eminent surgeons, students on whose discoveries our curative system is based. Is it credible that they could have failed to discern and record symptoms that a recently-graduated medical student of today understands and can classify?

"I have questioned elderly physicians, whose experience covers a range of half a century. I have read voluminous reports; have made examinations of statistics; have passed in retrospect my own practice, and must say that cases or symptoms analogous to the disease we now know as appendicitis are very rare. Surely, if in other times appendicitis had been as common as it is today, its prevalence must have struck some observers.

"From this research I draw the conclusion that while appendicitis is not actually a new disease—for the appendix always existed and has always been susceptible to divers alterations—it is so increased in frequency and virulence that, as far as the physician goes, he is forced to accept the proposition that he is dealing with a problem that never or rarely troubled his predecessors, and that, since he must begin at the beginning, discover causes and invent new forms of treatment, he is to all intents and purposes combating a new foe to human health and life.

"Why do I associate appendicitis, influenza and meat? Let us look into the facts. If appendicitis is a new disease, or at least an old disease suddenly grown to colossal proportions, there must be some cause for its general spread within the last twenty years. There is a cause, and that cause is to be found in the changed living conditions of the people. In the old days the farmer and the artisan, living peaceful, natural lives, could sustain strength on fruit and vegetables, with meat a relatively unimportant part of their diet. The terrific nervous strain of today, what Americans call the 'strenuous life,' demands more powerful stimulation, and so meat has become the great food staple. Children are given meat when their diet should be purely lacteal, and I have even heard men boast that they never under any circumstances ate vegetables, fruit or bread.

"Now, regarding the appendix, there are certain conditions that must be taken into careful account. I think I may safely say that it is more susceptible to disease than any organ in the body. With its lymphoid glands and closed ducts it possesses a considerable lymphatic network, peculiarly predisposed to the absorption of poisonous matters. Its direct connection with the intestines makes the appendix the depository of the most virulent infections of the body, and since the organ has no outlet these toxics multiply, increase in power, and finally work the most violent consequences.

"I have shown that to infect the intestines is to infect the appendix. Now, to go further, incontestable records prove that every epidemic multiplies intestinal infections, and that particularly has this been found true of influenza.

"The change in our food, the shifting from vegetable to animal foods, has worked structural changes in the intestines and made them more liable to disease. Animal food contains to a much greater degree properties inimical to health, and the consumption of meat is increasing daily.

"I have never seen or heard of a vegetarian being a victim of appendicitis. In countries where a vegetable régime still obtains appendicitis is practically unknown, and finally in the two countries where meat eating has its greatest vogue—England and the United States—there are more cases of appendicitis than in the rest of the entire world put together.

"Do not these facts point their obvious moral?

"In the great cities of the United States appendicitis is so spread that the most famous of American surgeons, Dr. W. W. Keen of Philadelphia, says that fully one-third of the population of his city have the incipient germs of the dread disease. Furthermore, it has been noted that after every epidemic of grip there is always

an outbreak of hundreds of more or less serious cases of appendicitis.

"What should I propose as remedies?

"Two things. First, a more careful consideration of the question of diet, and, second, a more general use of purgatives. In the days before appendicitis was known the purge played an important part in curative systems. Today it is practically discarded, mainly, I believe, because of the fear of peritonitis. This I believe to be wrong. To my mind, the danger of peritonitis is small, whereas the danger from neglect of purgatives is great.

"To be truly healthy, the human body must first be rid of its poisons, and if we live in a manner that makes for the development of impurities, it is but logic that we must use artificial means to assist nature in removing substances calculated to poison the system and make all the organs easy prey for the ravages of disease."

## Locations for Consumptives.

ONE of a series of papers on the "art of living a hundred years," which have been appearing in The Times Current Topics Club department, being written by Dr. J. O. Cobb, recently contained an interesting article on the effect of climate on consumptives, in which the writer takes the somewhat radical view that consumptives may recover anywhere, if they will only spend most of their time in the open air. That is to say, provided the treatment is commenced before the disease has passed too far. The following paragraph from his article is worthy of reproduction:

"Heretofore it has been considered necessary to send the patient to the Riviera, to the Alps, to the Black Forest, to California or to Colorado. Many physicians practicing at these so-called wonderful climate cures deluded themselves into believing their particular climate necessary. The time is nearly past, however, when the climate enthusiast will have the temerity to rise in a medical meeting and proclaim any one section the sole place in which consumptives can recover, and the sooner the poor consumptive knows this the better for him and his family, and, too, for his community. I know that the arid West, that high mesa land through Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, a small strip of Western Texas, and away into Old Mexico, is undoubtedly the best for the average consumptive, but the poor man cannot go to health resorts, nor can he well change his environments. Just think of the good that would result, not alone to the individual, but to society at large, if such a person could only know and have faith to believe that it is possible for him to recover in his own city, be that in Maine or Oregon, California or Florida, Louisiana or Ohio. I say, possible to recover, and it must be thoroughly understood that what is claimed is that he can recover if he will faithfully live in the open air—in sleet, snow, wind or rain—yes, even in the fogs around London."

Dr. Cobb admits that arid climates are of more benefit to consumptives than others, and in this country specially recommends Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, a small strip of Texas near El Paso, and the mesa lands of Old Mexico. The doctor might have added some sections of Southern California. There is certainly aridity enough to be found in the eastern part of Riverside, San Diego, and San Bernardino counties, and in the northern part of Los Angeles county, to suit the most exacting.

## Value of Deep Breathing.

THE following incident, related by a physician in the Philadelphia Record, gives strong confirmation of the value of deep breathing, the cultivation of which has become quite a popular fad of late—and a very sensible fad it is:

"I had occasion to examine two brothers who had applied for policies in our company the other day," said the medical examiner of a life insurance company yesterday. "One was 35 years old and the other was 33. They are both unmarried and are known about town as pretty gay boys. Usually there is considerable risk attached to writing policies for men who are known as 'rounders,' but these two proved to be perfect specimens of physical manhood. I was particularly impressed by their chest developments. They both had the same measurement and also the same expansion—from 39 to 43. When I found that they had smoked cigarettes from boyhood I wondered all the more at the four-inch expansion. Then they told me that when they were youngsters they used to delight in seeing how long they could hold their breath under water. Every time they took a bath in the tub one would take a deep breath, duck under and the other would time him with a watch. A minute and a half, I believe, was the limit of their endurance. They said it was all their mother could do to get them out of the bath and drive them to bed."

## Congress on Tuberculosis.

THE British Congress on Tuberculosis will be opened in London on Monday, July 22, and it has been decided that the congress shall remain open to Friday, July 26. Every British colony and dependency is invited to participate by sending delegates; while the governments of countries in Europe, Asia and America are invited to send representative men of science and others, who will be honorary members of the congress. In a circular, issued by the secretary of the Congress Committee, the following appears:

"The information already gained, both at home and abroad, shows that consumption and other forms of tuberculosis, although preventable and controllable by intelligent precautions, still remains the direct cause of a high rate of death and sickness. In the United Kingdom alone some 60,000 deaths are recorded annually from tuberculosis, and it is stated on good authority that at least thrice this number are constantly suffering from one form or another of the disease.

"The knowledge of these facts, and the recognition that the disease is peculiarly amenable to open-air treatment, has aroused profound international interest in the question; and in many countries public authorities have been led to put in force preventive measures directed

against the propagation of consumption between human beings, between animals, and between human beings and animals.

"The object of the forthcoming congress is to exchange the information and experience gained throughout the world as to methods available for stamping out this disease. Papers will be read, and clinical and pathological demonstrations will be given; while the museum, which is to be a special feature of the congress, will contain pathological and bacteriological collections, charts, models, and other exhibits.

"Authorities in this and other countries will be invited to supply documents bearing upon the historical, geographical, and statistical aspects of the subject; while, as a result of the papers and discussions, practical resolutions will be formulated which will serve to indicate the public and private measures best adapted for the suppression of tuberculosis."

## Food Value of Eggs.

AN INTERESTING pamphlet on "Eggs and Their Uses as Food" has been prepared by C. F. Langworthy, of the Department of Agriculture. Following is an extract from this pamphlet:

"Eggs and foods into which they enter are favorite articles of diet with very many, if not most families, and in this, as in other cases, the income and the need for economy must determine how far and in what way they are to be used when they are high in price. Judged by their composition and digestibility, eggs are worthy of the high opinion in which they are usually held. Furthermore, they are generally relished. Although the physiological reason is perhaps difficult to find, it is generally conceded that the attractiveness and palatability of any food must not be forgotten in considering its true nutritive value. Refinement in matters of diet should keep pace with growth in general culture, and foods which please the esthetic sense, as well as satisfy the hunger, are certainly to be preferred to those which serve the latter purpose only, if they can be provided with the income at one's command.

"Occasionally a person is found who is habitually made ill by eating eggs, just as there are those who cannot eat strawberries, or other foods, without distress. Such cases are due to some personal idiosyncrasy, showing that in reality 'one man's meat is another man's poison.' A satisfactory explanation of such idiosyncrasy seems to be lacking.

"It is possible for an egg to become infected with micro-organisms either before it is laid or after. The shell is porous, and offers no greater resistance to micro-organisms which cause disease, than it does to those which cause the egg to spoil or rot. When the infected egg is eaten raw the micro-organisms, if present, are communicated to man and may cause disease. Perhaps one of the most common troubles due to bacterial infection of eggs is the more or less serious illness sometimes caused by eating those which are 'stale.' This often resembles ptomaine poisoning, which is caused, not by micro-organisms themselves, but by the poisonous products which they elaborate from material on which they grow.

"Judged by the comparatively small number of cases of infection or poisoning due to eggs reported in medical literature, the danger of disease from this source is not very great. However, in view of its possibility, it is best to keep eggs as clean as possible and thus endeavor to prevent infection. Clean poultry houses, poultry runs, and nests are important, and eggs should always be stored and marketed under sanitary conditions. The subject of handling food in a cleanly manner is too seldom thought of, and what is said of eggs, in this connection applies to many other foods with even more force."

## Cigarette Legislation.

ACCORDING to the Outlook, measures directed against the sale of cigarettes have occupied much attention in the various State Legislatures this past winter. One of the most radical measures is that adopted by the lower house of the New Hampshire Legislature. This law provides that hereafter no person, firm or corporation shall make, sell or keep for sale any form of cigarette. It makes even the gift of a cigarette to a minor a misdemeanor. The penalty is a fine of \$10 for a first offense, and \$50 for any subsequent offense. The magazine from which we quote says that this act is a sample of those which have been presented to most of the State Legislatures. Commenting upon this the Philadelphia Medical Journal says:

"It seems that eleven States have already passed laws against the cigarette, and that only two States—Louisiana and Wyoming—have not given the subject some attention. These measures seem to win support very largely from the fact that there is such a widespread belief that this particular use of tobacco is especially prevalent among boys and young men, and that it is doing incalculable injury to many of the rising generation. Even among legislators who are themselves smokers it is not difficult to win support for such bills, because they put this abuse on the same plane as the sale of liquor to minors. The more rational reformers who are frankly opposed to the use of cigarettes (not only by minors but also by adults, and especially by women) will very much doubt the expediency of such stringent legislation as that adopted in New Hampshire. It is notorious that sumptuary and prohibitory legislation generally over-reaches itself, and in the end falls a dead letter. We ourselves doubt whether men and young society women can be legislated out of the use of cigarettes. We even believe that such a law, when aimed at adults, is essentially tyrannous and that it is a specimen of the worst form of paternalism. In the case of minors the question is, if course, different; and the attention of law-makers should be limited to devising means to stop the sale of cigarettes to this class, just as the law aims to stop the sale of liquors to it. The best preventive after all is a sound public sentiment, and this can be directed against adults of both sexes, as well as against boys. There is doubtless a prejudice abroad against cigarettes, but it seems to be based in part upon nothing higher than the dislike which most normal persons have for the fumes of burning paper."



# The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

## THE WAX WORKS AGAIN.

NEARLY ALL THE FIGURES START OFF ON A JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD.

By a Special Contributor.

ROBIN TAYLOR'S uncle was a director in the E. N. G. & I. N. E. R. R. Co., and when it was finally settled that Robin was to go with the vivified wax figures around the world, the old gentleman procured a special train for their accommodations as far as New York.

But first let me say that some of the ex-wax people were left behind. The Old Woman who lived in a Shoe did not care to take her children with her, because they were so noisy that she would not have a good time. This may have been selfish in her, but it is a fact.

Now, by great good luck, the town of Oldham had an orphan asylum, that had been presented to it by a rich man, but so far there was only one orphan in it, and he was desperately lonely. So he was delighted when they asked him if he would like the Shoe children to stay with him. To be sure, they were not orphans, but there was a big staff of nurses in the asylum, and they were only too glad to have something to do, so they welcomed the Shoe children, and—well, in a month's time, when it was too late to do anything, they were sorry that they had ever let them in, for they were the noisiest and the unruliest and the rudest children that ever lived. Why, they actually forgot to wash their faces before meals, and—but, I forget myself. It is about Robin and the rest that I am writing, so we will leave the Shoe children to their wicked devices.

Robin wanted to leave the animals behind also, but the Wolf pleaded so hard for himself and his "dear friends the sheep" that at last Robin provided cattle cars for all the animals. But, in spite of the Wolf's protests, he put the sheep in a compartment by themselves.

You should have seen the train when it steamed into Oldham station all ready for the company to embark. It was painted the color of white wax, even the engine, and it consisted of a car for Mother Goose and all the rest of the ladies, and a smoker for Old King Cole and such of the men as smoked. The four Jacks, Nimble Jack, Giant Killer Jack, Jill's brother Jack, and Mr. Jack Spratt, wanted to smoke also, but Mother Goose said the first three couldn't, as they were boys, and Mrs. Spratt said she knew that smoke would not agree with her husband any more than fat did, so they traveled with the ladies of the party. There were two cattle cars for the animals, wild and tame, and at the end of the train there was a caboose without a roof, containing two chairs for the Giants Blunderbore and Cormoran. They stepped over the sides and sat down side by side, and it was a tight squeeze, and their heads came "way above the top. One of them grabbed a small Oldham boy, but Jack the Giant Killer soon made him drop him. Said Jack: "Now if you two behave yourselves I won't have to do any punishing, but I want you to understand that small boys are not for you. We'll stop for refreshments at Springfield, and there will be ham sandwiches there for you as large as the side of a house."

That quieted the Giants, and after that they sat still and contented themselves with trying to pull the engineer's hair. He was four cars ahead, and they couldn't quite do it without standing up, and they were too tightly wedged in to make that easy.

There was a good deal of trouble in getting the animals into the cars. The Cow jumped over the cattle car several times. Of course, after her leap over the moon it was easy, but it annoyed the brakemen a good deal, as they were anxious to get the train started. The Little Dog laughed so hard that every one on the platform laughed in sympathy. Unless it's mumps, there's nothing as catching as laughter.

I wish you could have seen the beautiful golden cage that had been provided for the Three Blind Mice. The Old Shoe Woman thought it was wasteful, because the Mice could not see it, but beauty is never wasted, even if there are "blind" people in the world.

When everything was ready, Mother Goose told the Oldhamites not to worry about Robin, as she intended to look after every one and everything, and then Robin waved his hands to the engineer, the engineer rang the bell, and the Robin-Taylor-Animated-Mother-Goose-Wax-Figure-Pleasure-Party started for New York and the steamer.

All went very well for a time, although no one but Robin had ever been on a train before, and most of them were dizzy.

"The world is running away," said Cinderella, to Robin's great amusement.

"It can't get away from us until we've seen more of it," said Robin. "You'll get used to the motion after a while."

Suddenly the train came to a stop and, as Robin had understood that they were not to halt until they came to Springfield, he was out in an instant to see what the trouble was.

About an eighth of a mile in front of them was a wooden bridge that was so low that the Giants' heads would have been knocked off if the train had run under it, and the engineer had noticed the fact in time.

"Well, get out and walk," said Robin to the Giants.

"We'll pick you up on the other side of the bridge."

"We don't feel like moving," said Cormoran, in grish tones. And "I feel too dizzy to walk," roared Blunderbore. "You said we were to ride to New York and we're going to do it. We're not afraid of that little bridge."

"No, no," said Robin, waving his hands imperiously. The engineer took it as a signal and he started the train.

Robin jumped aboard and told the Giants to lie back as far as they could, but instead of that they opened their hands and held them before them, and when that train went through the cut the bridge went along, too, borne aloft in the strong hands of the big fellows.

Of course, Robin's uncle was responsible for the loss of the bridge, but the Giants did not care for that. But Robin knew that if he went through New England wrecking every bridge that he came to, it would make his trip a very unpopular one, so he is still a k to reckon with the Giants.

Old King Cole ordered his fiddlers to strike up in the vain hope of softening the big men, but they wouldn't be softened. They were very uncomfortable and very cross. They held the bridge in their hands until they came to a railroad bridge, and then they threw it into the river.

When the fiddlers had finished fiddling, Jack spoke to the Giants. "If I can provide a way for you to ride without touching the bridges, will you behave?"

"Oh, yes," said both Giants, submissively. They knew Jack of old and they were afraid of him. They were now approaching a large city, and the track ran beneath a stone bridge that was crowded with curious people, who were waiting to see the Mother Goose caravan. The giants were strong enough to demolish even this great arch, but the engineer stopped at a safe distance from it.

Jack jumped off the car and disappeared behind a freight train. No one knew where he had gone, but they found out when he returned, followed by eight men, who were pushing eight flat handcars before them.

Then Jack made those giants lie on their backs on the handcars, which, coupled together, were fastened to the train, and then the engineer started up again, and those two long giants, looking for all the world like great snakes, went curving around the bend that led into the city, and the bridges and their heads were saved. But they were so uncomfortable that when they stopped at Springfield for lunch, Robin got sacks of bran for them to lie on, and then they promptly went to sleep, and slept all the way to New York.

But perhaps you would like to hear about the sandwiches that they had. A local baker baked a loaf of bread five feet broad and cut it into four slices. Into it he put two entire sliced hams, and covered each sandwich with three large pots of mustard. And when those giants sat up on the handcars and ate those huge sandwiches it was a spectacle that beat the circus all hollow.

They fed the wolf on mutton hash, to his great disgust. He would have preferred to hash his own mutton, and made eyes at the sheep all the time he was eating, and if they had not been busy with their own lunch, I think they would have felt very uncomfortable just then, although he was chained up.

Mother Goose and all the other characters came out of the cars and ate their lunches at the regular counters, and you never saw such attentive waiters. Cinderella did look so pretty that the proprietor of the restaurant gave her a bag full of oranges, which she promptly shared with some of her less favored friends. Tommy Tucker favored the by-standers with his usual song, and the organist of the Fourth Congregational Church wanted him to join his choir, but as Tommy knew but one song, he shook his head and went on singing it until the bread and butter was placed before him.

Springfield was sorry to see them go, but they were all anxious to get to the steamer, and so, after a half hour's stop, they resumed their journey, and by nightfall reached the Harlem River and spent the night on board the train.

And of their further adventures you shall hear next week, if so be you are willing.

CHARLES BATTIELL LOOMIS.

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## THE ORIGIN OF FIESTA.

A GIRL'S STORY OF A MUCH-BELOVED CHILD OF LOS ANGELES.

By a Special Contributor.

There was once a poor little goddess in Olympia who was particularly sad and lonely, for at her birth the Fates had decreed that she could never be held sacred, or worshiped as the other gods and goddesses were. She was shunned by her brothers and sisters, and no one made any sacrifices in her honor. I know not why, for she was as beautiful as a sunset—a California sunset; her ways were gracious and she was always trying to lend a helping hand, but it was useless. Try as she might to win the love of her brothers and sisters, she was still the Cinderella of Olympia.

On feast days and holidays, which were more numerous than week days, and when the gods were feasting and listening to the soft strain of Apollo's lyre, little Fiesta was obliged to sit in some corner, with tear-dimmed eyes and aching heart. Finally, seeing that every one had forsaken her, she lost courage, and decided to fly from Olympia. She had heard Mercury, who was a great traveler, tell wonderful stories about California—California that was almost as beautiful as Olympia itself—and so she decided to fly to the State of the Golden Gate. Taking a meager supply of food, and her coat of green, red and yellow, she took a last farewell of her unhappy home and, with her golden tresses flowing about in the breeze, she flew away. After a long and tiresome journey, she passed through the Golden Gate and arrived in San Francisco. As she looked into the crowded streets and busy thoroughfares and saw no one that she knew, her heart misgave her and so she decided to journey onward. Just at twilight the following day

she arrived in the City of the Angels. Here everything was beautiful. She looked about and found herself hovering over a lake, surrounded by trees and shrubs. Alighting on a green knoll, she fell asleep, and did not awaken until Apollo was beginning his journey across the sea.

In the morning, when the citizens of Los Angeles beheld her, they fell upon their knees and worshiped her. They had never before seen anything so beautiful and knew that she was a superior being. Every one loved her and wanted to honor her. She aroused the hearts of all. Even the staid old business men were as eager to do some service for this beautiful vision as the children who flocked about her. The people offered her Westlake Park, where she had first alighted, as a home, and beautified it in many ways. They built fountains, where clear and sparkling water played, and lulled her to sleep with sweet strains of music, and every year they had grand pageants, which lasted for three days, in her honor. These pageants even outvied those held in honor of the mighty Jupiter himself. Happiness brought roses to Fiesta's cheeks, and made her look more beautiful than ever. During the three days of La Fiesta, as the pageant was called, the stores and schools were closed and people laughed and chatted and forgot their troubles amid the merriment. The peanut vendors, with their savory stock, did a thriving business. The city was decorated in Fiesta's colors, red, green and yellow, and great processions took place. On Floral day the choicest gardens were ransacked for her—all for her. But, alas; the will of the Fates was not to be set aside, and, after having reigned supreme in the hearts of the people for four years, and as they were about to celebrate her fifth anniversary with another glorious pageant, which was to outvie the other four, Jupiter heard of the wonderful doings in the City of the Angels, and ordered the goddess of war to appear before them. When the people of Los Angeles beheld this frightful omen of war, fear took possession of them, and they turned their thoughts from peace to war—and not alone California, but the whole United States, called forth her bravest men.

The newspapers were full of war, the people talked war. War sealed the fate of Fiesta. But now that peace reigns supreme, Fiesta is to come forth again in all her glory and splendor.

The head of a great nation—a mighty man—who is to be honored and feted by every city in the United States, will himself bow down before the shrine of Fiesta. Oh, Fiesta! lovely goddess of the West,

Thou fair vision, in all the colors of the rainbow dressed,

Crowned with flowers, music, poetry,  
All that makes this life so blest;  
Enthroned within the hearts of all,  
Greater than kings and monarchs and rulers art thou.

EVA ESMOND WINEBURGH.

## CURIOUS NAMES.

THE CAPRICE OF PARENTS, AS DISPLAYED AT CHRISTENINGS.

By a Special Contributor.

The most curious name perhaps ever bestowed upon a girl is that of Ails and Graces. She is now about 3 years old, her name being registered at Sumner's House, London, in 1898, when she was baptized. What she will think of these cognomens when she arrives at maturity is difficult to imagine. Her sister's name is equally as unique—Nun Nicer. When Ails and Graces and Nun Nicer arrive at the age of maturity, at least one of them should marry a youth, whose Christian name compares favorably, for example, Acts of the Apostles. This is a name found on an English parish register; Actapostle, son of Thomas and Elizabeth Pegden, was baptized August 2, 1795. Again this name figures in records in 1833, when Acts of the Apostles, son of Richard and Phebe Kennett, was baptized. This name, curious as it is, is preferable to What or Dum Spiro Spero, names with which children have been handicapped.

It was a patriotic American who bestowed upon his young hopeful the name of Declaration of Independence. The most war-like name on record is that of Robert Alma Balacava Inkerman Sebastopol. Delhi Dugdale is an English innkeeper's son; a similar name is Richard Oscar de Lion Tyler Walter Hill.

About one hundred years ago, a snowstorm in Western Pennsylvania set in the first of March, and there were many weeks of sleighing, traditional for years for the length of time it lasted. What did a Mr. Smith do, who happened to have a boy born about this time, but name him Seven Weeks Sleighing in March. He usually went by the name of Weeks. His initials were all written out—S. W. S. I. M. Smith.

Parents of large families need no assurance that the advent of another child is not always as welcome in fact as in theory, but it is scarcely kind to make the child bear a token of disapproval all its life. It must be rather terrible to go through life, for example, as Not Wanted James, What Another, Only Fancy William Brown; and even as last of 'Em Harper, and Still Another Hewitt. And yet these are all names which the foolish caprice of parents has imposed on innocent children.

About five hundred years ago, it is said, that more than half the men were named either John or William. In the thirteenth century, William was the commonest name; in the next century, John took the lead, with Thomas, Richard and Robert the next most common names.

Among odd surnames are Jumps, April, Marriages, Every, Ink—Mr. Pink Ink—Hogsett and Cheese. And



one of these, however, is a more cheerful name than Pine-Coffin, which is English, and very proud the Pine-Coffin are said to be of their name. An American lady spending some time in Devonshire, Eng., met at an afternoon tea Mr. Pine-Coffin, Mr. Deith (pronounced Death) and Miss Graves. Mr. Deith could have twisted his name in some way, but he did not, and was much offended if it were given any other pronunciation than Death.

## HOW TO MOUNT BIRDS.

### SOME DETAILS OF TAXIDERMISTRY THAT MUST INTEREST ALL BOYS.

By a Special Contributor.

The study of taxidermy is one of the most important branches of natural history; it is the basis of knowledge by which the birds and fauna of any country should be known. Yet the average person is ignorant of common facts connected with the free dwellers, by whom they come in contact daily. Few boys and girls are able to describe the birds that pick up the crumbs from the doorstep or carol the approach of day. The clear and perfect notes of voice are unheard, even the arrangement and shape of feathers is not attractive; the position of the feet, color of the eye and the poise of the head are lost to the careless observer. Plants, insects, birds and animals are all closely related; the plant dependent on the insect for the fertilization of its flowers, and the bird and animal dependent on both for food and shelter. Any one who spends time in this branch of study will not only acquire information, but enjoy nature in its fullest sense.

Many American birds and animals, especially the game, are disappearing, and the species that exist now will, after a time, be extinct.

Specimens to be properly mounted should be secured, if possible, when the feathers are in their prime. Skins may be cured, dried, packed away for any length of time, till desired to be mounted; then should be relaxed by placing in layers of slightly damp sawdust for two or three days, till all parts are softened. A beginner in the study of taxidermy should experiment first in mounting small birds, and after experience is gained, advance to large birds, then to the animals; however, the process is substantially the same in either. All work should be done in a room not accessible to children, or where specimens may not be handled by intruders. The materials required are: arsenical soap, arsenic powder, annealed wire (different sizes), penknife with file, tube points (permanent colors), white varnish, cotton thread (fine); glass eyes—these should contain black centers and the iris left plain to be colored as desired; blocks of wood for stand, placers. The bill and feet of birds should be slightly colored to retain the fresh appearance; in animals the mouth and nostril should be retouched.

The method here given for remounting birds is used by a taxidermist of Smithsonian Institution.

Place the bird on its back on a table and separate the feathers on the breast bone; then from the neck cut the skin as far back as possible, loosen to the wing bone, which should be cut from the body at the shoulder. Follow same with both sides; also the legs, which should be separated from the body at the thigh. Carefully cut the ligaments at the tail and turn skin wrong side out and back over neck and head. Remove eyes, brain, tongue and all particles of fat or meat possible; then dust with the powder or soap, and fill up cavities with cotton.

Make a body and neck of paper, not too loose, and wrap with thread.

Also wrap all bones with cotton; then turn the skin right side out, lay in the neck and body, fasten the edges of skin together in front with pins; also pin the wings to body. Sharpen the ends of two wires, one of which must be twice the length of bird from foot to tip of head; the second wire should be half the length of first. Pass longwise through the foot near leg bone, through body, neck and top of head. The short wire should pass through foot, leg and stop at point near center of body. Right here we bespeak the patience of the student; this stage has been called the drunken state. But the most difficult part is past and the finishing should be done with much deliberation.

Fasten the wires at the feet to a block or stand; cut the wire at the top of head after the proper length of neck has been taken; put eyes in the head and straighten bill with point of pin; adjust the feathers in the natural position; tie the bill together, and wrap the entire bird with thread loosely.

Set aside for a week or more and place in case; then remove thread, touch slightly with color or varnish, also change any slight defect.

Birds occupy less space by omitting stand and laying in boxes lined with cotton.

Some specimens which have large heads, for example, the hooded duck, must have the back of head crushed with pincers to allow the skin to be turned back. In extraordinary large heads the skin may be open at the back or head.

Birds with heavy wings should have the bones wrapped with wire, passed over body under skin and connected. To remove any stain on feathers, rub between fingers with dry flour.

Wear gloves in handling arsenic.

## PUSS SAVED THE TRAIN.

### ENGINEER'S CAT WHOSE QUICK HEARING GAVE WARNING OF APPROACHING DANGER.

[C. Groves, in Our Dumb Animals:] A father and little son were traveling from St. Louis to a town in the western part of the State, and among the things they carried was a small yellow kitten in a basket.

They had a sixty-mile ride before they changed cars. The gentleman pulled out a newspaper and began reading. The little boy amused himself by looking out of the window. At last, tired of that, he thought of his

pet kitten, and, taking him out of the basket, played with him until he went off to sleep. The kitten being let alone climbed into the next seat and went to sleep.

The train arrived at the station where the man and little boy were to change cars. And the man, folding up his newspaper, took the little boy and his bundles and the empty basket and rushed into the other train. The boy had been awakened so quickly that he had not thought of his kitten.

The first train passed on. At night when it drew up to its final station the conductor went through the train and found the little yellow kitten asleep on one of the seats. He carried it to the fireman, who was fond of cats. The fireman fed the kitten and put him in the baggage car for the night.

When the train went out the next day the kitten, which the fireman called Dick, went with it. Dick rode in the baggage car for a week or so, when his master took him on the engine with him one day. Dick was quite frightened at first, but soon got over it, and always rode on the engine after that.

One thing very much frightened Dick—that was when he heard another train coming. He would crouch on the floor of the cab at his master's feet, and would remain so until the other train passed. His master had tried in vain to break him of this.

A year passed, and Dick was on the same engine with his master, who had been promoted to be an engineer. Dick still appeared frightened at hearing another train.

One day in winter Dick's master was running in the western part of Missouri, when a severe snowstorm came up. They reached one station at 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon, and a freight was due about the same time. They waited fifteen minutes for the freight, and then the conductor decided to go on to the next station, ten miles beyond. So he telegraphed to the next station to keep the freight until he reached there; and receiving no message back that the freight had left that station, he thought it all right, and Dick's train started. They had gone about five miles when Dick suddenly raised his head, listened for a moment, and then jumped to the floor and crouched at his master's feet. The engineer knew that Dick had heard a train. Then it flashed into his mind that perhaps it was the freight. He reached his head out of the cab window and listened, but he could hear nothing but the wind. He had so great confidence, nevertheless, in Dick that he signalled for the conductor. The conductor came and inquired the matter, and when the engineer told him how Dick had acted, he advised the engineer to back the train to the last station. The engineer lost no time in taking the conductor's advice, and backed the train at full speed.

They had been in the station about five minutes when in came the tardy freight. They were all agreed that it had been a narrow escape from a serious accident. When Dick's train arrived at the next station they asked why they had not telegraphed back that the freight had already started. The station agent said that he had received no message from the conductor at all. The next day the wires were found broken, so that the station agent had not received the dispatch.

Dick received due praise. His master is very proud of him, and he is a general favorite on that railroad.

## WHERE WAS "WINELAND?"

### SUPPOSED DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY NORSEMEN—A REVIEW OF THE TESTIMONY.

[New York Tribune:] One of the most fascinating questions relative to the early history of America involves the share which the Norsemen had in discovering this continent. Wide differences of opinion on the subject exist among historians and archeologists, owing to the scantiness and imperfections of the available testimony. The late Prof. E. N. Horsford, for instance, was confident that Boston Bay was visited by those early explorers, and he and other investigators have found what they regarded as foundation stones of Norse dwellings. Prof. John Fiske, on the other hand, is sceptical regarding all alleged vestiges of the Norsemen's visits, and other students of the problem locate the region which Leif Erikson is said to have called Vinland, or Wineland, elsewhere than near Cape Cod.

A fresh review of the testimony has just been made by Dr. Juul Dieserud, of the Library of Congress, in the Bulletin of the National Geographical Society.

Dr. Dieserud accepts the theory that the Norsemen really came to America about nine centuries ago, but, like Prof. Fiske, he discredits all archeological evidence, and relies simply upon the sagas. There are two of these, and they do not agree very closely. The so-called Flatoe-book, a manuscript compiled from older sources about 1837, declares that Bjarni Herjulfson was the first Norwegian to set eyes on America, that this event occurred in 987, and that Leif, the son of Erik the Red, followed the matter up about fifteen years later. This narrative omits all mention of a certain Thorfinn Karlsefni and his companions. The other story appears in the Hauksbook, a manuscript that is thought to date back to 1334, or further, and which was written by Hauk Erlendson, a descendant of Karlsefni. Bjarni is entirely ignored in the second of these histories, which makes Leif the original discoverer of Wineland, and gives an extended account of the adventures of Karlsefni.

Dr. Dieserud gives the Hauks-book the preference, because many flaws have been found in the other version. Still, so far as there is accord between the two narratives, he would credit the Flatoe-book. Thus, at the outset of his review, Dr. Dieserud eliminates Bjarni, who is said to have only sighted America and not to have landed at all, and treats Leif as the true discoverer, inasmuch as the latter is reported to have gone ashore in the year 1000, in a place where grapes grew wild and some kind of cereal was self-sown. At best, however, Leif's discovery was an accident, according to the Hauks-book, inasmuch as he is said to

have been blown out of his course while returning from a visit in Norway to his home in Greenland.

Thorfinn Karlsefni, whose adventures are described at length in the Hauks-book, set out with the definite purpose of exploration. He wanted to find the country which Leif called "Wineland," and is said to have taken with him four vessels and 150 men. The expedition remained out for three or four years, during which time one party, led by Thorhall, was lost while engaged in an independent venture. Karlsefni found a place which seemed to him to correspond to the Wineland of the original discoverer, but the identification was not complete. Consequently, whatever may be thought of the accuracy with which Dr. Dieserud and others recognize the places examined by Karlsefni, one cannot be altogether sure that any of them was the region visited by his predecessor.

Prof. Storm, who has been a close student of this Norse literature as well as the geography involved, thinks that the expedition from Greenland struck the American coast first in the vicinity of Labrador. Dr. Dieserud adopts this view, and supposes that Karlsefni must then have pushed southward on account of the forbidding character of the region, down the eastern coast of Newfoundland, turning Cape Race and then sailing again in a generally westerly direction. Thus he would encounter the eastern coast of Cape Breton, near its northern extremity.

The cape jutting out to the northward, called "Keelness" in the saga, Prof. Storm thinks was Cape Breton. But Dr. Dieserud is better satisfied with Cape North or Cape Egmont. The long stretch of unindented coast of the story might possibly be that which lies between Cape North, on the north, and St. Mary's Bay, on the south, on the eastern face of Cape Breton. Dr. Dieserud is inclined to think that Mira Bay, near the southeastern corner of the island, answers the description of the inlet, called Streamfirth in the saga, where Karlsefni found winter quarters for two or three years. The story mentions an island off the bay, which may have been Scatarly.

Disappointed in the climate of the region around Streamfirth, both Karlsefni and one of his companions, Thorhall, started out to explore still further. Thorhall went north, and was finally lost. The leader of the expedition went southwestward. He went ashore in a country which he called Hop, finding grapes, self-sown grain, wild animals and plentiful of halibut. In the background was a range of low mountains. Dr. Dieserud believes that Hop was identical with Wineland, and that it was on the southern coast of Nova Scotia, not further west than Halifax. Encounters with swarthy men in skin canoes and other causes led Karlsefni to abandon his camp here after a few months and go back to Streamfirth.

A voyage was now undertaken in search of Thorhall. Dr. Dieserud believes that this took the leader of the expedition northward from Mira Bay and around Cape North, and down the west side of Cape Breton to the north coast of the eastern part of Nova Scotia. The Hauks-book says that the point where Karlsefni landed was about as far from Streamfirth in one direction as Hop was in the other. Moreover, there were mountains in sight like those of Hop. Dr. Dieserud thinks that the range which forms the divide between the counties of Halifax and Guysborough, on the south, and Pictou and Antigonish, on the north, meets the requirements of the story well. Hence he concludes that the place where the Norsemen went ashore again was east of Merigomish Harbor, but not far from Cape St. George, Nova Scotia.

## THE YOUNGEST WOMAN REPORTER.

### MISS ETHEL KEENER HAS BEEN IN NEWSPAPER WORK A YEAR AND IS ONLY 14.

[Muncie (Ind.) Correspondence Chicago Tribune:] Miss Bessie Blease, aged about 23, and Miss Ethel Keener, aged 14, young women of this city, have had remarkable careers as newspaper women. Miss Blease is probably the only young woman in the country who is city editor, copy reader, head writer and society reporter of a newspaper. Miss Keener is the youngest reporter in the country. She likes the work and intends to follow it as a vocation.

Miss Blease was formerly a young society woman and a teacher in the public schools of Muncie. Occasionally she wrote feature stories for the Muncie newspapers and for a short time was editor of a magazine called the Indiana Woman. She was offered a position as society reporter on the Morning Star nearly two years ago and gave up school teaching to accept it.

Her ability was at once recognized and a short time ago she was offered a lucrative position as city editor of the Morning News, succeeding a man who had years of experience. She entered the new field of labor with a vim and practically entered the paper, having under her direction all the reporters and several other men.

Miss Blease has introduced her own methods in the work and the owners of the paper have accepted them as superior to theirs. She begins the work of "doing society" at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. At 6 o'clock she takes the desk and remains until 3 o'clock in the morning. She receives the highest wages paid in the city.

Miss Keener entered newspaper work on the Star more than a year ago, when she was thirteen years of age. She was assigned to the work of gathering suburban notes, but proved too valuable an employee to remain on this work alone. The editor of the paper began assigning her on wedding and social events and at fourteen she became the society reporter of the paper. Miss Keener's determination has won for her the admiration of all with whom she has come in contact. She has never been "scooped" on an important event, and the management of the paper considers her indispensable. She attends High School during the day, doing her newspaper work in the afternoon. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keener and was born in Winchester.



# Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

## THE SEASON'S FASHIONS.

COUNTRY CLOTHES ARE MORE CHARMING THAN EVER THIS SEASON.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, April 29.—It is now almost out of the question to find an undecorated braid in silk, wool or cotton, a lace that has not many-colored threads run through it, or a button that is not as fancifully designed as a penny prize box brooch. We are, indeed, painfully rococo except when a country gingham or a designedly simple tailor suit is under consideration. The plain and unvarnished truth is that we are turning back to a revival of the Louis XVIII fashions, which, for a revival, are something almost new. The hats, the high and elaborate collars, the sharp revers, broad cuffs and over-elaborated materials we wear all belong to this transient Bourbon period. Of course, the well-disciplined twentieth century fashion arbiters never go too far in any one direction, and, in this very meritorious and pinchbeck spring time, it is still possible to buy such a gown as a checked green and white silk warp cashmere.

There is the usual strong preference shown this spring for capping all sorts and conditions of gowns with solid black hats or colored straws decorated entirely with black. Straws dappled with variegated sizes of black chenille dots have rushed into rivalry with plain satin braids, and the ever-useful black horsehair shape, and, as they need only a wreath of roses to complete their trimming, they have justifiably risen high in feminine esteem.

If any woman is belatedly seeking a spring hat, or is extravagantly adding to her stock in hand, she should bear in mind the importance of decorating the inside of the brim. Late-comers from Paris have their brims faced with cream lace, through the mesh of which bebe ribbon is run and bunched in tiny rosettes at intervals. Other smart chapeaux show facings of shirred chiffon, dotted net or silk muslin, that at intervals gather in very narrow groups of pendant flounces, which seem no more than a fluffy, feathery trimming. By a very fashionable milliner the hat brims are treated with opalescent effects in gauze, the differently-tinted gauzes laid one over the other, and, for a set of June bridesmaids, there have already been imported a bewitching group of faint green grass straws, the brims of which are lined with white over green chiffon, upon which run neat little rows of baby roses made of pink tulle.

In the specialty shops, where hats, neckties, hair bows, etc., are for sale, they are now offering carriage and calling chapeaux with capes, mantlets and collar-ettes trimmed and designed to accord with the toque, shepherdess shape, or little bonnet with which it will be worn. How ably this scheme is carried out is shown in the picture of the girl by the gate. Her hat is almost a Devonshire. The brim is faced with black shirred chiffon and banded near the outer edge with a fold of blue panne satin. Upon the crown and outer brim a very full wreath of white roses makes all the decoration. With this is worn a carriage cape of blue gaze de sole, mounted in many black velvet strapped puffings on a lining of changeable white taffeta. Over the shoulders fits a shaped collar of heavy cream silk lace, shot with blue and silver threads, and from this collar rises the white tulle neck ruff. Ostensibly serving as sash ends, wherewith to draw the top edges of the cape together, but in reality officiating as ornamental draperies, appear the two fringed scarfs of blue. At intervals these scarfs are knotted and the knots are fastened with jeweled circlets, and the fringes at the end are of gilt beads and crystal pendants.

The bargain counters, that are offering such tempting opportunities in lace boleros, signify that a place is being made for the jackets of steel, gold, silver or colored beads and for even more unique specimens made of finely woven gilt, silver or gun metal mesh. Brunhildas are the names these go by, for the mesh of the metal

garment is very like that of the silver side bags that have for six months been so extravagantly popular.

From all these glories of gilt and silver it is a pleasure to turn to the simple little country gowns of wash goods that never linger long on the hands of their manufacturers. Mohair and linsens are in their new and beautiful colors, but most particularly in blue or string gray, leading all the rest. For slim young girls they have revived that admirable sun-pleated skirt pattern which

a bright blue telegraph pattern. A little lace and a lawn front and yoke complete the costume.

Every woman who wears a Directoire coat with tails from the hip back, a fine bit of old brocade or gilet, and a big Paul Jones hat that flares straight in front, must not forget that the finishing touch is a handsome fob. Five inches of two-inch wide black velvet ribbon is the fob's foundation. At the end of the velvet ribbon hangs a huge amethyst, or topaz, engraved



HOW TO WEAR THE SHEPHERDESS OR DEVONSHIRE HAT.

should never have been dropped. A group of mohairs and linsens, as suitable for all the ages ranging from 9 to 18, is sketched to show the architecture of some of these smart suits. String gray linsens are, as a rule, decorated with straps, revers, etc., of shiny black linen; and the small linen coats, when opened, reveal small, low cut waistcoats of white drill, liberally peppered with small black French knots. A full folded black satin Ascot tie chimes in well with this Whistler arrangement in light values.

A mohair takes kindly to almost any design and any associate material. The two short-petticoated girls in the outdoor group prove this. One of them wears a handsome fruit green skirt, trimmed with touches of duller green, and the small bolero is drawn over a fine blue wash silk shirt. A girl still younger wears an exceedingly fine-meshed, cream-colored mohair, showing

with the owner's coat of arms and swinging in a pique frame; or, in place of the carved stone, a very carefully selected bunch of lilies is attached. Midway between the two ends of the ribbon a jeweled slide is run on, to shine out richly against the black velvet, and the ornament is hooked into the dress belt on the left side.

The Directoire coat, as we now see it, smacks very much of the Louis XVI style. As a rule, it has prodigious crown-shaped cuffs rolling back at the elbow and one of the cuffs issue frills of fine old lace, while the arm down to the wrist is covered by the wrinkled length of white gants graces. The coat's front is apt to show little ax revers treated with flat gilt or silk military braid and the Paul Jones hat, as we call it here, though in Paris it is called a Robe-pierre, is nothing short of wonderful. Its great brim is pressed up flat against the crown and held in place by a giant rose on one side and a big jeweled-centered rosette on the other. The rear brim is cut away entirely or is narrower than that in front, and is held by a jewel or flower decoration up from the hair.

MARY DEAN.

## NOVELTIES IN LIGHTING A HOUSE.

RESULTS FROM USING MUFFLED GLASS IN CONNECTION WITH ELECTRICITY.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, April 29.—Electricity's becoming rapidly domesticated, especially as the illuminating medium of private houses, where, a few seasons ago, its hard, white light was unwelcome and avoided. Nowadays the manufacturers of electric lamps, sconces, drop lights, etc., have discovered, or invented, means by which the glare of the incandescent lamp can be tempered to a wax light softness, and have set artistic wits to work to design lamps and burners that will decorate, and not, as was formerly the case, disfigure beautiful rooms.

To the manufacture of what is called muffled glass is due this vast improvement in the methods of lighting by electricity. This material is so treated in its manufacture that, though clear enough to allow the escape of light sufficient for the guiding of a cambric needle, is nevertheless so clouds the incandescent burners' intense brilliancy that the most sensitive eyes are not strained by it. Muffled glass is toned with every color, can be bought in the most lovely opalescent tints, in the soft gray green of ancient vitrified glass, or it will show the strange glint and sheen of mica.

In muffled glass there are now special qualities made



A GROUP OF MOHAIR AND LINEN DRESS FOR COUNTRY WEAR.



May 5, 1901.]

for table lights, for drawing-room lamps, hall lanterns, conservatory sconces, ballroom chandeliers, and, last and not least, for student and nursery lights. All these grades of glass are scientifically prepared and tested for the special uses to which they are to be devoted. Glass of different degrees of weight and thickness must be bought for rooms of different sizes, and for writers' lamps the glass can be fitted to suit the eyes very much as spectacles are selected.

Very little less important than the advance made in the glass globes for incandescent burners is the delightfully artistic improvement in the upholstery, so to speak, of these same lights. Bronze nymphs, holding sprays of flowers, have been relegated wisely to conservatories, where the prettiest sconces yet seen are clusters of huge festoons depending from the wall. Just now the most approved fixture for a hall is a polished iron lantern of Spanish shape, its panels filled with green or amber mottled glass, and the whole hangs from a gibbet arm



HALL AND VERANDA LIGHTS.

of iron fixed to a plain iron shield that is made fast to the wall. In burnished copper of various color they are now making handsome standard lamps for hallways. The arm of such a metal frame usually supports a handsome old English or German lantern of glass and metal, and the feet of the tall frame are made fast to the floor. Along stairways and at landings it is the fashion of the up-to-date house decorator to fasten to the wall handsome carved oak brackets, from which, by chains, copies of old flat-bottomed Venetian stair lanterns hang. For the table elaborate floral pieces in glass and silver are made, the light shed through the flowers reflecting the exact color of the petals, that are copied in crystal and fold over the electric burner. When the floral pieces are not adopted, electric candles, with floral shades of muffled glass, take their place.

### OUTDOOR PANTRIES.

#### THE WAY SOUTH-COUNTRY HOUSEHOLDS ECONOMIZE IN PRESERVING COOKED FOOD.

By a Special Contributor.

Pantry requirements are a trifle paradoxical, in that they are air and light and darkness. A pantry window is essential, even if it be no more than a tiny two-light sliding sash, set anyhow in the outer wall. A regular window is much better. It need not waste wall-space, but can be so placed across it as to admit its making. But if a pantry can be allotted as much as a shelf of house wall, it is better to have the window at crosswise, with the lower edge a little more than waist high. Then, by making one sash of glass, and filling the other with wire gauze, the pantry can have a handy outdoor closet. Have a tight deal partition running out from the sash division, as far as space permits. Put shelves around three sides of the two compartments thus formed, and close them with tight light deal doors. Thus the indoor pantry can subserve its proper purposes, and the outside closet banish the ice-man for six months in the year.

People with plenty of ground space, yet constricted houses, may profitably take a leaf from the book of south-country household economy. It is common there for country folk to have a sort of outdoor fresh-air closet, a small detached structure set in the shadiest place possible, standing upon four tall legs, with a flat shingle roof of barely enough pitch to shed rain. The floor is at least four feet from the ground, and the whole structure only big enough to reach well across. There are shelves all around, and the weather-boarding up next the roof is full of tiny augur holes. The door fits tight, and fastens with a lock. Around each of the four legs is commonly a tar bandage applied six inches above the ground. This traps venturesome ants, spiders and their kindred, thus keeping the inside clear. The structure is whitewashed inside and out twice a year. In hot weather floor and shelves are washed every morning, and scoured twice a week. Such a fixture should not cost over \$3 or \$4, even if one hires it built, and it is certainly among the handiest things one can have about the house or yard.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] "Oh, sir, won't you go in and stop that man and his wife from fighting? Just listen to that!"

"Who, me? Not much I won't. I remember too vividly the fate of the fellow who interfered between me and my wife!"

### THE PORTER'S LINEN BLOUSE.

#### ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF A PLEBEIAN MATERIAL PUT TO PATRICIAN USES.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, April 29.—The embroidered shirt waist of porter's linen needed but to come and be seen to achieve the unconditional surrender, of all feminine kind, to its excellent charms. Porter's linen, by the way, is another example of a plebeian material put to patrician uses, for the French shirt makers, observing the fine wearing qualities and good color values of the blue homespun linen blouses worn by the railway porters, promptly began utilizing the stout and simple goods for their patrons' smart, easy little summer waists. This linen, which is woven with an uneven thread and other careless work, in order to simulate the inequalities of the handloom, comes in two colors; a pure rich, deep blue and a lighter blue that seems to have a white bloom on it. These are called washed and unwashed blues, in imitation of the fine, true color the porter's blouse possesses when new and first worn and the effect of water and sun on it after many washings.

Aside from the color and texture there is very little relation between the blouse worn by a French railway porter and its distant aristocratic connection, the lady's shirt waist. Most of the smart blue linen blouses are enriched with hand needlework, laid over the bosom only or scattered in pretty poses over the entire length and width of the garment. In many instances the collar and belt are made to exactly match, and, on the expensive waists, this needlework decoration serves as a substitute for tucks.

Not, however, that tucked shirt waists are in the least losing their vogue; regiments of pale brown batiste, and chambray and madras waists tucked solidly, have ap-



THREE EMBROIDERED SHIRT WAISTS.

peared on the counters, only to be snapped up by eager buyers. The newest of these are very finely-tucked and then embroidered in white, or decorated, directly on the tucked surface, with pale cream-colored lace appliques, which run over their broad sailor collars and full fronts.

The albatross shirt waist, that fastens down the back with a decorative row of close, set, tiny, flat pearl buttons, or fastens up the front only from neck to bust, and is put on over the head, has been claimed by the easy-going, short-skirt loving woman. She loves to wear it in blue with a black satin kaiser stock, having the decoration done in applique by means of bright oriental cotton embroidery. Both the albatross and the cotton embroidery improve under the laundress' hands, and nowadays the pink shirt-waisted girl is but a memory of the past. The blue shirt waist has so utterly routed its more florid sister, that rarely or never is a real pink waist seen.

### FLOWER HATS FOR SUMMER.

[Millinery Trade Review:] Toques and small hats made of flowers continue to be favored by La Mode, but milliners have to exercise their ingenuity and make them as varied as possible, since the wholesalers are placing on the market good assortments of these articles which find a ready sale at the stores. Among the latest novelties in this line are the toques composed of geranium flowers and leaves. Mme. Reboux made one the other day in white geraniums and brownish-green leaves, slightly powdered with white; red geraniums or poligoniums are, however, more usual. Cherry leaves and bunches of flowers and fruit make pretty toques. Others have the low crown covered with blue or pinkish blue forget-me-nots, and a double cordon of the gray-green foliage round the brim. Tulle is also provided, sewn all over with small flowers, such as violets, cowslips, forget-me-nots, hyacinth bells, or the petals of roses, which may be draped according to fancy, on hat or toque.

### WIDE BANDS OF STRAW FOR RIBBONS.

[Millinery Trade Review:] Broad bands of straw are used for trimming hats, instead of ribbons, and will prove very convenient for country and seaside wear. Some of these bands are made of narrow, plain chip braids of different colors, or shaded from one tint or shade to another, but the shading need not run from edge to edge in regular progression. A nacre-gray chip hat is trimmed with a twisted drapery of straw bands two inches wide, showing half a dozen shades of pearly gray and as many of lilac and violet. Two slate-colored cuteaux are inserted in the drapery.

### WOMAN'S UNIVERSITY CLUB.

#### LARGE NEW YORK ORGANIZATION WHICH WILL HAVE A COMMODIOUS CLUB HOUSE.

[Chicago Tribune:] One after another the functions of masculine club life are being appropriated by the women. The latest move in this direction is the Woman's University Club, just organized in New York. Prior to its organization there had been a university club in that city, but it was a small and quite exclusive affair made up of a few select young women representing a few select colleges. Such organizations rarely last for any length of time, as there is no reason for their existence. Even a woman's club without a cause of some kind behind it soon collapses for want of money to keep it going, and this was the case with the original university club, which, having no special "cause" to advocate, naturally degenerated from flippancy to indifference and from indifference to impetuosity.

The new club is based upon the ruins of the old. The constitution of the latter is adopted, but with several amendments, which do away with exclusiveness and give the club something like a distinct purpose. Its doors will be wide open to all women graduates of Boston university, Barnard, Bryn Mawr, University of Chicago, Stanford, Michigan, Minnesota, Oberlin, Radcliffe, Smith, Syracuse, Vassar, Wellesley, Wesleyan, Wisconsin, Western Reserve and Northwestern. It is to have a large and elegant clubhouse in New York, which will include reception and assembly rooms, sleeping rooms for out-of-town members, an athletic outfit, a tearoom, of course, a grill and a restaurant. Other improvements will be added from time to time as the funds warrant. While the general purpose of the club will be to aid in the forward movement of woman and to advance the interests of higher education, it is

frankly conceded that the particular object is sociality and good fellowship, as is the case with masculine university clubs. That this will not be allowed to degenerate into the flippancy of mere tea pouring and little tattle is clear from the fact that one of the conditions of membership is absolute graduation, which must be confirmed by the production of the diploma. It is not possible that graduates with diplomas can be giddy pleasure seekers, spending their lives in quest of entertainments to occupy their idle moments. In the pursuit of their various missions they will work together for the advancement of their sex. But what would the fathers have said a century ago, or the mothers for that?

### LOOKING FORWARD.

[Millinery Trade Review:] Velvet will resume its sway as the leading millinery material for the fall and winter season of 1901-02. Some of the new features in this class of goods, for which orders have already been placed, are Persian plaid panne velvets. Fancy striped and flowered effects, and new designs in Epinglé, or uncut velvets. Chiffon velvets and a new weave termed "Merveilleux" are most promising. The beautiful floral designs in satin panne to be used for waists and dress trimmings will doubtless be reproduced in less expensive and less weighty materials for millinery trimmings. The beauty of the soft-finished velvet is in its adaptability for bows, flutings, and plissé work without creasing. Velvet hats are expected to be as strong factors in making a profitable fall season as they were last fall.

[California Christian Advocate:] "Mamma," said small Willie, "when Sister Mary had the toothache you took her to the dentist and had it filled, didn't you?"

"Yes, Willie," she replied.

"Well," continued the little diplomat, "I've got the stomachache; don't you think you had better take me to the candy store and get it filled?"



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## NO MORE SLAVERY.

### SOUTH CAROLINA'S NEW SYSTEM UNDER THE LAW'S HANDS.

By a Special Contributor.

WITHIN a few weeks the whole country has been aroused to anger over a system of slavery in South Carolina which has been operating and increasing for years, and which now, at the first touch of the hand of Justice, has crumbled away, leaving its terror-stricken upholders to seek what means of escape they may from the ruins. South Carolina, as a State, has suffered criticism because slavery, in this twentieth century, more lawless and cruel than that which the war ended, has been permitted within her borders. But the stockade system was devised and practiced by a small body of unprincipled men in Anderson county alone, and never got beyond its border. The negro victims of it are, as a rule, the idle, ignorant and dissolute of their race. This, of course, is no palliation of the stockade crimes; but the system could have prevailed originally only over those who were too ignorant to resist it and too worthless to enlist the sympathy and interest of anyone else. Later, the stockade men, emboldened by success, extended their capture to the better class of negroes.

The stockade owners are few and are a class apart. They are the large farmers of a section where small farms have always been the rule. For years they have been the employers of convict labor, and of late years, when the number of available convicts proved insufficient for their needs, they enslaved free laborers by a distortion of the law. For the free man the stockaders felt themselves responsible to no one. For the convict they were responsible to the State; the free man was the worse treated of the two. When he balked, they whipped him; when he tried to escape, they shot him, and when he succeeded in escaping, they hunted him down, even invoking the aid of the law—such law as a corrupt magistrate dispensed—to secure his apprehension. Such is the "stockade system" in the latest phase of its development.

#### Two Laws Perverted.

The system appears to have been a perverted outgrowth of two State laws of many years standing. The first of these is an act, recently repealed, providing for the leasing of convicts to private individuals. The second law, that regulating contracts for farm labor, is one which seems, within its proper limits, entirely just and necessary. It provides that contracts entered into between landlord and laborer may not be broken by either party under penalty of a small fine or thirty-days' imprisonment on the county chain gang.

The stockade owners now set about using this law to obtain negro laborers, who should be obliged to work without wages; who would, in fact, be slaves. When these negroes should once be within the stockades, to the average observer they would appear to be convicts leased from the State. It was first necessary for the schemers to find a magistrate whom they could use to further their ends. Now, the office of magistrate is, in South Carolina, not much sought after, for the salary is small, and the old days when men served for honor and the good of the commonwealth seem to have passed. Hence, the stockade owners being wealthy and therefore influential men, soon found a magistrate in office, or placed one there, who was willing, for a consideration, to act as they wished. Then, in a small way, they began operations.

They did not concern themselves with the better class of negroes, because these are valuable, and an imposition upon them is sure to be resented, either by their landlords, the merchant who supplies them, or some one else more or less concerned in their financial welfare. Instead, the idle and the dissolute were sought out, the comparatively worthless, whom no one would miss; and when one of these, having committed some petty offense and being haled before the said plant magistrate, felt the need of a bondsman and a friend, the stockade owners, or their agents, were ready at his elbow, with an illegal contract ready to play spider to the negro's fly. The magistrate would parole any negro who would sign the contract, or would fine the prisoner. Almost invariably the negro would not have the money to pay the fine, whereupon the stockade agent would lend it to him, conditionally, upon his signing the contract. Then the contract would be transferred to a stockade owner, and the negro would have escaped from the State's penalty into indefinite slavery. These contracts are carefully worded, and calculated to impose upon the ignorant. This is the part of the form which enmeshes the negroes:

#### Contract Agreement.

"State of South Carolina, County of Anderson:

"This contract and agreement for labor on farm, made and entered into this day between.....landlord, party of the first part, and.....laborer, party of the second part, witnesseth: That.....I agree at all times to be subjected to the orders and commands of said.....or his agents, perform all work required of me;.....or his agents shall have the right to use such force as he or his agents may deem necessary to require me to remain on his farm and perform good and satisfactory services. He shall have the right to lock me up for safe keeping, work me under the rules and regulations of his farm, and, if I should leave his farm or run away, he shall have the right to offer and pay a reward of not exceeding \$25 for my capture and return, together with the expenses of same, which amount so advanced, together with any other indebtedness I may owe, at the expiration of above time, I agree to work out under all rules and regulations of this con-

tract at same wages as above, commencing.....and ending....."

"The said.....shall have the right to transfer his interest in this contract to any other party, and I agree to continue work for said assignee same as for the original party of the first part."

Once his name, or, rather, the cross, which indicates his inability to sign his name, had been affixed to this, the unfortunate negro ceased to be a free man and passed within the walls of some stockade. No man would note his absence from the drunken throng that crowds the streets from Saturday noon until night; no man would miss his labor; never again would the magistrate call his case. Somewhere his wife, or his mother, perhaps, would weep for a season, and then forget, and that was all.

#### No Alternative.

The contract, of course, ended some time, but then he must needs sign another. If he did not, there was the strap and a ready hand to wield it. This, however, seldom occurred. Sometimes the days in the contract were left blank; sometimes the amount of indebtedness. The landlord kept the books, and the negro knew nothing of accounts. Generally the contract perpetuated itself. The labor thus cheaply acquired, proved profitable, and the system was extended to increase the supply.

Always a majority of the neighboring farmers were opposed to the stockade system, because the effect of the stockades was demoralizing to free labor, and their tenants evinced a desire to move farther away from the inclosures. When the State convict leases expired, some of the lessees did not even seek to renew them, preferring the other plan, because it was cheaper and because no prying inspector would then be "nosing around." So the system grew. The owners were close-mouthed, and the negroes were afraid to talk; the forbidding walls were not attractive to visitors, the laborers were closely guarded, and the outside world was very hazy with other things.

#### Sudden Exposure.

This was the state of affairs in January, 1901. Then, suddenly, exposure came, and under a storm of public indignation, the "system" went down like a house of cards. A free laborer from an adjoining plantation was passing one of the stockades on an errand for his employer. He was halted by a guard and bidden to perform some trifling service. Upon his refusal he was seized, bound, and prepared for whipping. Fortunately, his employer appeared at this juncture and rescued him, but only after threats of prosecution against the guards. This and similar occurrences were remarked upon by the people generally, and various vague rumors arose, spreading finally to other counties.

At this time a bill was pending before the State Legislature to increase the penalty for breaches of labor contracts. A member objected to this bill, saying that, according to general report, the present mild law was being grossly misapplied in Anderson county. Members of the Anderson delegation made a vigorous denial, but the bill was rejected.

In the mean time, at one of the stockades, a poor negro, driven to desperation while engaged at labor, laid his plow aside and started to leave the field slowly and deliberately. A guard halted him.

"I might as well die by the quick nerve as the slow fever," he said, and stopped to pick up a stone. The guard's rifle cracked, the negro plunged forward convulsively, a tiny cloud of blue smoke drifted away over the newly-turned furrows. He had died "by the quick nerve."

At the same time, but on another stockade farm, a man and a woman and a child were living. That man had signed the stockade owner's contract, and for some unaccountable reason the child's name was included. They were not confined at first, and for a season all went well. Then the guards grew afraid lest the negro run away, so they locked him up, and the child also. The woman had some intelligence, and she wanted her boy. The man might become a convict—she could understand that—but it did not seem right that an eight-year-old child should suffer for its father's sins.

Some time, somewhere, she had heard that there was in the capital of the State a man called the Governor, an all-powerful man, who perhaps would pardon the child because he was little and because his mother wanted him so. She did not know much, but she could write a little, or print, perhaps, with a pencil. So she painfully printed out an appeal to the Governor—and then forgot to sign her name!

#### The Governor Takes a Hand.

But, although the letter bore no signature, the Governor was interested, and directed the State's solicitor to find out if he could who it was that imprisoned little children; and from that investigation there came to the Governor a knowledge of the dark workings of these machines that turn men into slaves. Vengeance was descending from another direction, too. The February term of the Circuit Court was in session at Anderson Courthouse, and when the case against the guard who had killed the escaping negro came up, it was revealed that the victim was no convict, but a so-called contract laborer. The court was astounded, and the judge, in a ringing charge, of which the following is a part, ordered an investigation by the grand jury:

"Gentlemen," said His Honor, "I hold in my hands a printed form of contract. . . . It would be interesting to know whose legal acumen it was that was able to frame such a paper for such a purpose. Was he a member of the bar? I would like to know his name. . . . By such terms and by such conditions it is manifest that poor, ignorant negroes are subjected to a state that is worse than slavery. I doubt if there was ever such a contract framed, or devised, or conceived, before in any civilized or Christian community. No court would attempt to enforce it; it is against the public good, and is utterly null and void. . . . Mr. Foreman and gentlemen, as white men living in a State where so large a

portion of our population is composed of negroes, it is our duty, as representing the law-abiding element of our people, to see that justice is done that inferior race. The fact that the negro is ignorant, poor and dependent on the white man is no reason why he should be made the victim of the white man's greed, deceit, and tyranny. We must not allow the negro's necessity to become the hard-hearted white man's opportunity. You will spare no pains to make a thorough investigation of this stockade scandal. You will bring this shameful practice to the light of day. As law-abiding and God-fearing people of Anderson county, you will ascertain the names of these so-called landlords. You will visit all the stockades in the county and report to the court the names of all who are therein confined, the offenses for which they are imprisoned, and the terms of their imprisonment, and the names of those who are there by contract or by any other cause."

This utterance was the death knell of the system. A special term of court was ordered to receive the grand jury's report; the startled stockade owners opened their gates and sent forth all the leased convicts whom they had from the State; and the investigating body appointed committees to gather up evidence and to view the exact situation.

The grand jury has brought in its report. Indictments have been found and warrants have been issued. In a short time the guilty magistrate and the stockade owners will be arraigned to make answer why they shall not don stripes like those of their laborers. So this anachronism, this attempt at medievalism in this the twentieth century has risen and has passed away.

E. C. MCINTYRE

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## NEW FIELD FOR WOMAN.

### NEW YORK WOMAN HAS STARTED AS PHYSICIAN TO BIRDS—INVENTIONS DEvised.

[New York Journal:] Miss Virginia Pope, of New York, has opened up a new field of woman's work. She is a consulting physician to canary birds, and at the head of a special hospital for birds.

Since Miss Pope has taken up the study of birds and their diseases she has had under her personal care many unusual cases.

Frequently there are 150 patients at the hospital at one time suffering from such diseases as consumption, paralysis, vertigo, wind bloat, tumors, rheumatism, inflammation of the bowels, nervous prostration and acute indigestion.

Miss Pope has a remedy for every ailment. She has little baskets with a small hot water bottle fitted into the bottom and covered over with flannel, into which she puts the birds suffering from chills and inflammation of the bowels and kindred complaints.

For birds with broken legs or wings she has a cleverly contrived bandage swing which gives the little patient much relief. The swing is so suspended that it rests the injured parts. Many canaries with broken legs are brought to the hospital.

Here is what Miss Pope has to say on the way to treat broken legs: "When a canary's leg is broken at the joint, dissolve gum arabic in a little alcohol, set the joint and put on an application with a camel's hair brush. This warm dry holds the leg in place. Apply the mixture lightly every day until well. When the treatment is discontinued and the bird is able to take its bath, see that the water is warm, or rub the leg with a little vaseline, either will soften the gum arabic, and eventually the limb will be perfectly natural.

"When a canary's leg is broken between the joints it can sometimes be set," continued Miss Pope, "by applying a narrow strip of court plaster to hold the parts together. Prepare a soft linen bandage, using a good salve to start it with. Then bandage until you have used sufficient to fill a small quill toothpick, which has been cut the proper length, and split up one side. Open this and slip it over the bandage. In this way the little leg is protected."

Miss Pope has many patients sent to her hospital suffering from fits or convulsions. She says: "Fits are frequently caused by indiscreet eating. A correct diet will often remedy the trouble. If constipation is the cause the fits can be cured by giving the bird laxative food, such as a piece of fig or apple.

The bird's diet is most important, and it is surprising how many people there are who love canaries and are grossly ignorant as to their care.

Canaries require a special mixed seed. Give them four parts of the best quality of Sicily canary seed, carefully cleaned and fresh, three parts sweet German summer rape, two parts India millet and one part Turkish man seed. Be careful never to give canaries hemp seed. It will make them too fat, spoil their song and cause them to shed their feathers out of season.

In preparing their diet avoid sugar or cake. A piece of apple occasionally is good for them, and the yolk of a hard boiled egg with a little dash of cayenne pepper. Lettuce, watercress and dandelion are excellent to vary the birds menu.

To ensure good digestion gravel in the cage is absolutely necessary. Clean gravel should be put in the cage, silver or red gravel, not less than three times a week. The red gravel is good for the bird on account of the iron it contains."

Miss Pope's hospital for canaries is at 50 West Ninety-third street, New York City, and her office is No. 674 Columbus avenue. At present she is at John Wanamaker's store, and may be consulted free of charge any day.

## UNDERSTOOD AT LAST.

[Chicago Tribune:] "Hello, central! Give me one double nought south."

"What?"

"Don't you catch it? One zero, zero, zero south."

"Wh-a-t?"

"South one double nought nought."

"Can't you speak plainer?"

"One thousand south—ten hundred south. Get it now?"

"Oh, you mean south one ought double ought. All right."

## PACIFYING HER.

[Harper's Bazar:] The Wife: If this scandal in the family is going to make any difference in our social position, it will be more than I can bear.

Chicago Millionaire: Don't let that worry you a bit. If it does, we'll move to New York.



GEO. C. PITZER, M.D.

Late of St. Louis, where he has practiced his profession for the past twenty-eight years, is now located in Los Angeles. Dr. Pitzer successfully treats people suffering from all kinds of acute, chronic, nervous and organic diseases, by SUGGESTION alone, and without medicines.

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We also teach this science of healing to others, and hundreds of good men and women have been sent out from our school of Suggestive Therapeutics, and are now doing successful work at this practice. Send for our School Announcement for terms. Sent free. For Booklets or School Announcements, address

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## NOT FOR MAMMA.

[Chicago News:] Johnny, aged 4, went into a nearby grocery and asked for a box of canary seed.

"Is it for your mother?" asked the grocer.

"No, of course not," replied the little fellow. "It's for the bird."

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Lady Attendant for ladies, who will measure and fit you at your own home if desired.

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